

THE CHILD AT HOME.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1863.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



COASTING.

"CLEAR the track!" shouts Charley Dean as his sled rushes past "the mile-stone," as the boys call the large corner post near the gate. "Look out for the Monitor! Hurrah!" cries little Robby Fay, who occupies the "front seat" on Charley's sled, and swings his hat with energy as they sweep past the gate.

"Ho! That's a fine *Monitor*! Such a great lumbering thing as that," says Ned Wilkins, drawing back against the post out of their way; and then he shouts after them, "Wait till I get to the top of the hill and then I'll show you the *Monitor*, and you'll feel inclined maybe to give your sled a new name. I shouldn't wonder if you had to call her the *Merrimack*."

"You shall slide with me next time," says kind Billy Gray to his sister, as they walk up the hill together.

But there's Jeannette Lee running a great risk. She is taking a coast on her brother's sled without a pilot. Perhaps she will finish the voyage pleasantly, but I think it more likely that she will be rather unceremoniously helped off the sled by what the boys will call a "capsize." Better coast at home, Jeannette, on that little hill in the back yard that your father made of snow, just high enough and long enough for beginners to practice upon.

School seems to be just out, for there is quite a crowd of boys and girls near the door, and it is plain they don't mean that any of the time devoted to recreation shall be wasted.

Well, coast away, boys. It will give you red cheeks, and bright eyes, and a good appetite; and don't forget to give your little sisters a ride on your sleds as you go home.

But, boys, did you ever think how easy it is to slide down hill? You sit on your sled, lift your feet, and the sled begins to move, — slowly at first,

but faster and faster, — till it darts like an arrow to the plain below. There's a moral to your coasting. It is this: He who enters upon an *evil way* very soon discovers that he is going down lower and lower, and more and more rapidly every day, and unless he turns he will continue to do so to the end.

Boys, don't begin to do evil. Who of you does not know that having committed one sin, no matter what, it is easier to sin again? And there is no pleasant plain at the foot of the hill down which sinners begin to slide. The end of that sad journey is speedily reached, and the end is death.

Ah, dear children, every one, remember that of those who have determined to enter upon and pursue a sinful course, it is said in that Word of God which can not lie, "Thou didst set them in *slippery places*;" and again, "Their foot shall slide in due time."

Perhaps some day, when you are out enjoying or witnessing these pleasant sports on the snowy hill-side, you will think of the

moral here given: and your sleds will run just as fast, your eyes will be as bright, and your laugh and shout as loud afterward, if, as this thought comes into your mind, you lift a short prayer, — "Dear Jesus, keep me from the slippery ways of sin and folly, for thy name's sake." Would not that be a good prayer with which to begin "The New Year"?

A PLEASANT LETTER.

We can not forbear giving our readers this letter from the mother of four dear children, as a sample of those which come to encourage us in our work for the little ones. —

"MR. EDITOR: Feeling an interest in the welfare of little children, and finding that interest increasing, as, one after another, God has given four little ones into my hands to watch and train for him, I have longed to express my thanks to you

for your dear little paper, which is such a welcome visitor in our little circle. Though well supplied with reading, having a library of several hundred volumes aside from the family library, our little ones receive it with delight, and read it again and again, and then it is laid aside among their choicest treasures, to be preserved until their father shall fulfill his promise to have them bound into a beautiful book.

"Oh! if you could have seen the little troubled faces a few days since, when a package was received from the shoemaker's, and its wrapper was seen to be 'The Child at Home,' its beauty marred, its fair pages soiled and torn. One little boy thought, — 'Mamma might iron it and make it new;' another, — 'Papa might press it in his letter-press;' but mamma said we could not make it nice again. A sweet little girl then begged that she might have the beautiful pictures and preserve them in her picture scrap book." "M. W. G."

Such words as these, from parents as well as children, cheer us greatly in our labors for the welfare of our thousands of young readers. We are glad to learn that it grieves a child to see the little papers defaced or thrown away. We are glad to know that what is read is treasured in the heart. And it is our prayer and our hope that one day we may be permitted to meet in the "better world" many a redeemed one who has been aided on the way thither by the words of love and warning which have been found in "The Child at Home."



For the Child at Home.

THE SNOW BIRD.

WHEN the keen wintry blast shrilly piping is heard,
Softly taps at the casement the tiny snow bird, —
A sociable visitant, trimly arrayed
In a warm, downy coat, of dark ashen shade;
While jauntily worn on his quaint little crown
Is a velvety cap, finely tinted with brown.

Now quietly bring from your own winter store
A handful of crumbs to strew round the door;
He hastens at once to the welcome repast,
With a zest a' the keener mayhap for a fast;
Then nodding his head with a satisfied air,
To thank you, perhaps, for his bountiful fare,
He joyously hies to the forest away,
To renew your acquaintance on some other day.

As fearless a rover as ever was seen
Is this same little wanderer — the snow bird, I ween;
Now hurriedly flitting o'er moorland and glade,
Then hieing away to the woodland's dark shade;
Where rages the fiercest the might of the storm,
May be seen gayly sporting his blithe little form.
The eddying snows only seem to excite
His jubilant spirit with keener delight;
In the lulls of the tempest may often be heard
The simple refrain of this bonny wood-bird,
As he cheerfully seeks amid grasses and reeds,
And the tall golden-rods, his dinner of seeds,
Or gleams from the hedgerows that temptingly show
Their bright scarlet berries half hid by the snow.
He garners no harvest, when winter is nigh,
From the bounty that autumn doth freely supply;
Yet lacks he for nothing, God maketh his care
The beasts of the forest, the birds of the air.

Julia.

For the Child at Home.

THE LOST LEAD PENCIL.

"Who has my lead pencil? I think I must have lent it to one of the scholars."

This question was asked by the teacher of a village school one bright spring morning, soon after the children were gathered for their usual daily exercises. It was many years ago, but it is still well remembered by one who was present and heard it.

Before answering the question I should like to take my little friends up that long hill and give them a peep into the old-fashioned school-house, but this I can not *really* do, as it has long since been removed; and I must not do it in imagination, for I happen to think that little children never like to wait long for a story; and I should be sorry to have them get impatient.

Among the scholars in Miss Wheaton's school, was one little girl, some eight or nine years old, who seemed to be a special favorite with her teacher. I can hardly tell why it was so. It is true, Annie loved her teacher very much and tried hard to please her. She was careful also to have her lessons well learned, and was always prompt and constant in her attendance. But this particular morning of which I have spoken, she came to school with a heavy heart. Wrong-doing always makes us unhappy.

The afternoon before, she had borrowed her teacher's pencil, as was the frequent practice of the children, intending to return it in a few moments. But how unfortunate! In using it, she accidentally let it fall, and just as she stooped to pick it up, it rolled into a large crack between the boards of the floor and disappeared. When Miss Wheaton inquired the next morning about the pencil, did Annie go at once and explain the whole matter? No, she did nothing of the kind! Although for a moment the warm blood seemed to forsake her cheeks, and she felt faint and sick, she did not open her lips to say a word about it. She ought to have done this the night before, and she at first intended to, but then the wicked thought came into her mind that perhaps she could conceal it. She was "sure no one saw it fall." Ah, she forgot the all-seeing eye of God, and she hoped Miss Wheaton would forget who borrowed it. So she went home with the painful secret locked up in her own bosom. What her teacher really thought she never knew. In a few days, the lost pencil was replaced by a new one, and Annie never heard the subject mentioned again. There was a sad parting some weeks later, when the term closed, for there had been no outward change in teacher or pupil.

Miss Wheaton went to her home in a distant town, and not many years after she "went home" to her Father's house in heaven.

Annie lived on, and saw great changes all around her. She is now a grandmamma, and when the little children ask her, as they often do, for a story, she sometimes tells them of days long since past, and of scenes in which she took a part; but she has never told them of "the lost lead pencil." It makes her sad even now to think about it, although she believes that God has forgiven this great sin of her childhood.

She hopes that all who read this story will be *truthful in act as well as word*. Always remember, my dear little children, that God sees and knows all things; that you can not hide from him one wrong deed; and though he may forgive you if you truly repent of them, yet their memory will cause you sorrow in all your after years.

L.

GIFTS OF GOD.

The best and sweetest flowers of Paradise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven, a key to let us into Paradise.

Brooks.



For the Child at Home.

FREDDY AND THE CUNNER.

Down under the blue water of the river, where the sunshine falls with a dimmer light than up here on dry land, a little cunner, with all fins spread, and scales flashing, was swimming about in quest of a breakfast. Ah! there it was just before him, a delicate little morsel, and with a quick dart he seized it.

Poor little cunner! he did not see the hook inside the tempting bait; he did not see the line above it. He saw nothing, feared nothing, till the sharp hook pierced him, and he felt himself drawn up, up out of the beautiful water where he could breathe, into the air where he could not, till he lay gasping, panting, quivering in a basket at the bottom of a fishing boat. The gasps came slower and slower; it would have been all over soon with the poor little thing had he not found an advocate to plead for him.

Freddy H. was one of the fishing party that day, and as his father took out the hook and threw the fish into the basket with the others, Freddy exclaimed, "Oh, father, don't throw him into the basket; he's such a little fellow, do let him go again!"

"Well, he'll count one if he is little," said his father.

"No, father, he won't count but half a one — *don't* throw him in," Freddy still pleaded.

"Oh yes, throw him in," said his father. But Freddy grew more urgent. "Please don't, father — he isn't good to eat, and he is such a *little* fellow!" Freddy prevailed; overboard into the cool water went the cunner, with a very sore mouth I fancy, but still the happiest little fish that swam that day.

The sport went on, and as the large, plump fish came splashing out of the water and lay sparkling in the basket, nobody's line was so often pulled in, hand over hand, as master Freddy's.

"Why, Freddy," said one gentleman, "how does it happen that you catch more fish than all the rest of us?"

"I don't know, sir," said he; then in a moment, as his eyes lighted up, he added, "I guess it is *because I begged for the cunner!*"

God bless you, little Freddy, and may you ever be found, as now, the advocate of the feeble, and of "him that hath no helper." God has given to man whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea, and it is not wrong to catch fish for food, since Christ's own disciples were fishermen, but let us also remember how he said, "Blessed are the merciful."

N. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

ANNIE'S DISOBEDIENCE.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon, Annie Stone received her mother's permission to visit a young friend, and stay to tea. She was not often permitted this indulgence, and now she was highly delighted. Her anticipations of happiness were so great, that it was rather difficult to wait patiently for her playmate, Mary Ann, who was to accompany her. At last she came, and as they were going, Mrs. Stone said, "Annie, you know that

Angeline lives very near the river. Remember that you must not go to the water, or get into a boat, because, if you should, you might get hurt, or perhaps drowned." Annie promised to obey, and with light hearts and nimble feet the little girls were soon out of sight.

Their half-mile walk led them through the pleasant village, along the bank of the river, and their attention was constantly occupied with something new and interesting. When they arrived at their young friend's house, they found two other little girls, who made a pleasant addition to the party, and all played happily together.

After an early tea, Harriet Bailey, one of the girls, said, "Come, let us go down to the vessel. My father is going to sea in it, and I visit it every day." But Annie said, "Oh no. My mother told me not to go to the water, because I might get drowned."

"No you won't," replied Harriet. "I know just where to go." Annie hesitated, but finally, rather than remain alone, she allowed herself to be persuaded, and followed on after them.

The vessel did not lie close by the wharf, and, for the convenience of those who had business on board, a plank had been laid across. When Annie looked down into the deep, dark water she was afraid, and shrunk back; the others had no fears, and they took hold of her hand and led her safely over. The men who were about the vessel had finished their work for the day and gone home. There being none to restrain them, the young visitors ran about, looking at every thing, and peeping into every strange place. Annie did not feel quite as happy as the others. She could not forget her mother's command, and knew that she was doing wrong.

Dear children, think of the kind parents God has given you. They love you, and require only what will make you happy. It may not always seem so to you, but they know better than you do. Avoid the first wish to do wrong; this is sin, and will lead you on step by step to ruin. Imitate Jesus. He was always obedient to his father and mother, though he was Immanuel. Do this, and it will make you happy.

Night was fast approaching, yet the little girls were so much occupied that they did not notice it. "There was a great hole here in my father's vessel," said Annie, "where they put down barrels." "Oh no," said they, "there is none here;" but Annie was right; the hatchway was now open, and many loads of stones had that day been thrown into the hold for ballast. In the darkness, the children did not see it, and suddenly Annie plunged headlong down — down — struck on the stones, and became insensible. When her consciousness returned, she heard Mary Ann calling her, and found that she too had fallen. "Are we in the river?" said Annie, for her face and hands were wet. "No," replied her companion, "we are down in the bottom of the vessel." Annie cried, and said they never should get out. How sadly she felt when she remembered that disobedience to her mother had brought this suffering upon her. Mary Ann was not much hurt, and by getting up on the pile of stone she could see a little light from above. After what seemed a very long time to the poor children, they heard a strange voice calling, "Children, where are you?" and a man with a lantern in his hand looked down from the deck. It was Harriet's father, who, having heard of the accident, had come to the vessel, and was greatly relieved to find the little girls alive.

After Annie was rescued, she was found to be covered with blood which flowed from a deep cut on her head, and soon became insensible again. Assistance was obtained, and she was immediately carried home. It would be difficult to describe the alarm of Mrs. Stone when the door opened, and two men entered bringing Annie in their arms, pale and covered with blood. The physician came, carefully examined the wound, and dressed it. Though she was suffering much pain, Annie bore it patiently; she felt that she deserved it, and that God had punished her for disobeying her kind mother.

Dear children, is not this story of disobedience a sad one? Annie never forgot the lesson. She is now herself a mother, and often, when wishing to impress the duty of obedience upon her children, she relates this event in her history, and shows the long white scar on her head, which time can never efface. Little friends, when you wish to do what your parents have forbidden, remember that disobedience will sooner or later be punished. Look to Jesus for help to do what is right. Say, —

"Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,
Guard us both by night and day;
Pity show to little children,
Who like lambs too often stray.

"We are always prone to wander,
Please to keep us from each snare;
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee
For thy kindness and thy care."

w.



For the Child at Home.

ONE OF GRACE PALMER'S DAYS.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

"What's the matter, Eddie?" asked Grace Palmer in a pleasant voice as she entered the sitting-room one bright winter morning, and found her brother with a flushed face and muttering impatiently. "What troubles you, Eddie?"

"Why, this old sum plagues me so! I mean to give it up!" and he laid his slate and arithmetic upon the table in no very gentle way.

"No, I wouldn't, brother. Let me see it. Perhaps I can help you."

The book and slate were taken up again, and a few words of explanation brought Eddie out of his troubles and lighted up his face once more. Grace was not much older than her brother, but she was somewhat ahead of him in her studies, and was never unwilling to aid him when it was necessary. Just as she had made sunshine for Eddie, a mournful cry came out from under the table, and soon after the

curly head of Madge, her little sister, appeared, and she too sought sympathy from sister Grace.

"I did bump my head," she sobbed, as Grace took her in her arms and kissed away the tears, gently rubbing the place which she pointed out as the "bump," till Madge was comforted. Then Grace set her to playing again; and after her usual preparations she started for school.

On the way she overtook several of her mates. They were full of glee about something, and greeted her with a shout that explained their mirth. "Oh, Grace Palmer, do look here! Did you ever!" and her attention was directed to the central figure of the group. It was little Martha Dade. On her head was a strange, old-fashioned hood, from which looked out a kind of half-ashamed, half-sorrowful face; an old cloak which somebody doubtless had given to her mother, and which was by far too long for her small form, hung from her shoulders; and altogether she was, as the girls said, "a queer sight." She had appeared that morning for the first time in this winter outfit, and the girls, who had forgotten for the moment that she was a child of poverty, had surrounded her, and were making merry at her expense. But Grace, more thoughtful than the others, did not see any "fun" in this, and she only said, kindly, as she took the hand of the poor child and led her forward, — "Why, girls, you didn't think. I'm sure you didn't mean to grieve Martha."

The laugh was hushed. The girls, evidently self-condemned, seemed anxious now to make reparation by their kindness to Martha, and through that day attention was no more called to her appearance.

School was opened and the lessons commenced. Grace, who generally mastered every lesson, was about to fail in a question put to her. A sign from one of her classmates told her the answer. One failure now would perhaps cause her to lose the credit mark of a whole week. The temptation was strong, but Grace was not overcome; she let the question pass to the next, and received an "imperfect" mark. At the close of the school, as she left the room, her teacher said approvingly, "I saw Julia's offered aid on that question, Grace, and I am glad that you were enabled to be honest." "Ah," thought Grace, "I should not have been honest if I had not been helped to overcome."

She did not get through the day without other troubles. Little mischievous Madge came by the table where she was writing "composition," and joggled her so that a bad blot

was made in the center of the sheet. An angry word sprang to her lips, and indeed half leaped out, but she cut it short, quietly took Madge out of the way, and began anew. Eddie too made frequent calls upon her, but if you had asked him at the day's close what he thought of sister Grace, I am sure he would have said, "I love her dearly, she's always kind."

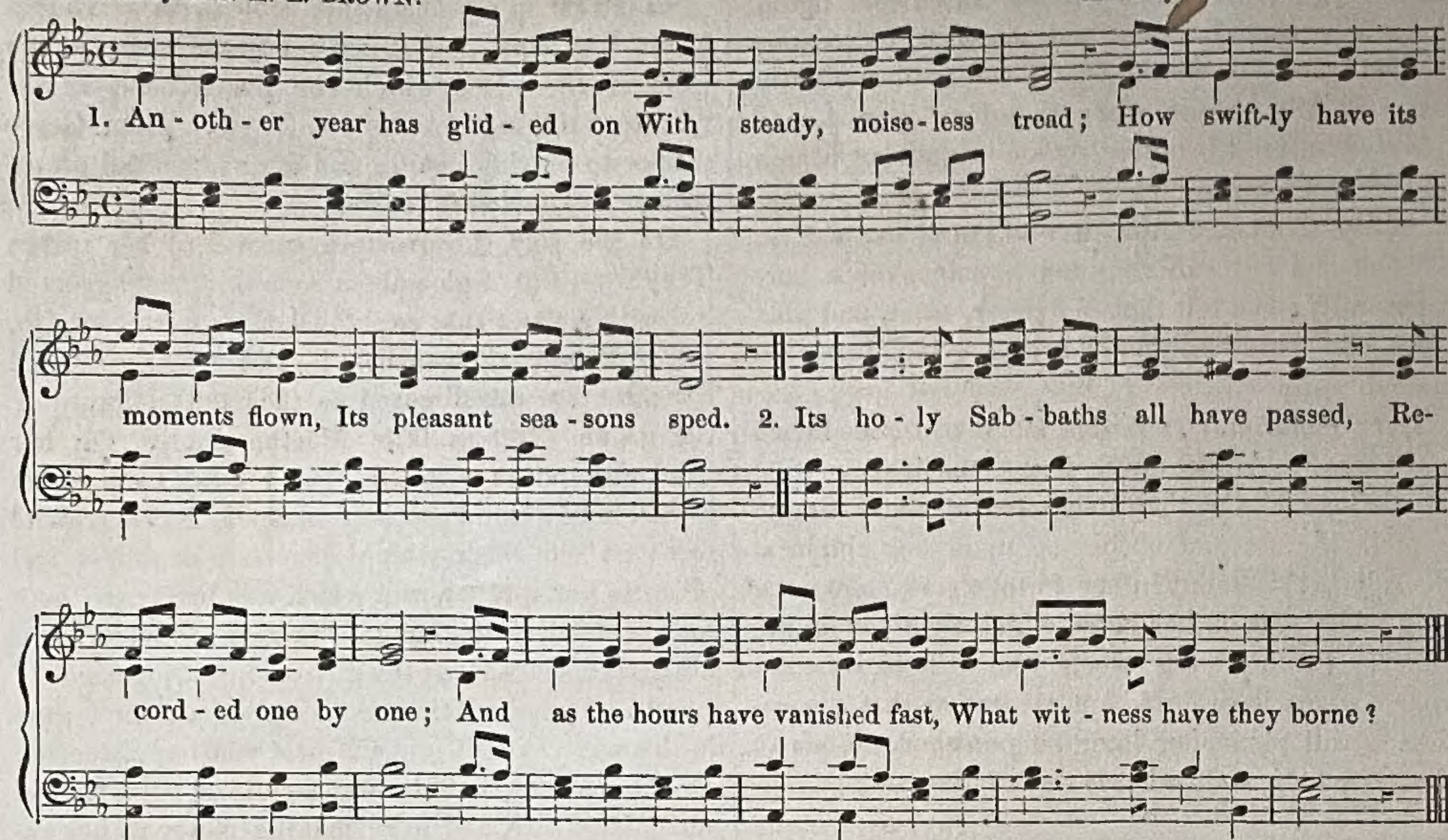
Grace does not find it easy to go through a day so as to feel happy at night. Little girls have told me more than once that they tried to be good and to make others happy all the day, but it was so hard they felt discouraged. Grace has to struggle very hard sometimes against selfishness, and pride, and a quick temper; and these are just the things that trouble some little girls that I know and love. But such happy days as this are not strange or unusual with her, and the reason is that every morning she asks Christ to give her strength to do what pleases him; and every night she thanks him for all success, asks forgiveness for all failures, and prayerfully,

For the Child at Home.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



3
Have we their sacred lessons learned
And practiced day by day?
Or carelessly the blessing spurned,
And flung the gift away?

4
We mourn, O Lord, before thy face,
Our every sin and wrong;
Forgive, we pray, and by thy grace,
In goodness make us strong,

5
That this new year may daily bear
To thy great throne above
The record of our godly fear,
Obedience and love.

6
And when our earthly life is o'er,
May we awake with thee,
To live and worship evermore,
In joy and purity.

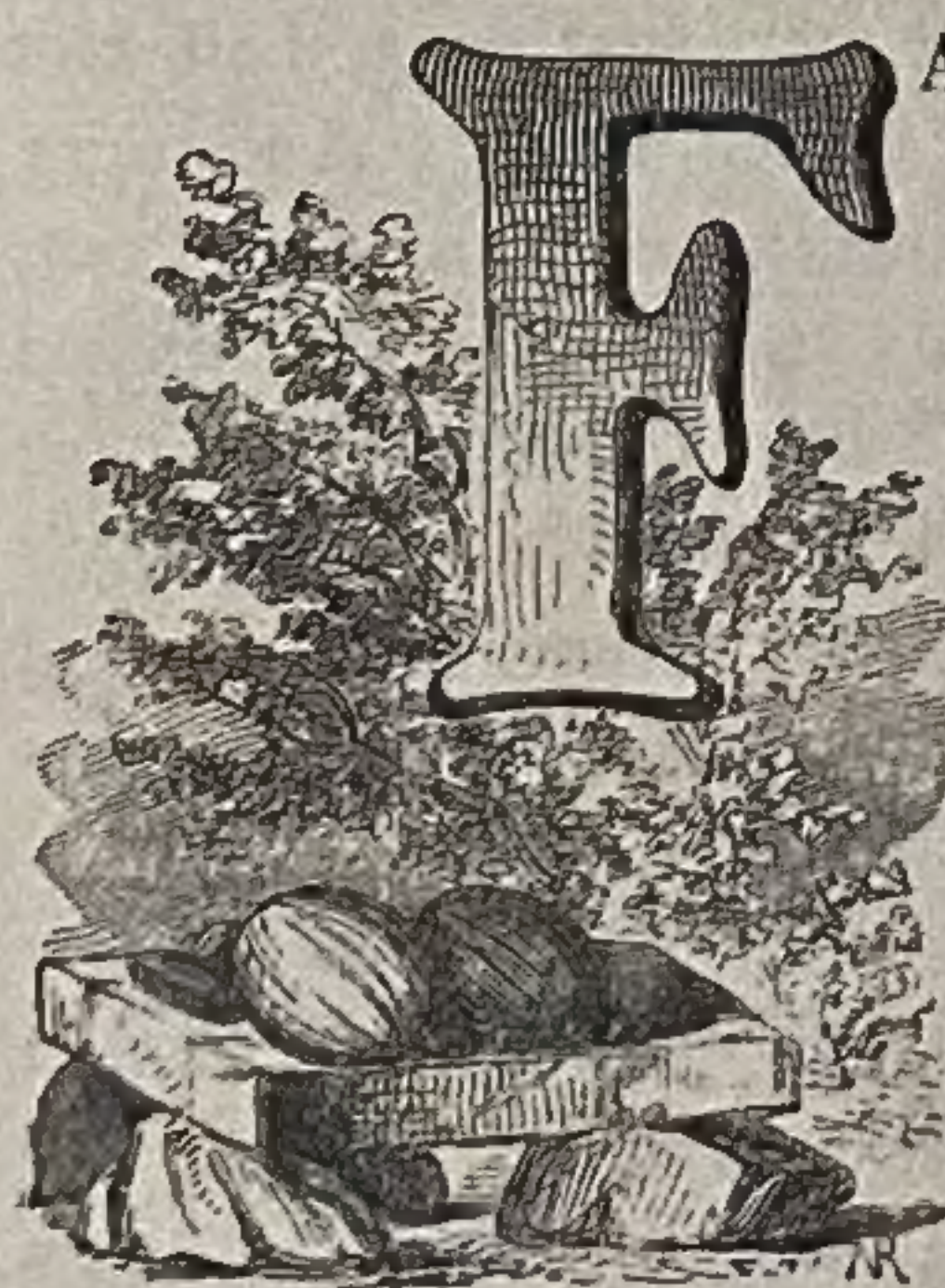
and with humble trust in her best Friend, makes a resolve that if spared to see a new day she will *try again*, and harder than ever, to have sunshine in her heart for herself, and sunshine in her face for every body.

Dear Grace! She will one day walk "in white raiment," for Jesus is guiding her in the path that leads to "the place where the angels dwell." How many of you have joined the same company of happy travelers?
Uncle Paul.

THE GOOD SIDE. — When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him: "Is there not," he asked, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE GERTRUDE.



Far down Maple Lane, in the little red brick house by the mill, lived Gertrude White. She was a sweet little girl, about nine years old. If she had a few freckles on her little round face, and was slightly lame beside, it did not prevent her being a great favorite with every body in Cherryville. Gertrude had only one great trouble. Will Evans would insist on calling her "Freckled-face" whenever they met; at such times she would pout, turn very red, and go home to her mother, much discontented and out of temper.

Gertie's mother was a good woman, a widow, supporting herself and two children by dress-making. Nothing pleased her so much as to see her children well-behaved and exemplary.

One day little Gertrude came running home in much excitement, and tossing her little sun-bonnet half across the room, said, in a burst of anger, "Mother, I can't bear this any longer. Will Evans has called me 'Old Freckled-face' before all the girls, and bear it I won't!"

"My daughter," said the kind mother, "will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" Gertrude silently obeyed her mother.

"Now will my little daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?" Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted and oppressed, yet opened not his mouth. She sighed as she said, "Mother, do you suppose they called him names?"

Mrs. White placed her work upon the table, and taking Gertrude upon her lap, she read from the holy book the passages which speak of his being reviled but reviling not again, and where the soldier struck him with the palm of his hand. Not many minutes passed before Gertrude's eyes were filled with tears and her heart with deep tenderness as the sorrows of the Lamb of God were brought before her mind.

As she went to bed that night, she asked of God that he would help her bear with meekness the injuries and taunts of the world. He delights to answer such petitions, and always will do so when they are offered in faith and sincerity.

Not many days passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually *smiled* at him; this was a source of such mystery to him that he could not muster courage to call after her, if indeed he felt an inclination; he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood. Before another week had passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for his unkindness in calling her names. Gertrude was very ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying, "I used to like to see you get cross, but when you smiled, I couldn't stand *that*." Gertrude modestly told Will of her mother's kind conversation that

afternoon, and of its effect upon her; meanwhile Will did not reply, but his moistened eye showed what he *felt*, and it is to be hoped he never will forget the lesson taught him by little freckle-faced Gertrude.

A. C.

AN ANCIENT MAXIM. — It was a maxim of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, that "no man should ever give himself the liberty of speaking ill of another, whether an enemy or a friend."

THE TONGUE. — There are but ten precepts of the law of God, says Leighton, and two of them are bestowed on the tongue, — one in the first table and the other in the second, — as showing it is ready, if not bridled, to fly out against both God and man.

NOBLE CONSISTENCY. — When Algernon Sidney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood — by denying his handwriting — he said: "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

OUR MUSIC.

We, and our readers, are under great obligations to Mr. J. L. Ensign for the beautiful music with which he has supplied us for three years past. The notices which have been given of this music by the press; the many letters which we have received, telling of the delight with which these tunes have been sung in families and in Sabbath schools, and the many words which have been spoken in commendation of them, afford the best possible evidence that Mr. Ensign's kind efforts to make our young readers happier by giving them something to sing, have been remarkably successful.

The hymns, too, for which the music was written, and which Mrs. H. E. Brown has composed for us, have been stored we doubt not in thousands of young hearts, and years hence will be recalled as among the sweetest memories of childhood.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
28 Cornhill, Boston.

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THE CHILD AT HOME

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THE CHRISTIAN BANNER

is published for the use of our soldiers. It is of the same size as the Child at Home, and is handsomely illustrated.

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GRANDPA'S WATCH.

WHAT time is it? Can little Mary tell, as grandpa touches the spring of his watch-case and lets it fly open before her face? No; Mary only looks with delight upon the white dial, and the bright hour and minute hands as they creep slowly along, and watches eagerly the lively little second hand as it seems to hurry with all its might around the smaller circle.

Can Edgar tell? He too has stopped playing, and stands by grandpa looking at the watch, though he has often before seen it. No; Edgar has not yet learned to answer the question. But perhaps

I can tell you something of their pleasant talk together.

"Please, grandpa, open it more, and let us see the little wheels and things inside."

"Yes, Edgar, but Mary mustn't put her mouth too near, for I must be careful that neither your damp breath nor any dust gets in among these fine works. There."

"Oh, grandpa, how pretty! What beautiful bright yellow wheels! and how fast some of them go, and how slow the others!"

"Yes, some of them seem almost to fly, they move so swiftly, while others turn so slowly that it is only

by looking very closely you can be sure they move at all."

"What makes them go, grandpa?"

"The spring. Every night I wind it up, and that keeps them going. I love this watch. It is like an old friend. I have had it by me ever since your mother was a little girl like this dear little Mary, and I can well remember when she used to sit on my knee and laugh and crow when I opened it. It's getting old and worn now, and won't go much longer; but I think it will last me till my other timekeeper runs down, and then I shan't need it any more."

"Where is your other timekeeper, grandpa? What kind of a one is it?"

"Just such as you and Mary have. I can tell what your time of day is when I look at you. Can you tell my time of day?"

Little Mary is wondering as she listens to grandpa's talk. She sits very still and looks in his face. Edgar, too, is becoming much interested.

"Why, no, grandpa! How can I? What do you mean?"

"I look into the bright faces of these little grandchildren, and I see that with them it is morning. Your timekeepers are beating fast now. Your dear mother's face, which has been like a sunbeam to me for thirty years, tells me it is nearly noon with her. As I look at your father, I can see that his afternoon is just beginning. My timekeeper has been ticking for more than seventy years. Lean your head against my breast and listen, Edgar. Do you hear it? Tick, tick—tick, tick!"

"Why, grandpa, that's your heart!"

"Yes, Edgar; and it beats a great deal slower now than it used to, — slower, — slower, — and it tells me that my evening has come, and night is near;" and a thoughtful expression passes over grandpa's face; the smile returns as he continues, — "but these timekeepers of ours, little grandchildren, are set in motion by One who loves us tenderly, and though there is a great deal more delicate workmanship about them than about my watch, so that it would be easy for a small thing to stop them very suddenly, yet they will stop only at the word of that dear Friend, and that will be our call to go home to him. I said it is morning with you. Begin to love your best Friend now. He is your Saviour — Jesus Christ. He died for you. Without his love you can never be happy; but with it, whether your hearts stop beating now, in your morning, or by and by, at noon, or not till your evening comes, you will be ready to answer his call with joy."

And now dear old grandpa gently puts little Mary down from his knee, and she and Edgar run away to play, with loving thoughts of the good man, while he turns to the Bible which lies on the table near him, and is soon lost in happy meditation on its blessed words.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

OUR HARRY.

THE sumach is red on the road-side,
And the maple is gold on the hill;
No sound from the woodland is rising,
Save the noise of the rippling rill;
The burrs of the chestnut are opening,
And we catch the ripe nuts as they fall,
But miss in the laughter around us
One gay voice which was dearer than all.

For, do you remember last autumn,
When our Harry was always our guide?
He climbed up the apple trees for us,
And the crimson fruit fell at our side;
He crowned us with leaves from the forest,
And he helped us in work and in play.
Oh! do you remember the morning
When he said he was going away?

I cried till he kissed me and whispered,
"Don't cry, Mary when mother can see;
I trust you to be her best comfort,
And to keep her from grieving for me;
I can not stay here like a coward,
When the cause is so holy and true."
Oh! Harry, I'll miss you forever,
But I know there is glory for you!

He lies on the field of Manassas,
With the dust in his sunny brown hair;
And all that long day that he lingered,
Oh! how little we thought he was there.
And while we were laughing and playing,
He lay dying so far from his home;
Oh! when will the partings be ended!
And when will the victories come?

H. L. P.

For the Child at Home.

THE ALPINE PASS.

Do any boys of fourteen and fifteen years of age read this little sheet? I wish they might for this once, for I want to say a few words to them.

Do you know, boys, that you have entered upon the most difficult and perilous passage of your life? Ascending from childhood up to manhood is like climbing up the steep, slippery sides of a high mountain, where the way all along abounds in dangerous places, sharp turns, abrupt ascents, fearful precipices and yawning chasms. Oh, how hard it is to get to the top in safety! How many, many boys fall and are lost forever!

I rode up the St. Gothard once among the Alps, and I wish I could describe the journey vividly to you, for I so often think of it when I meet with a boy of your age, and perceive the jeopardy which he is constantly in. The road was a splendid one—there was no fault to find with that. It was originally planned and constructed by Napoleon the Great, and is now kept in the finest order by the government. And *your* road is a good one—there could not be a surer or safer one. If you walk right on and up in the path of truth and duty all will be well with you. The surroundings, the liabilities, the sideway exposures, are what make it so dangerous.

We started on a bright, sunny morning, just after a deep snow, for it was mid-winter; and a large party of men had been sent ahead to shovel the path and clear the way for us: just as your parents and teachers have, as it were, been sent before you, that by their experience your way might be made smoother and more secure. It will be well for you to listen to their counsels and heed their suggestions. As we could not go in the usual conveyance—the great lumbering diligence—the whole company of travelers could not proceed together; so we had to divide into pairs, and filled a line of twenty-five single sleighs, or rather rude sledges on low runners. In these narrow vehicles the two passengers sat facing each other, and the driver in front. These drivers, or pilots, I might call them, are very expert and careful men, thoroughly acquainted with the way, and ever on the alert to

perceive and avoid danger. They directed us to dress very snugly, not allowing a veil, cape or scarf to be worn, unless it was fastened down closely, and not suffering us to place in the sleigh an umbrella, cane, or any thing that would project. Why? Because the winds which sweep in sudden and fierce gusts down those heights, and around those sharp angles in the road, might catch in some fluttering garment, and, filling it like a sail, whirl us in a moment over the awful precipice; or a projecting article from the sledge might strike against the rock in going rapidly around the curve, and upset our frail conveyance, and topple us down the abyss to a horrible death. The road wound up and around the sides of the mountain in zigzag lines cut into the rock like shelves. As our sleigh was almost the last of the long procession, I could look up and see a line of a dozen or twenty on a narrow ledge, almost perpendicularly over my head, driving along at a furious rate, and in a moment or two we



were whirled up a steep place and around a point, and were there ourselves, the others still higher on. In many places, I could put out one hand and touch the rock that rose like a solid wall straight up to an immense distance beside me, and, turning my head on the other side, could look down, down, hundreds and thousands of feet into the most terrific gulfs.

"Don't look down there," said the driver; "it will make you faint and dizzy, and you may fall out."

"Do accidents often occur on these mountain passes?" we asked.

"Not very often," he said, "for we understand our business pretty well. I've driven up and down the St. Gothard almost every day for twenty-five years, and our horses are well trained too. But sometimes something gives way, or the animals take fright, and then nothing can stop them. In a team of six horses if one goes wrong all the rest will go too. A diligence went over just about in this spot last summer."

We shuddered to think of the horrid catastrophe.

Now, dear boys, don't you see some points of resemblance between this fearful mountain ascent, and the way in which you must go?

You have a cautious, wise Pilot, who never errs—Jesus. If you will but follow his directions you will be safe.

You must dress for your journey; that is, clothe yourselves around snugly with correct principles, good habits, and firm resolutions. Bad habits will be the fluttering, projecting things that will catch the evil wind, and be the occasion of your overthrow. So be sure to leave them all behind, or put them under your feet.

Don't go too near the edge of the precipice, curious to look over the rugged sides, lest you should lose your balance and fall. Keep your eyes straight forward, "looking unto Jesus," and never turn to the right hand or to the left. Don't stop on those dizzy heights to gather flowers, or heed the enticing voices of gay, careless companions. Follow your Leader closely; obey him, and you will find yourself by and by safely arrived on the sublime heights of a noble and virtuous manhood.

Happy, thrice happy are those who make the perilous ascent from the sunny vales of infancy, through the slippery paths of youth, up to mature age, uninjured by accident or stain of sin.

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

WAITING FOR FRUIT.

It was James's birth-day. He was twelve years old. His sister had made him a pretty purse, and his mother had given him a four-bladed knife, with a small silver plate on the handle, and his initials marked on it.

But nothing pleased him so much as a garden spade, and he had been digging at a famous rate in the garden all the afternoon. After tea his father took the spade and started down the walk. James wanted to see what he was going to do, and followed, till they came to the corner by the fence. Then his father, without saying any thing, dug a small hole in the ground, and James saw him take some apple seeds from his pocket, place them in the soil, and cover them up very carefully. "Why, father," said he, "I did not know that people planted apple seeds."

"Your grandfather planted some once, the very day I was twelve years old, and I stood by him, just as you stand by me now."

"Where was it?"

"Close by a large stone in the garden."

"Oh, is that the great tree of golden-sweets that hangs so full every year up at grandma's? But you had to wait a long time for apples from it."

"Yes, ten long years! I remember how slow it seemed to grow. I used to think it would never have any thing but a few leaves on it. The first time it had blossoms I was away at college, and when I tasted the first golden-sweet from that tree, I was a man, and had graduated. But my father was dead; he never saw the fruit of what he had planted." James was silent. His father had finished, and was standing with both hands on the spade, and James thought how in ten years there would be a fine young apple tree there, and his father would be an old man, and he should be—His father interrupted his thought. "You think my son, ten years is very long to wait."

"Oh, yes, I should never care any thing about such a little tree, that took so long to be good for any thing."

"I know of One," returned his father, "who has watched a tender plant just so long, and yet sees no sign of any fruit."

"I should cut it down," said James.

"He may wait," continued his father "many years more, fifteen or twenty, or even thirty, still sparing the unfruitful tree, sending faithful laborers to do all they can about it; and he may cut it down suddenly and very soon."

James began to know what his father meant. It was several years since he had known that he ought to be a Christian; but he had thought, "When I am a man, it will be time enough for that."

They went silently back to the house, and James never saw the little tree that, grew up after a while, without thinking what his father had said.

How very patient is our Heavenly Father, who waits so many years and does not cut us down, though we do not serve him. Little reader, how long has God waited for you?

L. T. G.



For the Child at Home.

FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

I wonder how the children would like to live in Venice, the city which poets call "the bride of the sea." There are no streets wide enough for carriages or carts, no horses, nothing but boats. When I got out of the rail-car I stepped into a gondola, or boat, and was thus taken to the door of the hotel. When I went to the market, or to the stores, or to church, or to a gallery of paintings, it was always in boats. There are no streets, but instead of them are canals, with houses and other buildings upon each side. I saw but few little children, and do not know how they find any place outside of the house to play. There are very narrow passages leading about the city where men and women can walk, but they are so narrow and dirty that strangers scarcely ever walk anywhere except in one or two squares.

But I must tell you about "feeding the pigeons" and then you will understand the picture.

Some years ago a man left some money to the city, directing in his will that at *two o'clock every day*, in one of the public squares, all the pigeons should be fed. Now, perhaps, you may think that pigeons do not know how to count, and can not tell the difference between two o'clock and four o'clock, or between a quarter before two and quarter after two. Well, I do not suppose they can tell the time by looking at the large clock, or that they can count; but this I know, that they can tell when their dinner is ready as well as any of the children who read this paper.

A large bell, and it is a very large one, strikes the *hours*, and a smaller bell strikes the *quarters*. Thus, little bell says *one, two*; then the great bell says *one*. That means two-quarters after one, or *half-past one*. By and by, the little bell strikes *one, two, three*, and the big bell strikes *one*; that means three-quarters after one, or *quarter before two*. But the pigeons do not mind that at all. In a little while the small bell says *one, two, three, four*. Then I saw crowds of pigeons coming in all directions, over the houses, through the streets and lanes, and by the time the big bell had struck *one, two*, a great number had collected, and they kept coming for about a minute. After they had picked up their dinner, they flew away, and paid no more attention to the big bell or the little bell, although they kept on striking the hours and the quarters just as before. No more pigeons came until two o'clock the next day. Can any of the children tell how the pigeons know when the clock strikes *two*? And are the little readers of this true story as punctual to their duties as these pigeons? Always

be in season; if the Sabbath school begins at two o'clock, be, like the pigeons, a little before the time, in your seat and ready. If the pigeons are so punctual and eager for their food, should not you be equally prompt, and equally desirous to obtain spiritual food, of which, if a man eat, he shall hunger no more? * *

For the Child at Home.

LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

"Look out for number one."

"One, two, three, four," shouts little Arthur, and he has reached the limit of his numerical knowledge.

"What does 'Look out for number one' mean, auntie?" asks his brother, two years older.

"Would Aunt Anne like you to teach her boys that?" asks careful cousin Lucy. "One day, when I was at school, Sarah Hayes said so when she took away Fannie's book to get her lesson. Just think, she had torn it out of her own, and then took away Fannie's, and kept it all the forenoon! We hunted for it, and Fannie could not get her lesson. Then, when we found it in Sarah's desk, she only laughed, and told us, 'Look out for number one.' But Miss Rice heard it, and she said Sarah was a very selfish girl, and dishonest too. My mother says I mustn't be selfish, and I am sure Aunt Anne doesn't want Henry and Arthur should be."

"I should be sorry to see them selfish too, dear. And I think that Sarah Hayes not only did a very wrong thing, but she made a wrong use of her maxim. Come, Arthur, was it right to knock down Henry's house?"

"No; but I did 'ant the blocks."

And the little hand which had been a captive during Lucy's story began to struggle for freedom again and the trouble to burst out. "Naughty boy, naughty boy, Henry."

"No, Arthur, that is a bad word to say of your brother. You mustn't talk so. But, Henry, what do you think of a boy who would strike his little brother, even if he did trouble him a good deal?"

"Oh, auntie! I'll try not to do so any more."

"I am glad to hear you say so; and now I will try to tell you what I meant when I said 'Look out for number one.' I meant that both of these little boys should be careful not to do anything wrong. Look up in auntie's face, Arthur, and listen. It was wrong to pull down Henry's house, when he wanted very much to build it. You should say, 'Please, Henry, which blocks may I have?' Can you say, 'God will love the child that's gentle'? Then you should learn to take care, and be gentle and kind. Now, Henry, can you tell me what I meant when I said, 'Look out for number one'?"

"Was it to be good?"

"Yes, Henry. You are old enough to understand a little more about it. You can not hinder it if Arthur does sometimes feel wrong and get away your playthings, but you can help getting angry, and so doing very wrong yourself. You saw that he wanted the blocks before he began to knock down the house. Would it not have been more kind to give him some of those which you had not used, even some which you would have liked yourself? Would it not have been doing as Jesus told us when he said, 'All things, whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'? And can you be doing right unless you obey Jesus? Now, which little boy has understood what auntie was saying?"

"Henry may build his house. I won't knock it down. Please let me take three blocks."

"Yes, little brother, take half of them. I want to kiss where I struck your cheek."

"Well, Lucy, now the boys are gone to their play, you can tell me if you think I was wrong."

"I didn't understand it like that before."

"I know that this is not the sense in which the maxim is commonly used, but it seems to me what it ought to mean. When Sarah Hayes took Fannie's book, do you not think that she really did more harm to herself than to Fannie? You can see, by what Miss Rice said, that she did not gain any credit with her teacher, and do you think God would approve such a thing? He has given us a kingdom in our own hearts to govern, and has given us, too, a law by which to govern it. And we shall not help others to govern theirs by letting our own get out of order. The first thing for each one of us to do is to keep our own in subjection, and we must put on a double guard when those about us are going wrong. And as this law is the law of love, you can see that there is no selfishness in looking out that we obey it."

S. A. H.

For the Child at Home.

LIZZIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Oh dear! to think it should storm just at this time. I declare I never saw any thing so provoking. But it is always just so when I want to go anywhere."

Lizzie Ray turned away from the window with an ugly frown on her childish brow, and her usually pretty face sadly distorted with anger and impatience.

"Lizzie, dear, come and sit by my side for a moment, while I frighten away the evil spirit that has knocked at your heart, and gained admittance. Do you not see, Lizzie, that he is daily gaining in the strife with Love and Patience, and that he will soon drive them from their citadel? Ah! he will speedily take possession of the throne, unless you build stronger fortifications to guard the two sister queens of whom I have spoken."

Mrs. Taylor's voice, so mild and gentle, was very soothing to the child, and she calmly seated herself at her aunt's feet to listen to her words of love.

"Lizzie, do you see that slight form and pale face at Mrs. Lincoln's window across the way? Ten years, day after day, has that chair been occupied by the patient invalid. Ten years have I watched her quiet figure, week in and week out, and this sweet picture of resignation has seldom failed to meet my sympathizing gaze. Lizzie, you have seen Ella Clarke. You have twice been to her room with me, and witnessed the peaceful fortitude with which she bears her cross. But I see the lesson has been lost upon you, for you are even now grieving over a promised ride, which is only deferred to a more convenient season."

"Did you ever think, my love, how dreadful it is to be deprived of the use of your limbs as is Ella? — to be unable to get out into the blessed air and sunshine without the aid of some kind friend? And Ella will never do this again. Ten years ago she was a happy, thoughtless child, as free and buoyant as any of your little playmates. And now, alas! she is a confirmed invalid. Her disease is pronounced incurable, and soon they will lay her sweet face beneath the bright flowers she loves."

Mrs. Taylor paused; Lizzie's face was gemmed with shining tear-drops, and her own eyes were humid with emotion.

"Auntie, please forgive me. How could I be so wicked, and poor dear Miss Clarke is so patient and lovely! Every day since I have been with you I have seen her at her window, and yet I never thought that I could ever be as she is. Oh, supposing I should, — it is too dreadful to think of! Auntie, the evil spirit has left me. Oh, help me to keep him away, so that he may never, never return."

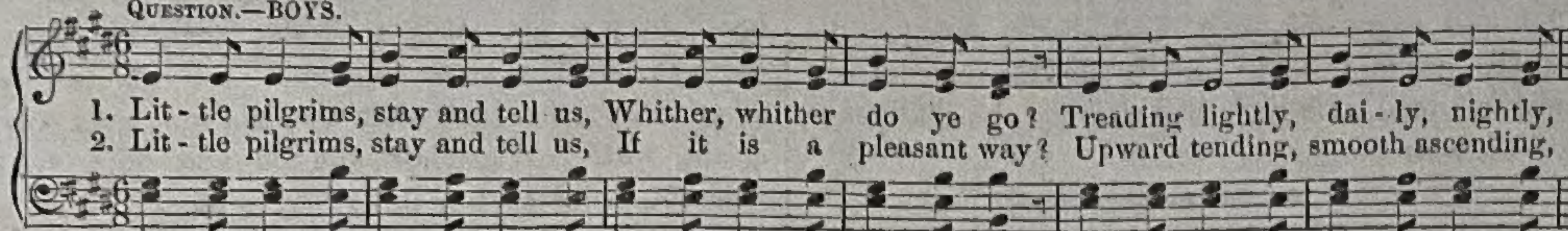
"My dear, he will often return. I would not discourage you, but it will require the most persevering efforts on your part to close your heart effectually against him forever. And you can not do it in your own strength. Let this day's lesson be in-

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

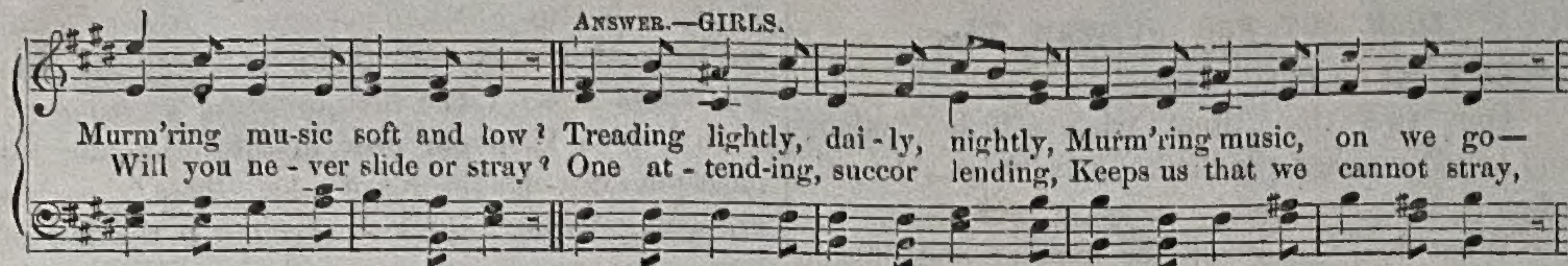
Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.
QUESTION.—BOYS.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



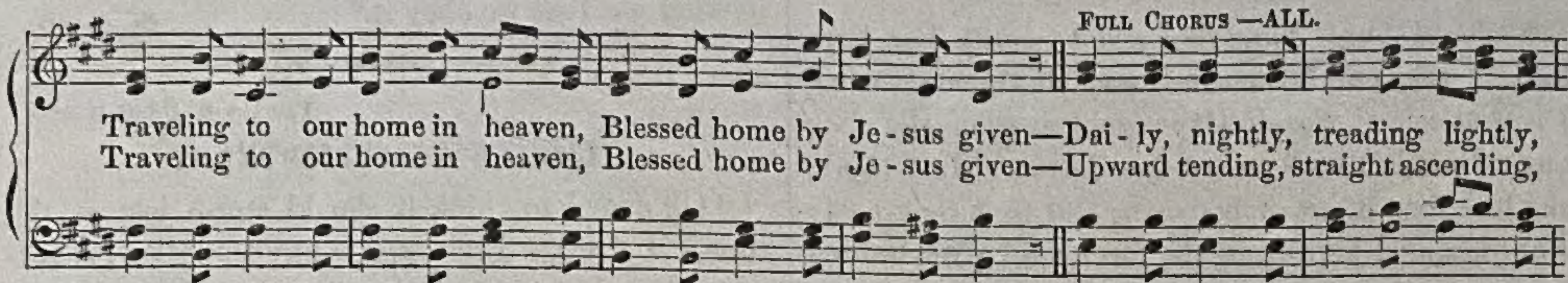
1. Lit - tle pilgrims, stay and tell us, Whither, whither do ye go? Treading lightly, dai - ly, nightly,
2. Lit - tle pilgrims, stay and tell us, If it is a pleasant way? Upward tending, smooth ascending,

ANSWER.—GIRLS.

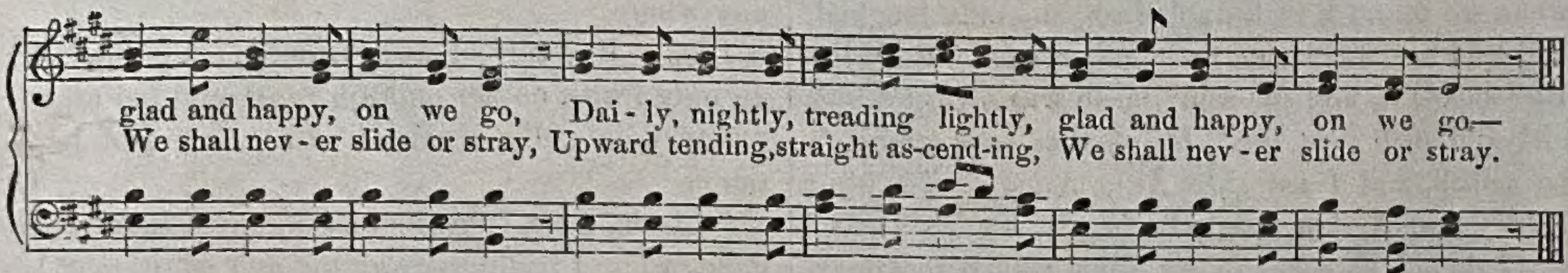


Murm'ring mu-sic soft and low! Treading lightly, dai - ly, nightly, Murm'ring music, on we go—
Will you ne - ver slide or stray? One at - tend-ing, succor lending, Keeps us that we cannot stray,

FULL CHORUS—ALL.



Traveling to our home in heaven, Blessed home by Je - sus given—Dai - ly, nightly, treading lightly,
Traveling to our home in heaven, Blessed home by Je - sus given—Upward tending, straight ascending,



glad and happy, on we go, Dai - ly, nightly, treading lightly, glad and happy, on we go—
We shall nev - er slide or stray, Upward tending, straight as-cend-ing, We shall nev - er slide or stray.

QUES.

3 Little pilgrims, stay and tell us
Of the home to which you go;
Grief and sighing, pain and dying,
There as here do children know?

ANS.

Grief and sighing, pain and dying,
Little children never know
In that happy home in heaven,
Blessed home by Jesus given—
Grief and sighing, pain and dying,
No one there shall ever know.

QUES.

4 Little pilgrims, stay and tell us,
May we go along with you?
Earth is dreary, we are weary,
We would find that heaven too.

ANS.

Earth is dreary, come ye weary,
There is room enough for you
In that happy home in heaven,
Blessed home by Jesus given—
Earth is dreary, come ye weary,
Share our joys, forever new.

delibly engraved upon your memory, my darling, and whenever you are tempted to repine over some petty disappointment, be grateful that you are blessed with health, strength, and the free use of your limbs. Oh remember Miss Clarke and her cross." Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

CAUGHT AT LAST.



FRIEND of mine was troubled by the visits of a mouse to a closet near his study. He set a trap for the little intruder, and while quietly reading soon after he heard the trap spring. He opened the closet door, and there, sure enough, was the

mouse, caught by the neck, struggling, and apparently at the point of death. He closed the door, but, opening it directly, saw the mouse vanishing through a crevice in the wall.

An examination of the trap showed him that one of the wires was bent in such a way that the prisoner had evidently freed himself without much difficulty, probably unhurt, and only a little frightened. Bending the wire into shape, he set the trap again. Within a half hour the mouse, having learned nothing from experience, made another visit to the closet, and once more my friend heard the sound of the springing of the trap. He looked into the closet again. The trap had done its work. The poor little mouse was caught and killed at last.

What will you learn from this, little boy?—little girl?—for you have *reason*, which mice have not,

and you can gain something even from the bitter experience of a mouse.

Learn this: Not to think, because you have done what was not right or not wise *once* without suffering much or at all as you may suppose, that therefore it will be safe to continue acting thus. You will be sure to suffer in the end. If you have disobeyed a kind father or mother; if you have spoken a word which has grieved your Saviour; if you have done any thing which your heart says is wrong, let that first wrong step be the last.

There is always sorrow in the way of evil-doers.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

CAN A DOG BE BETTER THAN A BOY?

MY DEAR FRANK: On my way home from the office this afternoon, I saw walking very slowly along the street in front of me a great, black Newfoundland dog. I hurried a little and overtook it. The good-natured, clumsy fellow glanced up at me with his clear, honest eyes, and trotted quietly on by my side. I patted his smooth back now and then, and he returned the compliment by an appreciative wag of his tail; but that was the extent of our intercourse. I thought to myself, If this were Frank, how much talking we should do! This great dog—stronger, and as handsome for a dog as Frank is for a boy, full of life, and feeling, and instinct, and one would almost say reason—could neither speak to me nor understand what I said to him. Ah, how much better it is to be a boy than a dog!

Yet the dog may be better than the boy! Do you see how that can be? I set out in my garden, one autumn, a fine, healthy rose-bush, a very choice variety. I selected for it the warmest spot, where the soil was richest, and with great care I watched

and cultivated it. About the same time, a friend gave me a ragged, almost leafless little stick, and told me to give it a place in my garden, if I wanted something I could depend upon. I found an out-of-the-way place, and stuck it down, and in less than a week had forgotten all about it.

June came, and I watched for my choice roses. The bush was covered with dark green leaves, and looked strong and healthy. Now I shall have roses, I thought; but no bud appeared, and from that day to this it has not given me a single perfect flower. There have been a few stunted buds, but they have either withered away or turned black when half open. Now for the other bush. I noticed a fragrant smell in my garden, about the time the leaves burst out, and happening to look at the ragged rose-bush in the corner, soon after, I found it covered with buds. In June it was all a-blow with pink roses, single and simple, but so fair and so fragrant! My sweet-briar has never failed me since, and it has grown to be a large bush.

Now, some boys and girls in whom we expect to see the blossoms of gentleness, truthfulness, kindness, and patience, produce "nothing but leaves." The care and attention they receive, instead of helping them to grow better, seem only to increase their natural tendencies toward being stubborn, willful, proud, quarrelsome. This dog, for I had seen him before, and knew all about him, was brave, trustworthy, faithful to his master,—in short, all that could be expected of a dog.

Can you not see now how a dog may be better, as a dog, than a child is, as a child? Do you not think every child is very much to blame who does not try to fill his place at the least as well as a dog fills his? A. A.

SING AS YOU GO.—"How shall I be useful?" asked one. "Sing as you go," said his experienced friend. Let men see you with a genuine smile upon your face, coming up from a happy heart, as you go out and in. That will draw men to your Master.

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THE CHILD AT HOME.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1863.

NO. 3.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.

THE REV. J. W. ALVORD'S WORK IN THE ARMY.



THE interest which has been manifested by children in the work which God is permitting this Society to do in the army; the many inquiries which we have received, by letter and otherwise, concerning Mr. Alvord's labors among our soldiers; and the fact that so many Sabbath schools have sent

us their welcome contributions—"the pen-

nies of little ones"—to aid in this work, have led us to pre-

sent to our readers a first page of the CHILD AT HOME very different

in some respects from any which has gone before it. Instead of one large pic-

ture, we give you five,—four of them representing various scenes in which Mr.

Alvord has borne a part, and the

being a good likeness of him.

children who have seen Mr.

nected with our army work

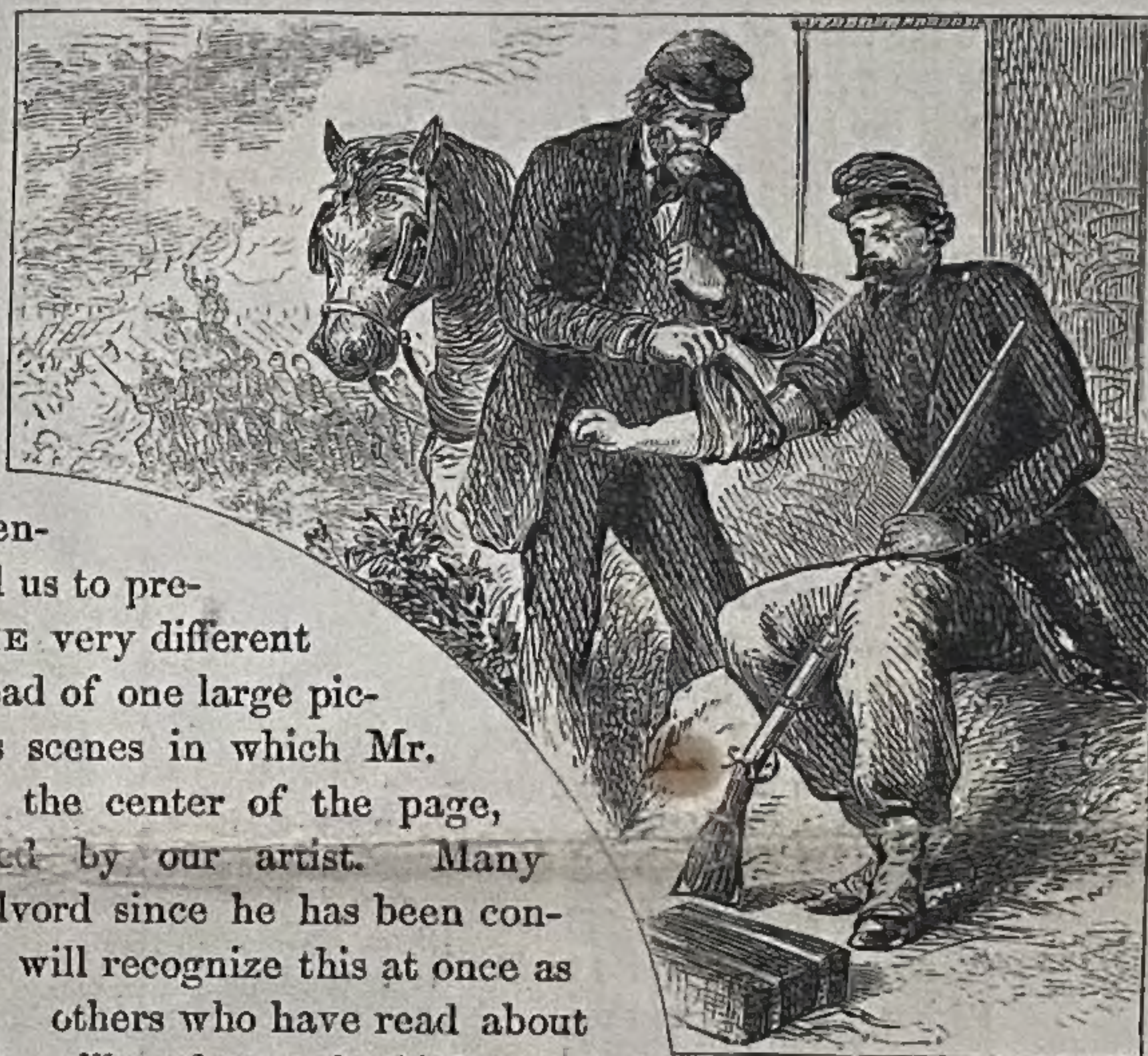
his picture; and thousands of

his labors, and whose hearts,

whom a letter recently received from their friends tells some brave, suffering soldier, while their own 'big will be glad to see *how he looks* who has so well earned Friend.' The first picture, at the left, shows one of soldiers has been spent. Mr. Alvord has a good horse him by the government in consideration of the value of his "rounds" through the camps, he has that wagon books," and tracts of various kinds, as well as a nice whenever those have been supplied him by friends. Hundreds of times has his wagon been surrounded by hands are raised and earnest voices cry, "Please, sir, you may see these soldiers, collected in little groups, some of you have helped to pay, and thinking of dear of evidence, thinking of that dear Friend in the home

In the picture at the lower left-hand corner, you see retreat of our army, some months since, from the Many a noble soldier, as you have heard, lost his life our army was falling back from before Richmond.

came, not daring to unharness his horse, lest the enemy might suddenly attack the division with which he was moving, he would wind the reins around his wrists, and dropping his head back upon the pile of books and "Banners" in his wagon, would try to sleep. But, as you will believe, there could be but little rest in



fifth, in the center of the page, copied by our artist. Many Alvord since he has been con- will recognize this at once as

others who have read about like those of children of

us, "have been filled with grief at the sad story of brother' is far away among our country's noble sons," the name which some have given him,— "The Soldier's the ways in which the money you have contributed for and a convenient wagon. The horse is provided for of his services to the army. When he starts upon one loaded full of "Christian Banners," "red-covered little store of comforts for sick and wounded soldiers, You see him here distributing the papers and books, just such a crowd as this; and from every side eager give me one!" till all his stock is exhausted. Then or sitting alone, reading the books and papers for which ones at home, and often, too, as we have had the best above.

Mr. Alvord as he slept at night during that memorable Chickahominy. Those were awful days and nights. in the terrible battles of the five or six days in which Mr. Alvord was himself often in peril; and when night

such slumber. In the upper picture on the right, you see him binding up the arm of a wounded soldier, and in the lower, taking into his wagon a sick, worn-out one whom he has overtaken, fainting by the wayside.

These are not fanciful sketches, prepared simply to interest you. Many a soldier will testify that these pictures show "just what was done for him;" and many more, who have yielded up their precious lives in this sad struggle, could they speak, would tell you that their last hours were comforted by the kind and faithful Christian ministrations of Mr. Alvord, and that some of the last words which reached their dying ears were his, telling them of the love of our crucified Redeemer.

We wish that all the children of our land could hear the touching stories which Mr. Alvord tells of what he has seen and heard in the army. But as this can not be, we have endeavored here to give you some idea of his work. It is a blessed work; and he asks the sympathy and prayers, and, so far as it may be in their power, the aid of children, as well as their parents.



Could you do any thing with money which is *yours* to spend as you like, better than to give it for the benefit of these brave men and boys—for some of them are but boys—who are fighting and suffering so much, and so cheerfully, too, for our country? If you feel that you could not, remember that any money, little or much, that you may send to the Treasurer of this Society, Henry Hill, Esq., mentioning that you wish it used for the soldiers, will be faithfully expended for their benefit. And whether you can send *money* or not, never forget to *pray* that God will bless and take care of our soldiers, making them all his own children; and that he will deliver our beloved country from her trials, and preserve for us the blessings which, as a people, we have so long enjoyed.

For the Child at Home.

STORM THOUGHTS FOR A CHILD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHEN the rain falls, I will say,
"Lord, refresh my soul to-day!
To the roots of every thought
Be the living waters brought,
That my boughs sweet fruit may bear,
Ripening high in heavenly air!"

When the mists obscure the vale,
Making all the sunshine pale,
So that I no longer know
Paths wherein I daily go,
Say I, "Though I can not see,
Yet my soul will follow thee!"

When the wind howls down the hill;
When wild gusts the valley fill;
When the thunder rolls in dread,
Listening, I will bow my head,
Saying, "In the life-storm drear,
Let me, Lord, thy still voice hear!"

When the snow, with fall so light,
Clothes the quiet world in white,
Father, I will say to thee,
"Robe me in thy purity!
And, when death comes, let me rise
To the white throng of the skies."

For the Child at Home.

WHAT CHARLIE SAID.

In the Child at Home, not many months ago, was a sweet little story about "What Susy said." Now I want to tell the children what *Charlie* said.

I stood at my window one bright spring morning, as I often do, to watch the children as they came in groups from the school-room opposite at recess. There was Charlie with his bright black eyes and curly hair, and there was Jamie, to whose sweet voice we loved to listen in the morning hymn, and Joe, so full of honest fun, and Sam, the rudest boy in the school, who gave his teacher a deal of trouble.

Then there was Mary, and Emma, and dear little Nellie, the pet of all, and many others. The games proceeded very pleasantly, till Charlie by accident ran against Sam, jostling him considerably. Sam turned with an angry look and gave him a kick!

What did Charlie do? His face flushed, he hesitated a moment, then turned away and seated himself upon the fence. He looked thoughtfully down for a moment, and then the old bright look came back to his face again.

Just then a stout, rough-looking man, who was passing, said to Charlie, —

"Why didn't you kick that fellow back again? You're big enough to do it."

Now what did Charlie say? "Because my teacher taught me this verse from the Bible: 'Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me.'" (Prov. xxiv. 29.)

The man walked thoughtfully away. Perhaps it was a "word in season" to him.

Just then the bell rang to call the children in.

Charlie jumped down from the fence and was the first to reach the gate. He saw Sam coming, so he kindly opened the gate and waited for him to pass in first. Sam had been feeling a little sorry from the moment when Charlie turned away without returning his blow, and now he was more sorry still, and by the time he reached the school-room door he felt as though he could not go in till he had told Charlie that he was sorry, and remembering a nice apple in his pocket which he had forgotten to eat in recess, he slipped it into Charlie's hand, and they went in together.

There were no angry looks, no unkind feelings, no complaints with which to grieve their kind teacher and add to her cares.

Remember, children, "Blessed are the peace-makers."

Mina.



"MY LAST WORK."

The picture at the head of this article was engraved for a book for children just published by this Society, entitled "The Little Knitter." We give it a place here, because it has to us a touching history, which we doubt not will interest our readers.

You have looked with pleasure, we know, upon the beautiful engravings which have been given you in the Child at Home during three years past. While this work has not all been done by a single artist, and will still be carried forward by those who are competent and who love the work, one, whose hand has skillfully engraved many of these pictures, will do no more. Mr. Samuel Cloues, whose name you have probably often noticed faintly marked at the bottom of many of our cuts, has finished his part of the work, and is now, as we trust and believe, in a better home.

When he entered the service of this Society as an engraver, some three years since, he was not particularly interested in religion, and professed no love for Christ. His associations at the Tract House, the influence which has been brought to bear upon him here, and the prayers which have been offered in the little monthly meeting which is held by those engaged in the building, have been the means under God, it is believed, of leading him to the Saviour. For months past he had expressed hope that his sins were forgiven, and his death, which occurred on the evening of the third of January last, was most happy and blessed.

On the afternoon previous to his departure, being perfectly conscious that his end was near, he called for the portfolio containing "artist's proofs," or impressions of pictures which he had engraved, and requested a friend at his bedside to write the

names, one by one, of those with whom he had been associated at the Tract House, as he should select pictures for them, saying, "It is but little; but it is all my work,—every line,—and these will do for keepsakes to remember me by." Then he lifted in his thin hand an impression of the picture which we have given here. "This," said he, "was my last work. The last time I used a graver [or engraver's tool] was on this block." This he gave to his sister with a smile; the portfolio was removed; and he seemed from that time to dismiss all care for this world, and calmly and with sweet peace to await the call of that Saviour in whom he trusted.

Very soon the time will come, even though it be years hence, when we shall each one do our last work for this world. Dear reader, if your summons to stand before God should come to-day, could you lay aside your work, your amusements, your daily duties, with a smile, as this young man did, and say with him, "Jesus is my only trust"?

For the Child at Home.

PLANNING FREDDY.

Freddy Fiske is always planning. He planned not long ago to get his Sabbath-school lesson on Saturday afternoon. Every Saturday, after dinner, he intended to get his question-book and study his lesson. But Saturday comes, and there is always a special reason why, just for once, the lesson must be put off, until Sabbath morning. This is one reason why he so often fails when his turn comes to recite the verses.

Freddy has a little brother Willie, who comes to him a great many times a day to be amused. Freddy is not more selfish than other boys of his age, and yet he is almost always "busy" when Willie comes. The little fellow goes away with a grieved face, and, for want of something better to do, tangles the silks in his mother's work-basket for the twentieth time. Freddy knows that he is not acting kindly, to say the least; and more than once he has planned to reform. He once made a resolution to spend one hour, immediately after school, every day, in amusing Willie; but the resolution was forgotten, and Willie is waiting still for the button-top that was promised him a month ago.

Freddy says to himself Sunday afternoon, "I'll begin Monday morning and be first-rate. I mean to turn over a new leaf this week. I'm tired of feeling all the time as if I was so wicked, and we'll see if I can't be a good boy, Monday. Yes, it's a good plan to begin square!"

Monday noon, just as Freddy is complaining that his mother is "always making him run of errands," he remembers his resolution! "Well," he says, "I can begin Tuesday morning; it's only one day later. There's no good in trying the rest of to-day." Tuesday morning it rains, and poor Freddy is sorely tried. He meant to go nutting. "Just as sure as I try to be good," he mutters, "I have to be disappointed all the time. I never can do as I want to—I don't care!" And then Freddy turns over and snugs himself down for a long nap, from which he wakes impatient as ever. So he goes through Tuesday fretting and complaining, because he is not brave enough to bear a disappointment. Wednesday it is "too late in the week," and the language of Freddy's heart, though he does not say it in so many words, is, "I'll take the comfort of doing as I want to till Saturday night, but I'll begin Sunday morning square, and try hard—I certainly will!"

I have good reason for believing that Freddy Fiske is not the only boy who lays a great many plans and carries out very few. I am sincerely sorry for such boys, for I know that when Saturday night comes, and they sit just before bed-time by the fireside, looking into the coals, and through them into the week behind, they sometimes feel very

badly, and very much discouraged at the thought of all their failures. Freddy isn't the only one who has sobbed himself to sleep over the conviction that he "never can do right—it's so hard to try!"

The truth is, boys, your resolutions are good as far as they go, but they need to be made *double*. Alongside of the resolution to "do right" make a resolution to *begin now to keep your resolution*. And then, first every morning and last every night, ask God to help you. When you break a resolution through forgetfulness or carelessness, don't say, "Well, I'll begin again to-morrow." Begin at once. If you were walking on the railroad (which it would be better never to do), and wanted to learn to walk on the rail, would you say, every time you made a misstep, "I'll begin again at the next station"? No indeed! You would step on again at once and only try the harder. So you must step again, *at once*, into the path your resolution marked out for you. Never be discouraged, though you fail once or twice, or seventy times. Only keep on trying, and try *all the time*!

This habit of making resolutions, to be carried into effect to-morrow or next week, is liable to do you a great deal of harm. It will prevent your becoming thorough and efficient business men, and will greatly hinder your usefulness wherever you are. Depend upon it, if a piece of work is to be done it is better to begin *at once*. If you have a bad habit to conquer, go to work at once. If you want to do good in the world, improve the very first opportunity. These things put off are very much more difficult to-morrow. Besides, you may not be alive to-morrow. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,"—that is, at once and energetically,—is an excellent sermon in small compass, for boys who are in the habit of saying, "To-morrow, or next week, I'll begin to carry out my resolution."

Now you who have read this short sermon with "Planning Freddy" for a text, will you not begin at once the work you see before you? Think over your resolutions, be sure they are right ones, and date them from this moment. Then work, and God will bless you!

A. A.

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE EFFIE.

Little Effie did not remember the time when she had not seen her dear mother kneel beside her cradle, or her little bed, when she was about to go to sleep for the night, and lift up her heart and her voice to God in behalf of her little daughter. Effie, too, was taught to pray as soon as she knew how to speak.

It happened one evening, when she was about four years old, that her mother went out to an evening meeting, before her little girl was in bed, leaving Effie to be undressed and put to bed by a servant girl; a circumstance which happened but a few times in Effie's life.

In the morning the mother inquired, "Effie, dear, did you pray last night?"

With a very sad face the little girl replied,—

"Oh no, mamma, I forgot it."

With much seriousness the mother inquired, "What would have become of my little daughter if God had forgotten her?"

"Oh, I don't know, mamma; does God tate tare of us all—all the time?"

"Yes, darling; he does."

"Does he give us all our clothes?"

"Yes, dear: every thing we have."

"Well, dear mamma, he ferdets that you wear out your stoctins, don't he?"

The mother could scarcely reply to so unexpected a question. There had been sickness in the family for a long time, and the mother, as thousands of others have done in similar circumstances, had neglected her own wardrobe to attend to the wants of others. She remembered that Effie had been greatly troubled by discovering that her stockings were suffering for want of care. Effie was assured, however, that God did not forget any of our wants, and that if we love him and trust him he will always supply them, or help us to bear all our trials patiently. Soon after this a beloved grandmother sent, as she was accustomed to do every year, a pair of nice new stockings to Effie's mother, and it was easy for the little one to feel that God put it into grandma's heart to send the stockings; and that he never forgets us, even if we forget him.

We believe Effie never again forgot to pray. At the age of eight years, she was received into the church, and none who were present on that occasion will forget the day when this little lamb was admitted into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

F. D. H.



For the Child at Home.

A GOOD MAN AT PRAYER.

"What, this man at prayer! An officer in uniform, on horseback, with his sword in his hand, and on the battle-field too—can he be at prayer?"

Yes, it is all true. The battle has begun. The sound of musketry and cannon is heard all about him, soldiers are hurrying by to engage in the conflict, and the bugle-notes are inspiring them to the charge; but this great and good man, the leader of one of these armies, has paused a moment to lift a petition to the God whom he loves and in whom he trusts.

This is Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, "an excellent king, a famous captain, and a Christian." He has fought in many battles, has been sustained and preserved in many trials and dangers, has received the love and veneration of his subjects, and now has nearly reached the end of his life on earth. He is represented here as just commencing the battle near Lutzen. On the 6th day of November, two hundred and thirty years ago, that battle was fought, between the Austrians on one side and the Swedes and their allies on the other. A thick fog covered the combatants in the morning, but at about eleven o'clock it floated away, and the sun shone down bright and clear upon them. "As the two armies came in sight of each other, Gustavus bowed his head and prayed, mentally, but with seeming fervor, a last prayer; then raising his eyes toward heaven, with his hands joined upon the hilt of his sword, he cried, 'Jesus! Jesus! Be thou mine aid on this day when I fight for the glory of thine holy name!' Then he brandished his sword

above his head and added, 'On, now, in the name of the Lord!'"

Thus the battle was begun. It was his last battle; for, though his army was victorious, their beloved and noble-hearted leader and king was among the slain. But we can not read the history of his life and the account of his death without feeling that the God to whom he had committed all those interests which he held most dear, called him home in his own good time, and that therefore it was the best time.

How precious is the record of a Christian soldier! Let us remember the dear friends that most of us now have in the army of our country, and pray that they, like this Christian king and soldier, may, on the eve of battle, as well as at other times, be inclined to lift a prayer with humble faith to the same "Jesus" whom he loved.

Monitor.

For the Child at Home.

"IF TWO OF YOU SHALL AGREE."

In one of the storms which not many weeks since swept along our coast, the father of two little girls whom I know was out upon the sea. The family had learned that just before the storm commenced he had sailed from a Southern port for Boston, in a vessel considered so unseaworthy by the agents of the insurance offices that none of them would insure her for any amount. As the wind howled more and more fiercely and the sky grew darker, there were heavy hearts in the home from which the husband and father was absent.

The Sabbath came while the storm was still raging, and the family sought the house of God. There the minister of the gospel of consolation encouraged the hearts of those who loved the Lord, by an earnest discourse upon the text, "Again, I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Little Annie, a child of about nine years and one of the sisters, listened attentively to her pastor's words and treasured them in her heart. Not long after the family had returned from service, the beloved and pious grandmother, who was a member of the household, sought her room to commune in secret with her God. She was kneeling there in supplication, when the door was gently opened, and Annie came softly in and knelt beside her.

"Pray, grandma; pray," said the child.

"For what shall I pray?"

"For father, that God will please keep him safe and bring him home again."

The aged Christian once more offered prayer, and in her petition, that He who controls the stormy wind and the tempestuous sea would protect the absent one, Annie evidently joined with all her heart. Then they rose from their knees, and with a happy face and cheerful voice Annie exclaimed, "Now I know father will come home!"

"What makes you think so?" asked her grandmother.

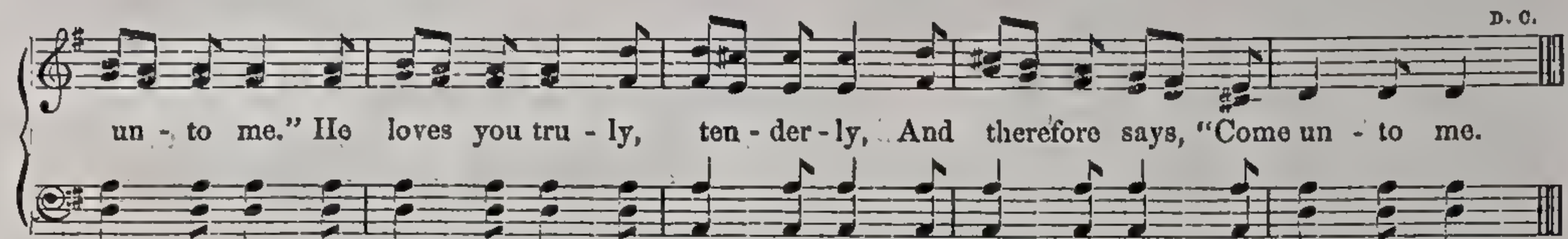
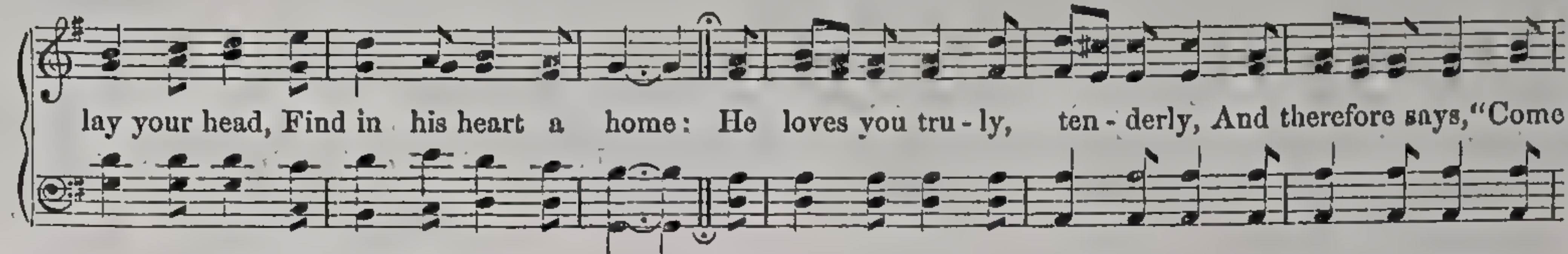
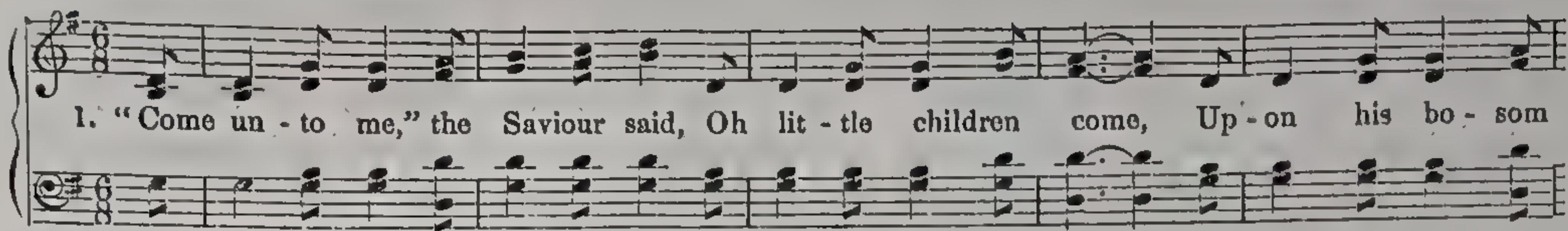
"Why, you know the verse our minister preached from, and I'm sure you and I agree about asking God to keep dear father, and so I know God will hear us, and father will come home safe." And from that moment Annie dismissed all anxiety about her father. She seemed to rest in perfect confidence that God's promise, having been sincerely received by herself, would be as sincerely kept by him. And it was so. Within a few days the husband and

For the Child at Home.

COME UNTO ME.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



2
"Permit them,"—so the Saviour said,
To those who sternly frowned;
I greet with joy the gentle tread
Of infant feet around;
And spread my arms to take them in,
To fold and shield from every sin.

3
"Forbid them not,"—the Saviour said,
The world is drear and chill;
I only can their spirits feed,
And guard from mortal ill.
Here let them lie in peaceful rest,
By want, nor woe, nor guilt, distressed.

4
"For of such little ones,"—he said,
My heavenly kingdom is;
And I would have the joy of that,
Thus shadowed forth in this,
'Tis such simplicity and love;
And trust and sweetness dwell above.

5
Oh, Jesus! ever blessed Lord!
We come, we come to thee!
At thy inviting, welcome word,
From all beside we flee.
Beneath thy sheltering wings we hide,
There may we evermore abide.

father was welcomed home by his happy family. The vessel had gained a sheltering port during the storm, and afterwards continued the voyage to its end without disaster.

And who shall say that this was not in answer to the prayer of those two loving hearts, *agreed touching one thing*, and that thus the blessed promise to trustful prayer was not verified? How many a Christian, young and old, might learn a lesson of faith in God from little Annie! Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

MAGGIE'S WISH.



R. and Mrs. R.—were just sitting down to the breakfast table, when the children came in, their teeth chattering with the cold, for it was January.

"I wish I lived right under the equator, where it is never cold,"

said Georgie, who was studying geography.

"I don't," said Charlie, who was older than his brother, and quite conscious of his superior wisdom; "I wish I lived in the lower part of the temperate zone, where it is never cold and never so very warm."

"I know where I wish I lived," said little Maggie. "I wish I lived in heaven, for it is always warm there, and not too warm; it is just right, mother says."

How often have I thought of this wish of Maggie's when I have been chilled to the soul by the coldness of this world, and found it hard to face its storms, and tread its rough and difficult paths. You and I, dear children, can not go to that blessed place until God calls us there; but if we ask him, he will give us a great deal of the warmth of heaven in our hearts, and then, by kind acts and gentle words, we may diffuse much of this warmth and blessedness even in this cold world. Let us constantly try in

this way to make earth just as much like heaven as we can.

M.

For the Child at Home

"NOT MY WILL."

Little Minnie was only four years old, so small that she sat in a high chair at the table, and made very crooked stitches in the seams of her patch-work; yet she thought herself wiser than her mother, who had lived ten times as long, learning something every day. Minnie had a great liking for her own way. It was very hard for this little girl to obey quickly and pleasantly, and sometimes she would say to her mother, "I do wish I was a grown-up person; then I could do just as I pleased!"

The good mother looked very grave whenever Minnie made this foolish remark, for she knew quite well that obedience never ends; after the lessons and minding of childhood should follow constant hearkening to the Lord's will. Minnie's mother read often in the Holy Book that even Christ "pleased not himself."

One morning, Minnie was particularly naughty about getting up and being dressed; indeed, she was so ill-behaved that her mother said, "You may try having your own way to-day, my child. I will not dress you now." The little girl amused herself in bed until the breakfast bell rang, then she ran to the table, with her fat feet quite bare, in her little night-gown. There were no kisses for this willful child, who soon slipped away from the table to play with her dolls on the nursery floor. While Minnie was looking so very untidy, a little friend came to spend the morning, with her new doll in her arms. This child looked so nice in her blue merino frock and white apron, that Minnie's mother was quite ashamed to open the door where her own daughter was sitting, still undressed. Minnie began now to cry, and beg to put on her best suit; so her mother, determined that she should see how bad it was to have her own way, made the little girl very neat in her rose-colored dress and pretty slippers. Minnie was fond of seeing herself in these clothes, but she did not realize that they were unsuitable for morning play. Very soon the children wandered into the garden, and found ripe

peaches on the grass; the juice ran through Minnie's plump fingers, staining the pretty color, until purple streaks made her frock very ugly. The pebbles made her feet ache; the thin slippers were not designed for garden-walks. Minnie went back to the house, a very discouraged and miserable child. She longed to have her usual reading lesson in her mother's lap and eat her lunch in a clean gingham apron, but this was a day of pleasure-seeking.

In the afternoon, Minnie took a drive with her father. As she had insisted on wearing a white frock, the child was cold and uncomfortable; her arms and hands looked quite blue when they reached home. At the close of this day, Minnie helped herself to a large piece of rich cake, after which she would persist in sitting up so late that her head drooped and nodded in the last game of dominoes. At midnight, Minnie was moaning with pain in her little bed; her kind mother was obliged to give her bitter medicine. Minnie was feverish and languid in the morning. When her mother was rocking her by the fire she said, "Minnie doesn't want her own way any more; you and Jesus must tell her what to do! Minnie is a silly little child; she can't take care of herself!"

Minnie's mother held her little girl tighter, and stroked her soft hair, while she prayed that the child might ever say, "Not my will, but *thine*, be done!" Agatha.

THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE.—It is a great art in the Christian life to *learn to be silent*. Under opposition, rebukes, injuries, *still be silent*. It is better to say nothing than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent, the mind is enabled to collect itself, and call upon God in secret aspirations of prayer. And thus you will speak to the honor of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, *when you speak from God*.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

28 Cornhill, Boston.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., President.

REV. I. P. WARREN and REV. W. C. CHILDS, Secretaries.

REV. J. W. ALVORD, Secretary at New York.

HENRY HILL, Esq., Treasurer.

N. BROUGHTON, JR., Depositary.

A large assortment of new and valuable publications are issued by this Society, adapted to the use of families, Sabbath Schools, and individuals; also for gratuitous distribution among the destitute.

THE TRACT JOURNAL

has a wide and rapidly-increasing circulation throughout the country. It is filled with practical religious reading, avoiding controversy, and at the same time speaking faithfully on all subjects appertaining to Christian faith and morals.

THE CHILD AT HOME

is receiving a very cordial welcome in thousands of families.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER

is published for the use of our soldiers. It is of the same size as the Child at Home, and is handsomely illustrated.

THE CHILD AT HOME

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REV. I. P. WARREN, EDITOR.

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THE CHILD AT HOME.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1863.

NO. 4.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



MAKING SUGAR.

Did you ever see sugar made? We do not mean the kind that comes from the South, which is made from the sugar-cane, but *maple sugar*, which can be found nearer home. Not a few of our young readers in the country are familiar with the process, and could tell their city cousins and friends the whole story. And if some of these bright little folks should find that our picture does not represent in every particular just what they have been accustomed to see done at home, they will remember

that maple sugar is made in many places besides their own village, and by many men besides their fathers, and brothers, and uncles, and probably some things are not done in the same way in any two places.

In the spring-time, when the sweet sap or juice is rising in the maple trees, the work begins. At the upper part of the picture before you, on the left, is seen the first step taken — *tapping the trees*. The sugar-maker is boring holes in the trunks of the trees, in which he inserts hollow wooden tubes

or joints of elder for conductors of the sap. On the ground below these tubes, pails or tubs are set, into which the sap runs. Then, as you see in the picture at the right, the sap is collected in barrels on sleds drawn by horses or oxen, and taken to the shed or *shanty*, where it is boiled in the large kettles prepared for the purpose.

When the sap is thickened from boiling, it is poured out into pans to cool. Then comes the *sugaring off*; and this is a happy time for the children, and indeed a merry time generally for those of all ages who have a part in it. Busy hands are at work, and eager mouths await an opportunity to taste the sweet cakes which will soon be ready; and it would not be surprising if some of the boys should ladle out a few *dippers*-full and cool it on the snow, and thus treat their sisters and themselves in advance of the rest.

It will not be long, after this scene has been witnessed, before hundreds of children, in towns and cities far away, will be spending their pennies for maple-sugar cakes in forms of hearts, and stars, and rounds, and squares, and in almost every conceivable shape that will please the little ones. And when the work is all over, the beautiful sugar-maple trees will still grow on — their branches will be covered with leaves, and children will play in their pleasant shade, talking together perhaps of the merry sugar-making, and hoping they may be there when another spring comes to enjoy the same again.

We are surrounded at all times with manifold evidences of the goodness and the love of God. "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth."

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap: the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

For the Child at Home.

JESUS WILL SAY, "COME FORTH."

A little child in smiling infancy had been called home to heaven, and the casket of clay was to be given to the embrace of earth.

The "man of God" directed the chastened parents to the sympathizing Saviour, who wept with Martha and Mary at the tomb of their dead brother; and, inspired by a warm and glowing faith, he depicted the glories of that happy moment when the Divine word, "Lazarus, come forth," restored the lost one to the outstretched arms of affection. With the comforting assurance that the same voice would one day wake to new life and unwonted beauty the cold form before them, he tenderly committed them to the merciful care of Him who declared himself the Resurrection and the Life.

A little girl of tender years, still left to cheer the desolate home, as she beheld the coffin-lid closed over her darling brother, and saw him borne out to be laid in his narrow bed, with a commendable faith, that looked beyond the cold grave to the promised resurrection, joyfully clapped her little hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, won't it be pretty when Jesus says, 'Baby, come forth!'" G.



For the Child at Home.

MARK'S TEMPTATION.

Mark Brewster stood looking out of the window one clear, cold Sabbath afternoon. The church bells were ringing, and crowds of people were hastening by on their way to worship in God's house. Every body was muffled in furs and warm cloaks, for it was the beginning of winter, the first week of real freezing weather.

"How cold it is," thought Mark. "And how my ears did tingle coming home from Sunday school! Two days of such weather will make splendid skating. I shouldn't wonder if the ice was frozen enough now to bear me." Mark stopped thinking. "It's Sunday," said he to himself, and then looked out of the window again. The bells had stopped ringing, and only a few people were to be seen. "There are six persons who will be late at church," thought Mark.

Just then his brother Bennie came into the room.

"Mother is lying down," said he, "for she has a headache. She says we are not to go to church, but stay here and read our books."

"I'm tired of my book!" answered Mark, fretfully. "You may take it, Ben, if you like. I am going to see how cold it is."

So Mark went out of the parlor, and, opening the door softly, stepped into the yard. It was indeed very cold; the wind did not blow, but the air was sharp and keen, so Mark shivered.

"The ice must be frozen hard, now," said he. "It is good skating I know." This time he did not drive away the thoughts that came stealing into his mind. Visions of the clear ice, his new skates, and the pleasant gliding motion, danced before his eyes. "It would do no harm to go and look at the ice. Mother would never know." Mark opened the parlor door. Bennie was singing softly, —

"God sees my thoughts and actions too."

I wonder why Mark felt so vexed when he heard this, and why he kicked at the door to drown the sound of Bennie's sweet voice. Whatever the reason was, he felt rather uncomfortable, as, leaving the parlor again, he seized cap and coat, and stole out of the house. Quickly he ran down the hill, and in a few moments was at the water's edge. It was a tempting sight. A broad sheet of ice lay spread out before him, bounded on one side by the road, on the other stretching away through the fields, growing narrower and smaller, until it was hidden among the trees. Mark stepped upon the ice, walked a few steps, and then jumped with all his strength. The ice did not crack or even bend. "Splendid!" shouted Mark, and the next moment was putting on his skates.

Poor Mark! how soon he had forgotten his morning's lesson, and the kind words of his teacher. I wonder if other boys are so careless of what they learn from God's word?

For a little time Mark skated with no feeling but that of pleasure, but as the novelty wore away he grew uncomfortable again. All at once he stopped. "I will go right home," he said. "I forgot it was Sunday." Already he was unbuckling his skates, when, looking up, he saw some one coming down the hill. Why did Mark's cheeks flush, and his heart grow so heavy? It was his Sunday-school teacher, Miss Barlow, who was approaching, and her voice which said sadly, "Oh, Mark, Mark!"

"I didn't mean to, Miss Barlow! Truly I didn't!" cried Mark, in great shame and confusion. And then looking up, and seeing the tears in his teacher's eyes, and the reproachful look she wore, the boy hid his face and sobbed aloud. Miss Barlow bent over him gently. "I can not stay to talk with you now, Mark," she said. "But come and see me to-morrow; I want to know all about your temptation, and how you yielded to it. Mark, I thought I could trust you. I am very sorry."

Boys, do you envy Mark as he walked up the hill, thinking of his teacher's words? "She never can trust me again!" thought he, bitterly. "Oh, why did I do so!" That was a sad close to Mark's bright Sabbath day. He avoided Bennie, and blushed at his mother's loving look, feeling very guilty and ashamed.

I have not time to tell you about his visit to Miss Barlow, the next day, and how she talked with him. But I do not think he will ever forget her words, and all that he gained and lost by that one sin. I trust he is a better, more thoughtful boy now.

O children, let us too always remember, "Thou God seest me," and that the fruit of sin is exceedingly bitter.

G. A. C.

For the Child at Home.

THE TRUE HERO.

Mrs. Hart sat sewing in her pleasant sitting-room, listening a little sadly to a strain of martial music, which told, without a word, of war, and misery, and death! A company of brave volunteers, on their way to shed their blood, if need be, for their country, marched past her window, and as the last echo of their footsteps died away, a quick, cheery whistle sounded near at hand.

"Oh, that's my whistle!" she said to herself, with a little fond, proud smile; and then, with a half-sigh, "I don't know whether I'm glad or not that my boy isn't old enough to go to the war."

In another moment the street door opened and closed with a bang, there was a rush up-stairs three steps at a time, and "her boy" burst in, and flung himself on a hassock at her side.

"What a great noisy fellow you are, Hal!" she said reprovingly, but so tenderly, too, that Hal only laughed, and said, "Well, mamma, I'm a soldier, you know, and they never are quiet and gentle when they're off duty!"

Mrs. Hart smiled. "Did you have a good drill this morning?" she asked, with the interest she showed in every thing that interested him.

"Oh yes, mother," said the boy, a little hesitatingly, and not with his usual bright look. "But, after all, it's only make believe. I'm tired of shamming; I only wish I was big enough to be a real soldier!"

"Would you want to go to the war, and leave me, always anxious and fearful for you, my son?"

"Well, mother, it would be pretty hard, leaving you — but — I tell you, mother, when I hear about the brave fellows fighting so, and bearing all sorts of hard things, and working so splendidly, why, mother, it makes me burn to be doing something grand too! There's nothing to do here, but just

to plod on, go to school, and all that, the same thing every day. It's so tame!"

Mrs. Hart let her work lie in her lap, and looked at the boy so steadily that he was sure she felt very deeply every word she was going to say. "Why, my son," said she, solemnly, "there is a greater warfare for you to battle in, right here in your own home, than any our brave soldiers are going to engage in at the South!"

"What do you mean, mother?" asked the boy, in amazement.

"The wise man says, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'"

Hal colored and looked ashamed. "Now, mother, you are thinking of the rage I got into with Ned yesterday; but, dear me! it's so hard to keep one's temper all the time!"

"Or to 'rule one's spirit.' But it was something hard you were longing for just now. Ah, my boy, the world's heroes are the fiery-spirited men who lead armies, and besiege forts, and command ships of war, and do all those mighty deeds which stir you so; and they deserve the fame they earn; but heaven's heroes are rather those who wage constant war with sin, our worst enemy, in their own hearts, and in the world around them. Soldiers of the cross are they; Christ is their captain, the whole world is their battle-field, and their reward is eternal life! Only men can join the ranks of earthly heroes, but a little child may join the Saviour's army, may fight a good fight, as truly as the bravest veteran. If you were a man, I would not, though it broke my heart, keep you back from serving your country in its hour of peril; but now, my son, this other warfare is the one I want to see you engage in. No one can serve his country so well as he who has learned first to serve his God. Is not my boy thinking of enlisting soon as one of Jesus' volunteers?"

Hal did not answer, but the little seed had been dropped in faith, and his mother trusted it would yet bring forth fruit.

K. J. N.



For the Child at Home

THE SOLDIER'S CHILD

I know a little prattling girl,
With eyes of hazel brown,
And dimples in her small, round cheeks
Go chasing up and down.

Her years are few, but on them lies
A shadow God has given:
Her father far on tented field,
Her mother far in heaven.

The soldier took her in his arms,
When came the last adieu,
And said, "God bless my little girl;
I leave her here with you."

She wondered at his strange, blue dress,
And tall gun, glancing bright,
But her little heart was like to break
When he marched out of sight.

And day by day she draws his chair
Just where it used to be,
And plays her papa has come home,
And she sits on his knee.

With baby hands that try to sew,
She makes him garments warm,
And fondly thinks her little piece
Will shield him from the storm.

At night-fall, kneeling by her bed,
She whispers in her prayer,
"Dear Jesus, don't let wicked men
Kill my dear papa there."

But far away that soldier brave
Guards well one tiny case,—
On dreary march, by camp-fire dim,
He gazes on her face.

L. T. G.

For the Child at Home.

BIG BROTHERS AND LITTLE SISTERS.

How strange it is that boys can't live in peace with their little sisters. Why must they be always teasing them—nipping their ears, pulling their hair, twitching at their aprons, or upsetting their baby things?

Oh, we like fun, you say.

Yes, yes, but there's no fun to a good-hearted boy in tormenting another, and especially one younger and weaker than himself. It's all wrong, boys; and all your tossing of the head, shrugging the shoulders, laughing and saying, "Oh, I don't mean any harm," doesn't make it right.

"I can't live, I declare I can't live, Charles teases me so," pathetically cried little Ella Gay. "Oh, I wish I was dead!" and she threw herself on the lounge in a perfect paroxysm of grief.

"Be patient, my dear, and bear it," said her mother, cheerily.

"I can't bear it, mother, any longer,—not another day, not another minute. I'm entirely discouraged;" and you would have thought, if you could have seen the expression of Ella's face just then, that she was full forty years old, and was wrestling with life's gravest difficulties.

Her mother soothed her, and when she went to bed that night went in and knelt down by the little low cot. She took Ella's hands in hers, and said gently,—

"Ella, dear, you often say when Charlie teases you, 'What shall I do?' Now, supposing Jesus was on earth, and could come to visit us, and you were allowed to ask counsel of him; and supposing you should carry this matter to him, what advice do you think he would give you?"

"I don't know," answered Ella. "I suppose he'd say just as you always do, 'Bear it, bear it, Ella.' But it isn't so easy to bear it."

"There are three rules I believe he would give you, which, if you followed them, would help you out of your trials."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, he would say, 'My little one, always do as you would be done by.' Now, you often do just these same things to Charlie that he does to you."

"Well, I do it to pay him; he deserves it."

"But if you mind Jesus' rule you would not do so, would you?"

"No'm, I suppose not."

"In the second place, he would say, 'Forgive Charlie, not only seven times, but seventy times seven, which means for every offense.'

"Oh dear," sighed poor Ella.

"And, thirdly, 'Overcome evil with good.' Take every opportunity to do your brother a kindness. Now, my dear, will you try Jesus' rules?"

"Oh, mother, 'tis so hard."

"But he will give you strength, when he sees you ready to make the effort. Now try, try to-morrow, real hard. Ask Jesus to keep you close by his side all day, and help you every moment. Keep in your memory these three rules which he has given."

"But Charlie, mother—"

"Oh, I'll see to Charlie." And so she did, and when Charlie went up to his room mother went too, and tried to impress his mind with the wickedness and exceeding meanness of such conduct.

"Oh, I do want you to be a good, noble boy, Charlie. I can't bear that you should find pleasure in trampling on the rights and happiness of the weak and helpless. Be above such mean ways, and act always on the law of love. So you will make those around you happy, be happy yourself, and please God."

Then the mother went away and prayed: "O God, my words are powerless, and will fall like water on the rock, unless thou dost give them force. Make them abide in the hearts of these dear children, and like good seed spring up and bear fruits of love, gentleness and peace."

"Little children, love one another."

H. E. B.



For the Child at Home.

LOST IN THE FOG.

Did you ever hear the Bible compared to the mariner's compass? You have heard it called a guide, to direct those who are journeying through this world; a counselor, to give advice to those who lack wisdom; a lamp, to give light to those who are in darkness; and you have readily understood why such names have been given to that blessed book; but how can it be said to be like a mariner's compass?

You probably know that a compass tells the shipmaster how to shape the course of his vessel across the pathless sea, in order to gain some desired port in another part of the world. He consults it many times every day, and would consider it a great misfortune to be deprived of that instrument while at sea.

One beautiful summer evening I left Boston in a steamer to go "down East" by what is called the "outside route." Every thing went smoothly during the first part of the night; the stars were out and shining brightly; the sea was calm; the steamer sped swiftly on her way, and all was pleasant when the passengers retired to rest. But toward morning the fog began to gather about us, and the nearer the hour approached for the sun to rise, the darker it became. I was up, betimes, and noticed that as the fog thickened the engines were checked and the speed of the steamer lessened, till at last

she seemed scarcely to move through the water. We could not see more than her length in any direction. Before, the headlands of the shore were in sight; now, our only guide was the compass.

I soon found that the officers did not consider our position without peril. We were *lost in the fog*, and they felt that we were too near the rockbound coast of Maine to be groping along in that dark, misty shroud.

The captain, pilot, and another officer, held a consultation in the wheel-house. When they separated the signal was immediately given to start the engines, and at the same time a turn of the wheel brought our steamer to point seaward, as the compass told us, and away we went for some time, directly off shore. Then there was another consultation, and the steamer's course was again changed, this time toward the shore.

In about an hour we suddenly heard a fog bell, and within a few minutes afterward we discovered just before us a rocky point, on which was a lighthouse and the bell which had warned us of our danger. We passed so near the outer ledge of rocks that you might have tossed an apple upon it from the steamer's deck; but when we reached this rocky point our pilot knew where we were, and shaping his course once more by the compass, he took us, in due time, to our place of destination.

Can you see now how the Bible may be called the compass of every voyager on the sea of life? There are very often times when nothing else can tell one how to steer or what to do to get out of trouble. It will be so, children, with every one of you. But if you love this Holy Book of God, you will always be sure of finding the way out into light and joy and home at last, however dark the clouds of temptation or trial or sorrow may be about you.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

Uncle Paul.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL.—Lady Huntington once spoke to a workman who was repairing a garden wall, and pressed him to thoughtfulness on the state of his soul. Some years afterwards she was speaking to another man upon the same subject, and said, "Thomas,

I fear you never pray, nor look to Jesus Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," said the man; "I heard what passed between you and James at such a time, and the words you designed for him took effect upon me." "How did you hear it?" "I heard it on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received."

FORGIVENESS.—A beautiful gem of oriental literature is quoted by Sir Wm. Jones from the Persian poet Sadi:—

"The sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,
The ax that laid it low;
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe."

For the Child at Home

TIDDIE DAY.

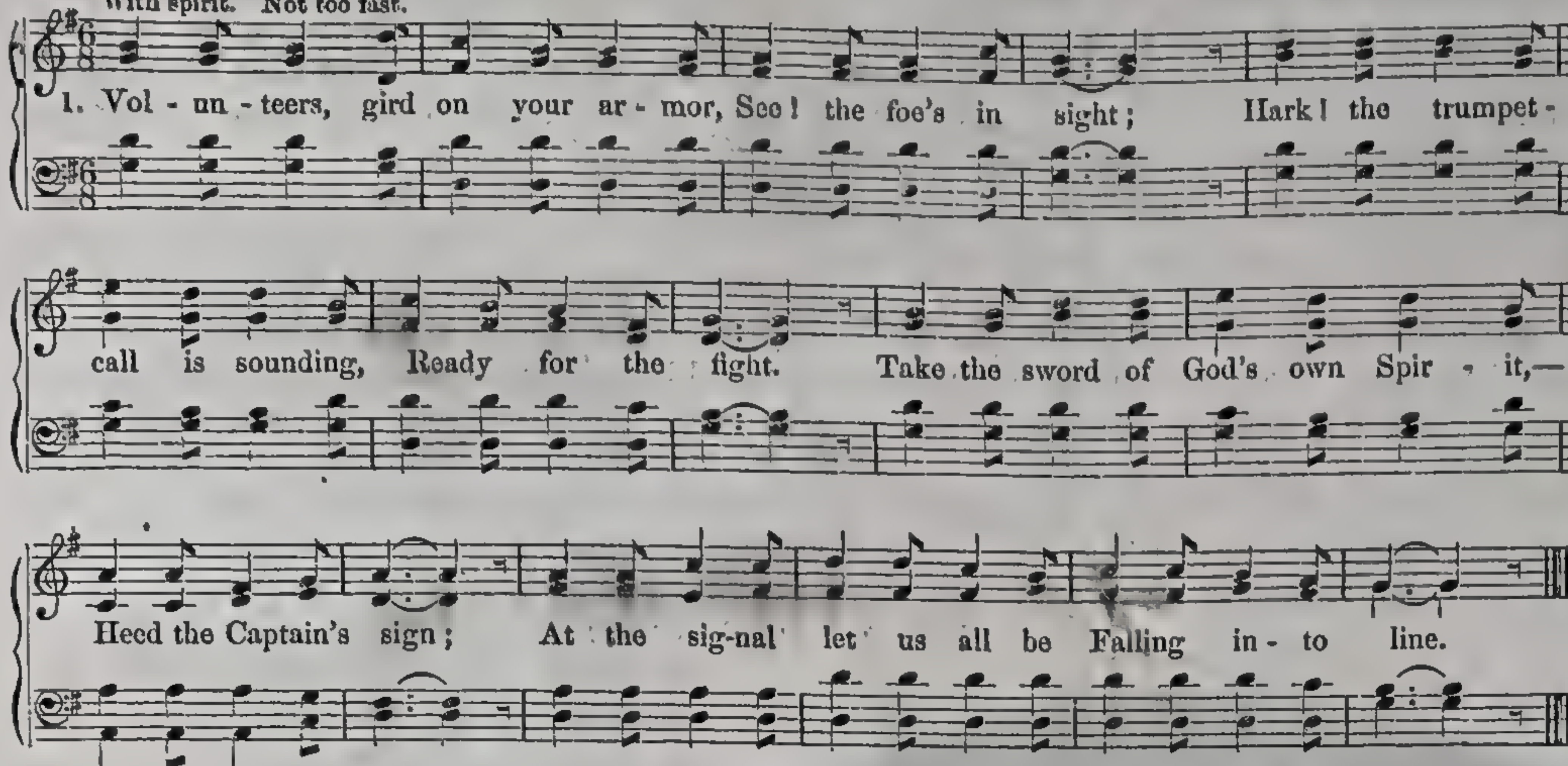
Tiddie Day, or Tid, as she was generally called, lived in the far South, on the borders of a beautiful lake. Her father was chaplain in the family of a very rich lady, and Tid had also a kind mother, who had told her about the dear Saviour, and taught her to fold her little hands in prayer. Her mamma had told her, too, that in order to be one of Jesus' lambs she must have a new heart, and Tid often prayed for this. One day, when she was nearly four years old, a friend of her

FALLING INTO LINE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER'S SONG.

Words and music by Mr. F. H. SMITH. By permission.

With spirit. Not too fast.



2
What though Satan now confront us,
With the hosts of sin;
With the Saviour as our Leader,
We are sure to win.
Take the breast plate of salvation,
And with aid divine,
We will join the hosts that now are
Falling into line.

3
Then let us march to the conflict,
At the trumpet's call;
With our battle-cry resounding,
"Liberty to all."
And when here the siege is ended,
By God's grace divine,
In the Land of Glory we'll be
Falling into line.

father came to the house. Tid loved him dearly, and she was soon upon his knee. "Mr. Hastings," said she, "has you dot a new heart?"

He was compelled to answer, "No, Tiddie, I am afraid not."

"Well," continued she, "didn't you know that you can't do up to the dood heaven and see Dod?"

Mr. Hastings, although an unbeliever in the Bible, could not resist the little pleader, and Tid's simple question was the means of bringing him to Jesus.

Dear children, would you not like to be, like little Tid, the means of doing good? Although you may be young, you are never too small to do something for that dear Saviour who has done so much for you.

Hattie.

For the Child at Home.

SITTING UNDER THE FENCE.



WAS sitting by the window this afternoon, when the hens came trooping by. In the van marched the rooster in stately dignity, with only just an inkling in his gait of the greedy desire he felt for "something to eat!"

Then came the hens, eager and hurrying, not attempting to disguise their hungriness, seeking here and there for worms and insects, or running races for coveted tit-bits espied in the distance. Behind straggled the chickens, singly or in companies of two and three, escorted now and then by an awkward, long-legged, overgrown young rooster, whose abbreviated crow caused a flutter of delight to ruffle the feathers of each chicken in the train.

I might tell you how much chicken-nature I saw, that reminded me of child-nature,—how much of selfishness, and vanity, and greediness appeared, that would be inexcusable in a child, but in a chicken might be tolerated, in consideration of its ignorance and lack of education!

It was not about these, however, that I wanted to tell you. It was of the foolish conduct of one particular chicken. She had lagged behind the rest to enjoy by herself a specially fine and fat grub. Meanwhile, the rest of the company had reached

the garden fence, and, failing to find an opening near the ground, had scaled the ramparts,—in other words flown over,—and thus were safely landed and busily at work on the other side, when the stray chicken appeared. "Whew! a fence! No way through!" We can imagine what the chicken thought. "Now, what am I to do? Ka dah cut! I must get through! Cut! Cut! Ka dah cut!" The chicken ran here and the chicken ran there, up and down the length of the fence, but all in vain; there was no way to get through.

Then this foolish chicken, when she found there was really no way of going through the fence, instead of spreading her wings, giving one brave spring, and going over like a sensible, energetic chicken,—what did she do? Why, she just looked about for a dry place, drew in her wings, and snuggled down to while away the afternoon in waiting. I was amused to see the longing glances she cast now and then through the close pickets at her comrades straying in the field beyond, and the interested cock of her head as she heard the quiet cre-craw of some happy hen just beyond the insurmountable fence. But as to passing the barrier, every thought of it seemed to leave her head,—the foolish little chicken!—and she sat there, alone and disconsolate, until the party returned, toward sundown, when, joining them, she strolled along toward the barn, with an air that I am obliged to call *shame-faced*.

I should like to have shown to my little nephew Eddie Mitchell, and to Affie Denny and Jeanie Mills, and half a dozen other little people, this faint-hearted little chicken, sitting so hopelessly before the fence. I think it would have been to some of them very much like looking in a mirror.

Now the true way is, when you come against something that seems very difficult to do, not to sit down in despair after one trial of your strength and skill, but to set your wits to work for some other way to accomplish it. A good strong resolve to conquer whatever difficulties lie in the way will help you wonderfully. However hard it may be to persevere in attempting to solve the problem, to master the difficulty, to surmount the obstacle, depend upon it, you will make better, stronger, more useful men and women for it. You will find your path through the world much easier, if, now, while you are young, you form the habit of con-

quering difficulties, of saying, in regard to whatever you have to perform, *I can*.

Beware of sitting down under the shadow of an obstacle, like the foolish chicken, and bemoaning your hard fate, when a little energy and determination would carry you over it and far on your way. Remember, too, that even the precious soul may be lost by neglecting to "strive to enter in at the strait gate," through trust in Jesus Christ.

A. A.

"I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE."

A few weeks ago," writes a missionary, "I sent a sick boy to the hospital. He was always a well-behaved boy, but he never evinced any signs of grace before his illness. It seems, however, as if the seed sown during health was to take root in the season of affliction. While he lay, day after day, in the sick ward, surrounded only by Hindus and Mussulmans, he quietly lifted up his heart to God in prayer, and read his Bengali New Testament. He grew weaker and weaker, but his faith seemed to grow stronger and his hope clearer. He was delighted when any one went to speak to him of Jesus, and would join in prayer with much earnestness. One day he seemed very happy, and he told me what made him so. 'Sahib,' said he, 'I am putting my whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. He died for me, and I trust only in him. I believe he has forgiven my sins and will receive me.' This was the simple faith which all of us should possess.

Miss. Advocate.

OUR SAFETY.

"With God as our God, we are safe and happy every where. A gentleman crossing a dreary moor came upon a cottage, and entered into conversation with its inmate, who was standing at his garden gate. When about to leave, he said, 'Are you not afraid to live in this lonely place?' 'Oh no!' said he; 'for faith closes the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning.'"

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THE CHILD AT HOME

is receiving a very cordial welcome in thousands of families.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER

is published for the use of our soldiers. It is of the same size as the Child at Home, and is handsomely illustrated.

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THE CHILD AT HOME.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1863.

NO. 5.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.

THE CORN ON BESSIE'S FATHER'S FARM.

HAVE you forgotten Bessie? Some of you have not, I know. You remember how she looked in that first picture of her out on the ice with her brother one fine winter morning, "learning to skate." Then you saw her at another time "feeding the chickens;" and here she is again, in a smaller picture to be sure, because you have here four pictures in one, but still the same happy little Bessie, in the field with her father, *planting corn*.

Did you ever plant corn? Many a boy and girl in the country has done it. Bessie runs along with her basket just before her father and drops the bright yellow kernels, five or six of them, upon the "hill" or spot which his hoe has nicely prepared for them, and then with a few strokes of the hoe he covers them up at just the right depth under the fresh earth.

And now the good God, who has said "seed-time and harvest shall not cease," begins to work upon these little grains of corn. He makes the sun to shine and the showers to fall; the kernel begins to swell and the germ to creep out. Small, green points are seen peeping up where Bessie dropped the corn, and they soon unfold and become darker green, and grow higher every day, till the time comes for *hoeing*. The farmer and his men go through the fields, cutting up all the weeds about the young stalks, and bringing the earth around them. Then the stalks grow higher and stronger; the "spindles" start from their tops, and the ears of corn, with their soft silk crowns, are fast filling out below. Bessie runs out with her father and helps him gather some of the largest ears for dinner,

for, like other children, she is fond of "boiled green corn."

The summer passes and the corn ripens fast; and when the yellow ears begin to show themselves through the dry husks, Bessie's father gets out the large cart, and the *harvesting* begins. Bessie is at hand you may be sure, for she expects to have a ride on top of the load from the field to the barn.

And when the corn is all snugly under cover in the barn, then comes the *husking*. What a happy company meet together! Old and young are there. Fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, boys and girls, all are welcome, and there is work enough for every one. Nor is it "all work and no play," as you would soon discover could you look in upon the party, and see the glad faces, and the sports of the children, and hear the merry shouts when a "red ear" is found.

This, like "sugarings off" at the maple-sugar making, is another of the seasons when there is great enjoyment for the children of country homes.

In the growing of the corn, from the time it is first cast into the ground, by a little child like Bessie it may be, till the fully ripened ears are ready to be gathered, there is very much to remind a thoughtful heart of the goodness of the great Creator. In the contemplation of such evidences of his love as well as of his power, we can well understand the meaning of the Psalmist's words of praise:—

"Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

"Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

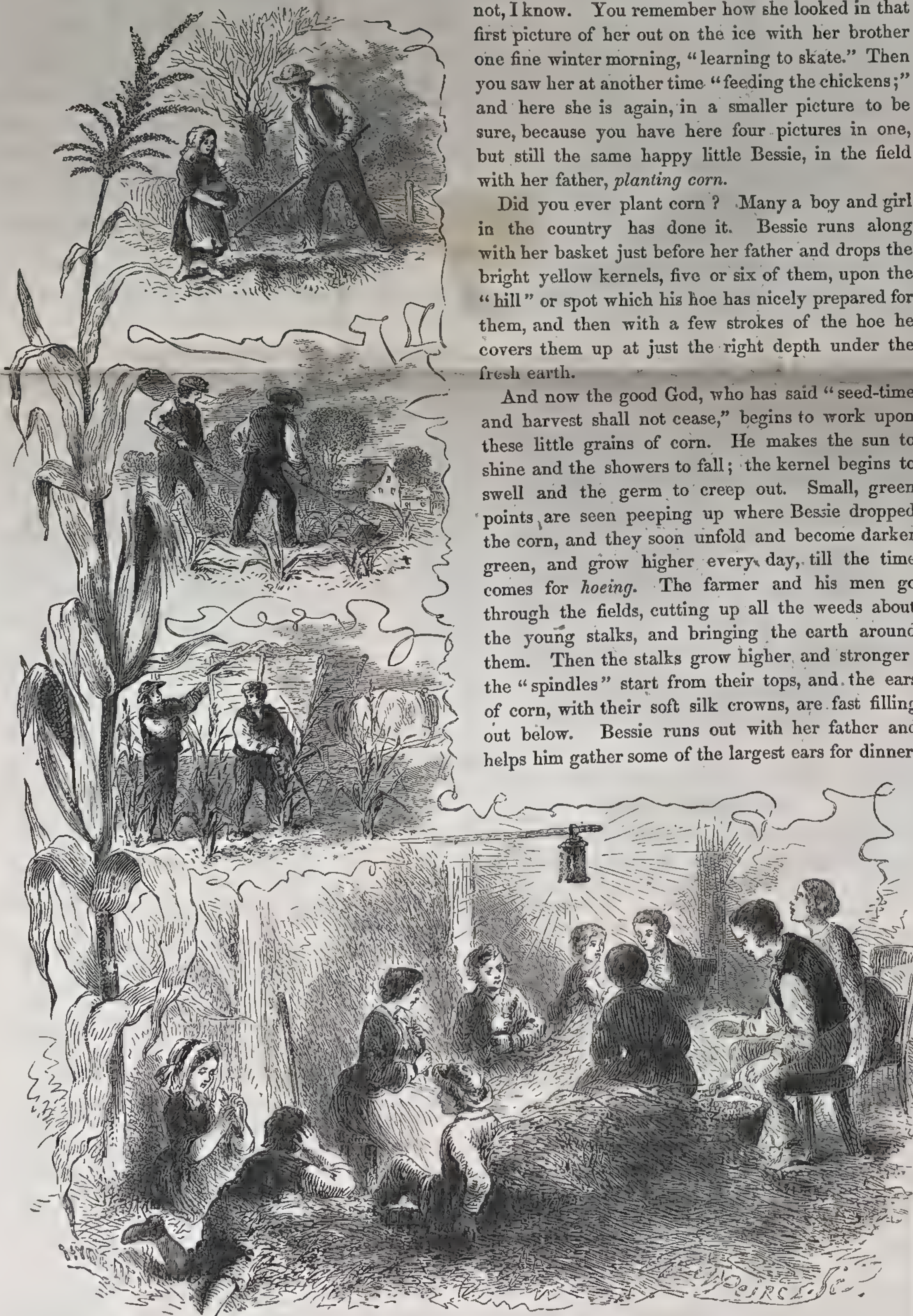
"The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."

For the Child at Home.

BRAVERY.

There are several kinds of bravery, boys. Let me give you a few examples. Some hundreds of years ago the great army of Persia went forth to conquer Greece. But the Greeks dearly loved liberty, and the bravery of these determined freemen was triumphantly successful against the greatly superior numbers of their enemy. One famous deed shows their spirit. A narrow mountain-pass guards the way to Athens. There, Leonidas, with his "brave three hundred," with terrible slaughter repelled the grand army of Xerxes for two days, and when, at last, the pass was won, these brave men had all given their lives for their country,—not vainly, for their example fired all Greece. That was the bravery of the true soldier, fighting, dying, for liberty. May our country find, in her hour of peril, defenders as heroic as these!

In England there are men, women and children starving to-day, starving patiently, rather than say



one word to induce their government to hinder the cause of freedom in this country. Are you not glad we are sending them bread? There are soldiers in the South and the West, in hundreds of hospitals, suffering, without a murmur, because it is for freedom and good government. Boys, this bravery, which makes men suffer thus, is a nobler bravery than that which nerved their arm to strike in the heat of battle.

There is a boy in Boston, who, for more than one long year, has added many a needed comfort to his sick-room by the ingenious articles he has carved, leaning painfully on his elbow, in his bed, yet he never complains. Is it not a brave spirit that meets trouble cheerfully *because God sends it*? Ah! boys, this is a heroism we shall all need.

I saw in Canada some very brave soldiers. In our free country we can be Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, — what we please; but in England there is but one church established by law, and that is the Episcopal, which the soldiers must attend. These soldiers were Presbyterians, and wished to attend their own church. So they sent to ask the Queen's leave. The Queen is a kind and pious lady, and she at once consented. The soldiers were all called on to the parade ground, when an officer read the Queen's letter to them; but he added, "No loyal soldier will think of accepting this permission." He then ordered all those who wished to leave the established church to step from the ranks. That was a trying moment to the poor soldiers. They loved their good Queen; they wished not to seem disloyal, but above all did they prize what they thought right. To the astonishment of the commanding officer, about three hundred at once stepped forward. Among them was an officer, who respectfully replied for himself and comrades: "If we are loyal to our Heavenly Sovereign, we shall be more likely to be faithful to our earthly sovereign." I saw them afterwards at church, and each had his Bible. I love to call these men "the brave three hundred," for, though I am not a Presbyterian, I liked to see them firm in what they thought right. They had the highest kind of bravery — *moral courage*. Boys, always do what you think God would have you do, no matter what it may cost. And then, though you have no chance to win the glory of a patriot soldier, you may have the nobler glory which crowns moral heroism.

France.

For the Child at Home.

"FOLLOW ME."

The beautiful hymn which we give here is from the pen of Mrs. H. E. Brown. Our young readers will notice that it is adapted to the Indian air which has pleased many of them so much, and which was first published in the Child at Home for November, 1862. We think you will be glad to refer to that paper (for of course you keep all your back numbers very carefully), and sing the hymn to that tune.

1. Jesus, my Lord, I come
After Thee;
Up to thy glorious home,
After Thee;
I'll take the shameful cross,
I'll bear reproach and loss
For thy sake, following close
After Thee.
2. Jesus, my Lord, I come
After Thee;
Up to thy glorious home,
After Thee;
The road is rough and strait,
And narrow is the gate,
Yet I may enter it
After Thee.
3. Jesus, my Lord, I come
After Thee;
Up to thy glorious home,
After Thee;
Oh, cast thy perfect dress
Of spotless righteousness
O'er me, while still I press
After Thee.

4. Jesus, my Lord, I come
After Thee;
Up to thy glorious home,
After Thee;
Thou art the only way,
And lest my feet should stray,
Oh, keep me, Lord, I pray,
After Thee.

5. Jesus, my Lord, I come
After Thee;
Up to thy glorious home,
After Thee;
Thou hast the place prepared,
Thy kingdom and reward,
For all who follow hard
After Thee.

6. Jesus, my Lord, I come
After Thee;
Up to thy glorious home,
After Thee;
There would I sing thy praise,
Who didst my soul embrace
And draw me by thy grace
After Thee.

LITTLE E'S SPENDING-MONEY.

The following comes to us from — — — :

"After hearing read the first page of the 'Child at Home,' for March, little E. wishes to give the enclosed, her 'spending-money,' that Mr. Alvord may have a few more books or papers for the suffering, lonely soldiers." [55 cts. enclosed.]



For the Child at Home.

THE HYBRID TREE.

This picture represents a strange and curious product of nature growing on the south side of the Taunton and Middleboro' Railroad, a few miles from Taunton. It is an apple-tree to the height of six or eight feet, and an elm the rest of the way! None can explain how this strange thing was brought about. The phenomenon would be the more remarkable if either the apple portion or the elm portion or both were distinguished for quality or beauty. But in these respects there is certainly not much to recommend the singular partnership. The apples are not particularly fine, nor is the elm particularly vigorous or graceful, and the whole tree looks as if it knew it was a laughingstock to its fellows, and protested against the apparent attempt in its case to contradict the axiom in philosophy that two bodies can not be in the same place at the same time.

I have known men who reminded me of this hybrid tree. Well trained in boyhood, they began life with a disposition to do good for its own sake, and they did indeed bear fruit. For a while their

words and deeds were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." But in the mean time there seems to have been another nature growing within them, and finally this came out in the form of a worldly ambition that proved too powerful for their simple Christian usefulness, and they shot up intrusively into public notice, sacrificing all but the relics of what they were, to affect a dignity which they could never quite reach. Better remain an apple tree, though a very humble one, than undertake to be an apple tree and an elm tree in one, and finally make a failure of the whole tree.

T. B.

For the Child at Home.

SPOILED, ALL SPOILED.

One blot on Fanny's writing book. She had tried hard all the term to keep it neat and fair. She had taken pains not to take up too much ink on her pen, and always to wipe her pen when she had done using it; all because she wanted a clean book for once to carry home to papa. But lo! on this last day, on the very last leaf of her book, in a moment of forgetfulness, dipping her pen too deeply into the ink, an unlucky drop had fallen from its point right in the middle of the fair page, and her book was *spoiled*.

Ned has just brought in his photograph. The attitude is good, the picture well finished, but there is one tiny speck just between the eyes which should not be there. It is a slight defect in the paper, but, slight as it is, it changes the expression of the face, and the whole thing is *spoiled*.

Oh, thought I, how many, many things are spoiled just by some little accident, or mistake, or fault; and I sat thinking about it, and longing for the day when there should be no imperfection to spoil our enjoyments, when the sound of gleeful voices fell on my ear from an adjoining apartment.

I listened. Nellie Ward had come with her paper dolls to visit her friend Susie, and they were having a joyful time. Nellie had quite a family of paper dolls. There were a gentleman and lady, young ladies and misses, and boys and girls of all sizes, to the number of twenty. Susie's family was not quite so large as Nellie's. She had only sixteen; but then among them were a bride with her bridal veil and wreath and fancy fixings, Willie on his pony, an infant in long-clothes, and a beautiful French lady in a box, with wonderful dresses trimmed with tulle and roses in the most exquisite style, with solferino and magenta, and all the new fashionable colors.

Now, these dolls were having a party, all dressed in their very best. The music-box had been wound up, and one of the young ladies placed before it, as if she were playing the piano, and the rest were having a grand dance, — just a family dance, you know, but they were very gay and animated, — when, in the very midst of the fun, from the excitement of the occasion, I suppose, or perhaps tight dressing, one of the ladies fainted! and then such a hue and cry.

"Oh, oh," exclaims Nellie, "it's my Cinderella! oh, she'll die, she'll die! What shall I do?"

"Send for the doctor instantly," cried Susie. "Oh, the doctor must come — this very minute. I'll play doctor," said she, aside.

At that critical moment, Susie's brother Harry came tripping up the stairs. He had been to market with Ellen, and had come in from the fresh air with eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow, all ripe for fun and frolic. He had heard the children's exclamations as he came up, and comprehended the necessities of the case at once. In he rushed into the apartment, exclaiming with great eagerness, —

"I'll be doctor — I'll be doctor — Let me be doctor — I know how — I can — I've got pills —" and in breathless haste the little fellow pulled off

his mittens and cap and threw them on the bed. They fell just where the fainting dolly had been placed. Boy-like, he was in such a hurry to do the doctor that he quite overlooked his patient.

Such a change as came in a moment over the scene!

"You naughty boy," screamed Susie. "Go away! You've thrown your hat right over poor Cindy. You shan't be doctor — get out."

Oh dear! oh dear! those angry words shot through my head right down into my heart like a sharp pain. Such a pleasant time as the little ones were having, and I was enjoying it so much too. But now it was all spoiled — *all spoiled*. That angry spirit had marred the whole. H. E. D.

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE THINGS.

Just across the street from the Capitol grounds at Washington, there stood, a few years ago, a row of rough sheds, in which were being wrought the statues which were designed to adorn the Capitol. There were some casts which had not been put into stone, and some rough blocks of marble which had been chiseled so as to show merely the outline of what they were to be.

A party of visitors were one day led through the rooms, and, beginning with these rough figures, were shown others, in more and more advanced stages. At last they found the most skillful artist at work upon one designed for a fountain. It was a female figure, hardly life-size. She was represented sitting upon a grassy bank, and holding in one hand a shell, from which the water was to gush. The attitude and expression were so lifelike, that it might have seemed complete in contrast with the rest, but this arm and hand with the shell were wrought to a polish which showed that the rest of the figure still needed the master's skill.

"Here is one almost done."

"Yes," said the sculptor, looking up with a smile; "almost done, but it will need three months of steady work to finish it."

He then pointed out over the remaining part of the statue a multitude of dots, saying, —

"To see where these should be cost me several weeks' study, and every one shows where I must make a careful change. Then the whole must be polished."

"What a work!" exclaimed the visitors.

"Yes, but *it will last*."

Children, here is a lesson for you. You are at work upon a substance more enduring. The marble may keep its beauty thousands of years, but it must crumble at last. You are working upon that which is imperishable.

All the care of the sculptor was less needed to mark the little blemishes and remove them, than all your care is needed to mark your little faults, and to correct them. For if the defects in the statue had been left, though they would have marred its beauty, they would not have done so any more a hundred years hence than the day the statue was set up; but yours will be harder and harder to cure, and they will spread, and destroy what is now lovely.

For instance: the habit of sitting heedlessly in the Sabbath-school class, of which some of you hardly think as a fault, so careless of the object for which you are there that your teacher must speak your name to recall your thought, not only deprives you of benefit from that lesson, but it does very much to hinder you from ever being able to fix your attention.

It is well worth our while to think how little

things form the opinion others have about us. If we have but a little influence, if our example will go but a little way, surely that is the more reason none of it should be foolishly or wickedly used. But the effect on ourselves, the slavery with which bad habits will bind us, is the thing with which we have most to do. Let us serve a better master than a bad habit, even in a little thing.

These little duties, and this constant watching against little faults, do seem very dull, to be sure, if our thoughts do not go beyond them. But the very thing which will make us more faithful in attending to them, will take away that feeling of their dullness, is to remember that God has chosen this way of forming our characters.

As there are only a few strong and heavy blows needed to change the block of marble into a statue, but an innumerable multitude of little careful touches, so in our lives the work appointed us is not done so much by great trials, or great opportunities, as by every-day trials and duties.

They will all seem to us important and full of interest if we receive them as coming from Him. If we work with him, in profiting by them, in overcoming temptations and evil habits, he will make us pillars in his temple, "corner-stones" polished after the similitude of a palace." S. A. H.



For the Child at Home.

FAITHFUL YANKO.

Who was Yanko? A negro; a servant in an English family; and one whose story ought to be known to every child. The English gentleman to whose family he belonged had two lovely children to whom this servant had become devotedly attached. An opportunity occurred for him to give proof of the depth and sincerity of his love.

The gentleman and his children, with Yanko, were passengers on board a vessel which lay for a time in sight of another vessel which the father wished to visit. Leaving the children in the negro's care, he went in a small boat to the other ship, intending to be absent but a few hours; but while he was away a fearful storm arose, and the ship on which he had left his children became disabled and was about to go down. When it was found that all

would perish unless they abandoned the vessel, the boats were got out, and the crew and passengers all entered them — all but Yanko and the children.

And now it was found that there was only room for the children, or for Yanko without them. The noble-hearted and affectionate negro hesitated not a moment, but, taking leave of the little ones he so much loved and for whom he was giving his life, he passed them into the boat, and calmly awaited the fate which soon overtook him. He was speedily overwhelmed with the wreck in the angry waters, while the children safely reached their father in the other ship.

Young friends, if you are ever tempted to speak or think unkindly or contemptuously of those whose skin is darker than your own, remember the story of "faithful Yanko," and ask yourselves whether he could have shown a nobler or more generous and self-sacrificing spirit if his face had been as white as yours.

"Skins may differ, but affection

Dwells in white and black the same."

Remember that it is not at the face, but at the heart, that Jesus looks when he would find his own. In that day when he shall make up "his jewels," do you not believe there will be with them a great many who are now among the poor and despised of this world? I am sure you can not doubt it; and

whenever you see a little colored child, do not forget that Jesus died for him as truly as he died for you, and that he loves his soul as well, and will at last give that child a white robe and a harp and a crown, if he has been his meek and faithful follower, and has trusted in his precious blood.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

"A WORD IN SEASON."

Miss Margaret's class of little girls had just become settled in the Sunday school, when the superintendent appeared, leading a child very old-fashioned in her dress and manner. These girls were playmates and friends, beautifully dressed in winter suits, with pretty muffs, and feathers in their hats. They did not look kindly on the stranger, who kept her hands under her faded shawl, and took a seat very timidly.

After the usual lessons had been recited, the teacher asked the poor little girl a few simple questions, but the shy face became still more confused, while no answer was given. The children now said a hymn in concert — that dear old hymn, —

"Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still might be."

Miss Margaret noticed that tears moistened the large brown eyes of the stranger-child, as the sweet young voices chimed together. In the short interval before the closing exercise, the teacher spoke a few words about the pleasure of loving the Lord Jesus.

Again the quiet child came to the class, and seemed ready to cry when any attempt was made to ask her questions. Miss Margaret heard the lessons, and dwelt a little longer than usual on the willingness of our Saviour to pity and love the little ones. The other children were inattentive to this familiar truth, but the downcast eyes of the silent little girl were raised once, with a longing expression of hope and interest.

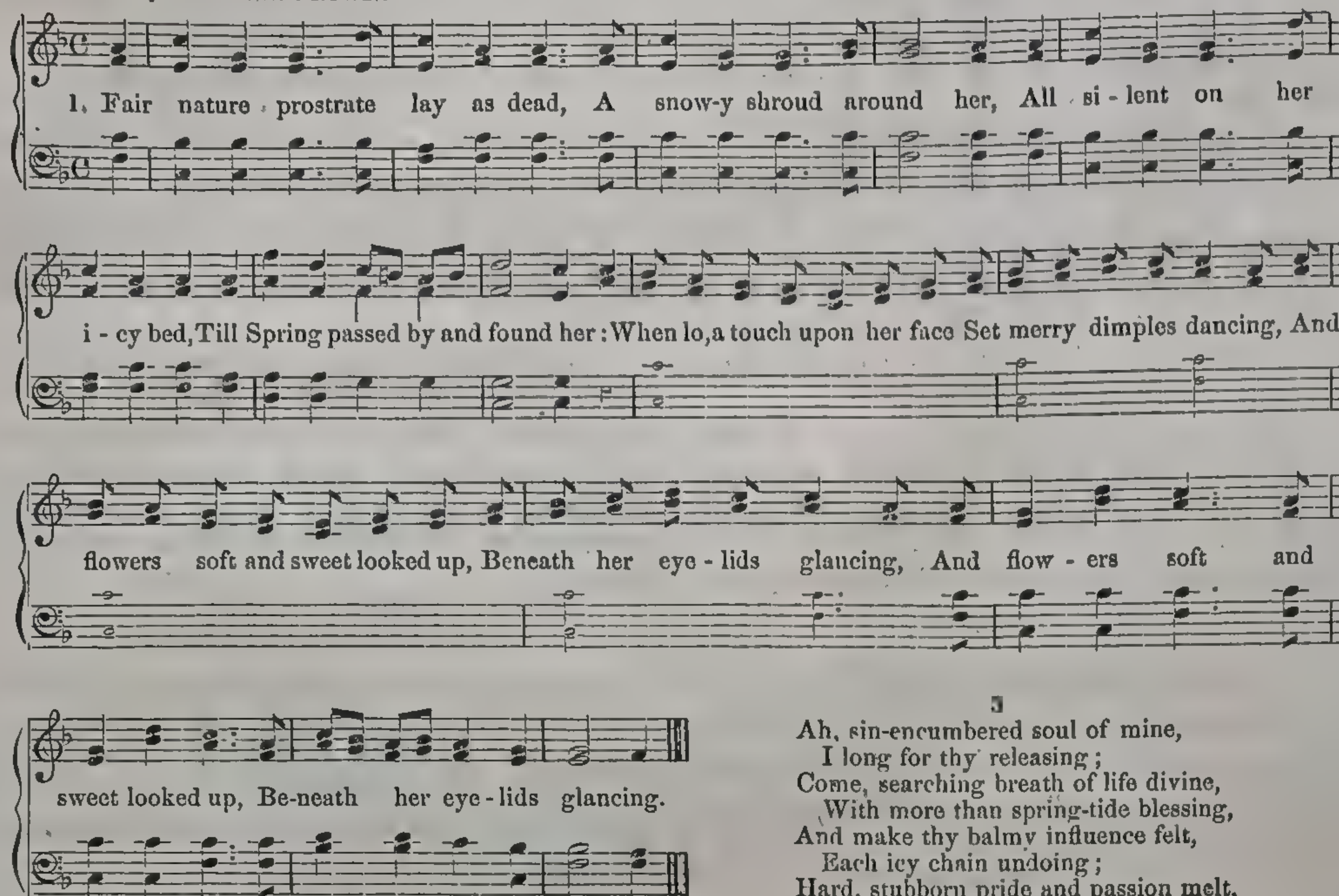
The bashful child was seen in the class no more. Miss Margaret missed her tearful eyes and ready ear; the girls rejoiced in the absence of the shabby, ill-dressed scholar. Sundays rolled away, marked by the customary lessons and hymns, and there was

For the Child at Home.

SPRING'S REVIVING.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



2
In one prolonged, harmonious strain,
She shouted forth her greeting,
The praise of her restorer, Spring,
Unweariedly repeating.
Now dainty fingers nimbly bind
A wreath of green leaves round her,
And, love's exquisite buds entwined,
With hope and joy have crowned her.

3
Ah, sin-encumbered soul of mine,
I long for thy releasing;
Come, searching breath of life divine,
With more than spring-tide blessing,
And make thy balmy influence felt,
Each icy chain undoing;
Hard, stubborn pride and passion melt,
And bring a sweet renewing.

4
And just as sweetest buds repose
By secret rills unbidden,
So let our gentle acts disclose
Where love's pure fount lies hidden;
Let faith and hope, and joy and love,
Shout forth a glad some greeting,
The praise of God, our Life, above,
Forevermore repeating.

no evidence that Christ was taking up his abode in any heart.

The pleasant summer time came back, making the hills and woods very lovely and attractive. Miss Margaret went with a party of friends to spend a day on the mountain-side. As they were sitting near a group of trees, looking off on the valley, a childish voice was heard behind a hedge of blackberry-bushes, singing the words,—

"Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me."

Miss Margaret started in surprise, for the hymn recalled the shy child who disappeared from her class so suddenly. Although many remonstrances were made, the teacher determined to seek the singer, hoping to find the truant from the Sunday school. An opening in the tangled briars enabled the young lady to gain the other side. Far down the hedge a child was seen picking berries. Miss Margaret asked so kindly where she learned the little hymn that the child told, with great eagerness, about her sister, who had been ill many weeks in a brown house not far away. Following a benevolent impulse, Miss Margaret was guided by the little berry-picker to a low, comfortless room, where a poor child lay, with large wistful eyes—the same one who heard the verses repeated in the Sunday school.

A beautiful light overspread the little girl's face, as Miss Margaret seated herself by the bed and took the child's thin hand. Then the grateful teacher heard that those brief hours of instruction had been full of blessedness to the suffering child. While she sat in the class speechless and ignorant, the dear Saviour had knocked at the door of her young heart. As he stood there a stranger, she had opened unto him, and he had entered in for ever.

Tears of joy filled Miss Margaret's eyes when she heard of the stay and consolation which Christ had been to this timid soul while enduring hours of anguish. Far off on the mountain-side, in her poor home, this uncomplaining, bashful child had learned

the whole mystery of godliness, and taught her little sister the same lesson of becoming like Christ, in his sinless childhood. The room was bare and inconvenient, but on the face of the child rested a glory, which made Miss Margaret feel that those who suffer with him now shall reign with him hereafter.

The teacher went back to her party, to beg from their baskets a gift of delicacies for the patient little girl. That poor house became very familiar with Miss Margaret's presence, until the child was able to join the class once more, ever afterwards bearing about the marks of the Lord Jesus.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper."

Agatha.

For the Child at Home.

WHAT GOD THINKS OF KITTENS.



on her fur.

How kind as well as how wise he must be! How he must love pleasant and pretty things! What delight he must take in the different beauty of all the different creatures he has made! I sometimes think, as I am watching kitty's play, of all the beautiful wild animals of the forest,—kitty's country cousins,—the wild-cat, the tiger and the panther. They are each as handsome, in their way, as she.

I believe God sees and takes pleasure in their beauty and grace. He loves all true beauty, and he is himself the Highest Beauty of all.

Do you think of him as a distant King, too great

and holy for you to know and love? Not at all. He is your good Father, who made for your pleasure your kitten and your dog and all the birds and flowers that you love. And as for kitty, who can help admiring her pretty form and colors, and her graceful motion? Who can help laughing at her when she tosses her head, and arches her back, and scampers saucily off sideways with that frisky flourish of her tail? Who can help really *liking* little puss, when she folds her paws so meekly under her breast and sits on the cricket, softly purring for pleasure?

Now I will tell you a story about kitty and a friend of hers. This kitty lived about six miles from Boston, and had a very happy home. She was on excellent terms with all the family. Even the dog used to play with her, and eat out of the same plate, and curl himself up to sleep in the same corner.

One day the dog was sitting in the carriage-house, while a man was busy there, when a mouse scudded nimbly over the floor and disappeared in a hole near by. Up sprung doggie, and hurried to the spot, but the hole was too small for his great body. He pushed his head in as far as possible, and ran back and forth round it at his wits' end.

Suddenly he stood still, as if a thought struck him, and then rushed off at the top of his speed. In a minute he came racing back again, carrying kitty as cats do their kittens, by the back of the neck, and set her down before the hole!

It was plain that he had thought, "Kitty is smaller than I; she can get into the hole;"—and so she did; but whether she caught the mouse I never knew; though I have seen the place many a time.

Now if God cares for animals, and gives them so much sense, how much more will he care for and love children!

C.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"
"Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

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is receiving a very cordial welcome in thousands of families.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER

is published for the use of our soldiers. It is of the same size as the Child at Home, and is handsomely illustrated.

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VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1863.

NO. 6.

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IN THE GARDEN.

How many of you have gardens of your own?

"I have," hundreds of children can answer, though many of you would say, "I live in the city, and we only have a little bit of a yard, and that is all paved with bricks, so that I can't have any garden."

Well, you all love to see gardens, I am sure, whether you can have one of your own or not, and

we might find many dwellings within a few miles of Boston, or any other city, which are surrounded by gardens in many respects resembling this in which Nellie, the little girl before us, appears so happy. She has her rake and hoe at hand, and is just now using her garden-trowel in removing one of her plants from the flower-pot to the ground.

But see! She has a visitor. That beautiful butterfly, flitting over the garden, seems disposed to

prepared for another and a better; and though sin has scattered thorns and thistles along our path and brought pain and death into this world, we are sure, if we by faith commit our all to Him who died to save us from sin and its consequences, and devote our lives to him, that we shall at last be taken up to that better world, where is "the garden of the Lord," and where all will be beautiful and bright forever.

make her acquaintance, and she is quite willing to put aside all ceremony and meet the summer caller at least half way. He will wait but a moment, however, and will soon be far away, attracting with his bright wings of blue, and green, and gold, the attention of other children in other gardens, while Nellie will go on with her pleasant employment.

Did you ever think how good God is to make this world so beautiful? I have no doubt this thought has often passed through your mind in spring or summer time, — "How pleasant the sunlight, and the mild air, and the fields, trees, and flowers, are!" but did you ever set yourself seriously to think how very kind and good it is in our Heavenly Father to surround us with so many objects of interest and beauty in this world, and to make them free to all to enjoy? If you have not, think now.

What if the whole face of the earth — the grass, trees, leaves, flowers, and even the plumage of the birds, and the butterflies' wings, every thing about us — were of one color, and that a dull gray or brown! What if there were no variety of shape in the flowers and no fragrance to any of them! What if the birds never sung, but silently flew about or hopped from branch to branch!

No little child would then be out in the garden on these bright June mornings, delighted with the opening buds of many-hued flowers and with their fragrance, — no beautifully painted butterfly would flit across your path, — no bird's song would fill your ear and make your heart glad. Ah! what a sad world!

But Infinite Love has made this a different place for our home for a little time, in which we may be

CHILDREN WITH JESUS.

We have received of late several touching letters from parents whose little ones have "fallen asleep." As we have thus learned how much these dear children, who are now among the white-robed throng, have thought of and loved their little paper, "The Child at Home," we have thanked God that he has given us the privilege of doing or saying anything to benefit and make happier those whom he has called home to himself.

We would gladly publish such letters, as we are often asked to do, had we room for them, but in so small a paper we can not do this. We would express to all these parents our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavements, and would also rejoice with them that they are now permitted to speak of these dear ones as *children in heaven*.

For the Child at Home.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

Not long ago I went into Boston to do a little shopping. It was one of those warm, winter days so beautiful overhead, but the pavements were slippery with the mud tracked over them from the crossings by the many feet which tread a crowded city, while, on the shady side of the streets, patches of ice here and there made the passing quite difficult, and sometimes dangerous.

As I was hurrying to the station through a cross street, my attention was arrested by a pale-faced, slender little fellow, apparently about eleven years of age, who was trudging along with a well-filled basket on one arm. It looked almost too heavily laden for his strength, and he bent far over on one side to sustain its weight. I fancied him some grocery or market boy bearing meat and vegetables for somebody's dinner. His face interested me, for it was bright and intelligent, though sad, and his dress looked as if a good mother tried hard to hide her struggles with poverty. His coat was neat and whole, but evidently never cut for him, although quite long enough for even the present fashion. It served his purpose as an overcoat, but for some larger body it was intended a frock coat.

The pavement was rather narrow. As he came along he met two females, and being on the inside of the walk, very likely his basket touched one of them as she passed, although I noticed he kept quite close to the wall, and I am sure intended no rudeness. The female next to him immediately turned, and, speaking harshly to the little fellow, deliberately pushed him down upon his back in such a way that with his heavy burden he could not save himself in the least from the pain and the shock which I know such a fall must have caused him.

I wondered what the boy would do. He might have thrown a stone, or a piece of ice, or even a snowball, after them; he might have called them some hard names, and if a very bad boy he might and probably would have sworn; but, my little friends, he did no such thing! Sitting for a moment, as if stunned by the fall, he looked quietly after the females, who had passed on without looking to see whether he were dead or alive, picked up the meat and the bundles which had scattered about him, looked again at them, and then — went on his way! Poor boy! no one near to take his part; and yet, has not One said, "take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones;" "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me"? I wondered if a loving, pitying eye was not following him, and if words of comfort were not whispered to his little heart, unknown to those who so rudely and thoughtlessly cast him aside.

Oh, children, it is a fearful thing to be rude or unkind to one of God's poor "little ones." Jesus sees and loves them; let us love them too, and be so careful to please him, that he shall never say to

us, "the poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always." Those whom we call poor may be richer than we, if we have no Saviour.

Aunt Katie.

TIDY LEARNING TO READ.

Tidy was a little slave at the South. She had to wait upon two young girls, Amelia and Susie, the children of her master, and every day she was accustomed to walk to the school-house with them, to carry their books and the basket which contained their dinner. But she always left them at the door. The school was not for *her*.

But we will give you a part of the story in the writer's words, as they are found in the little book recently published by this Society, entitled "Tidy's Way to Freedom."

"One summer's morning they were earlier than usual, and emerging from the woods, warm and weary with their long walk, they threw themselves down upon the rock over which, in the early day, the shadows of the trees refreshingly fell. Amelia turned her face toward the Run, and, lulled by the gentle murmuring of the water and the humming of the insects, was soon quietly asleep; Susie, with an apronful of burs, was making furniture for the play-house which they were arranging in a cleft of the rock; and Tidy, who carried the books, was busily turning over the leaves and amusing herself with the pictures.



"My sakes!" she exclaimed presently, "what a funny cretur! See that great lump on his back!" and she pointed with her finger to the picture of a camel. "Miss Susie! what is that? Is it a lame horse?"

"Why no, Tidy, that's a camel; 'tisn't a horse at all. I was reading that very place yesterday, — let me see;" and, taking the book, she read very intelligently a brief account of the wonderful animal.

"How queer!" said Tidy, deeply interested. "And is there something in this book about all the pictures?"

"Yes," answered Susie; "if you could only read now, you would know about every one. See here, on the next page is an elephant; see his great tusks and his monstrous long trunk;" and the child read to her attentive listener of another of the wonders of creation.

"How I wish I could read, — why can't I?" asked Tidy; and the little colored face was turned up full of animation. "I don't b'lieve but I could learn as well as you."

"Why, of course you could," answered Amelia, who had risen quite refreshed by her short nap.

"I don't see why not. You can't go to school, you know, because mother wants you to work; but I could teach you just as well as not."

"Oh, could you? will you? — do begin!" cried the eager child. "Oh, Miss Mely, if you only would, I'd do any thing for you."

"Look here," said Amelia, seizing the book from her sister's hands, and by virtue of superior age constituting herself the teacher; "do you see those lines?" and she pointed to the columns of letters on the first page.

"Yes," said the ready pupil, all attention.

"Well, those are letters, — the alphabet, they call it. Every one of them has got a name, and when you have learned to know them all perfectly, so that you can call them all right wherever you see 'em, why, then you can read any thing."

"Any thing?" asked Tidy in amazement.

"Yes, any thing, — all kinds of books and papers, and the Bible, and every thing."

"I can learn *them*, I'se sure I can," said Tidy. "Le's begin now."

"Well, you see that first one, — that's A. You see how it's made, — two lines go right up to a point, and then a straight one across. Now say, what is it?"

"A."

"Yes; and now the next one, — that's B. There's a straight line down and two curves on the front. What's that?"

"B."

"Now you must remember those two. I shan't tell you any more this morning, and I shall make you do just as Miss Agnes used to make me. Miss Agnes was our governess at home before we came here to school. She made me take a newspaper, — see, here's a piece, — and prick the letters on it with a pin. Now you take this piece of paper, and prick every A and every B that you can find on it, and to-morrow I'll show you some more."

Just then the bell sounded from the school-house, and Amelia and Susan went to their duties, but not with half so glad a heart as Tidy set herself to hers.

Thus Tidy began to learn to read. She had very many and very great difficulties to struggle against, but she persevered; and was at last successful. As the years passed by, and she was enabled, by Him who watches over the lowly, to understand what she read, the hymns she loved and the word of God were made the means of leading her to Jesus Christ.

Tidy at length obtained her freedom, and she still lives, a happy Christian. Though poor, she can say with a glad heart, "I have every thing I want, for God is my Father. He gives me every thing he sees best for me."

For the Child at Home.

BE PATIENT WITH THE BIG FOLKS.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

Dear little folks, do the grown people get pretty badly out of patience with you sometimes? Do they ever blame you when you are really trying to do right? Do they punish you sometimes more than you deserve? I think that is the hardest to bear, don't you? I believe the dear Saviour thinks so himself, for do you know he has sent us this word, "What glory is it if, when ye are buffeted for your faults, ye take it patiently? but if, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is *acceptable with God*." Think of that when you do well and yet get scolded, if any of you are so unfortunate.

Oh, that makes me think of a poor little girl I saw in the railway cars a few weeks ago. About midnight we were all roused up from our dozing by a coarse-looking woman moving along the aisle and dragging after her a little girl that didn't want to

come. To be sure the little girl ought to go where her mother wished her to, but I suppose she was cold, and wanted to stay by the stove at the end of the car. So she cried, and her mother was saying, in a loud, cross tone, "Come along! None of ye'r cryin'! Shut up! Shut right up!"

When she got to her place she dabbed the little girl down on the seat, and wrapped herself up in her cloak and leaned back in her corner to sleep. The little one leaned her head down on the arm of the seat and went on crying, not loud or rudely, but as if she was grieved. Her mother didn't mind any thing about her, or say one kind, comforting word to her, as your dear mother would have done. At last, when the little girl slipped almost off the seat so that a gentleman across the aisle had to come and lift her gently on again, her mother turned to her. But it was only to give her a shaking and tell her to "stop her noise!" She was a "little wretch," "a bad girl," and if she didn't stop she would "have to take it!"

You can not think how angry we felt with such a cross, brutal mother, or how our hearts ached for the little girl that she should have to be treated in that harsh, hateful way. She seemed like a gentle little girl. We thought she must have a good father. In the morning, before light, when we were waiting at a station-house, this woman would say to her little girl whenever she went to the door, "Here! here! there's an old black man out there will carry you off!"

Wasn't that a bad lie? I tell you, boys and girls, it is a comfort to think that the dear Saviour, who laid his hands on little children and blessed them, hears every cruel word that is said to them, and he pities them a great deal more than any of us do, and if they try to bear it patiently, and be good and gentle themselves, he will love them and help them. He will never be cross or unjust.

And then, if you are patient and kind, you can almost always get the big folks into good humor if they are out of it. There's little Brigadier General Frankie Hunt, nobody can keep ill-natured toward him, he is so pleasant himself. Frankie never went to school till this winter, and he did not understand that it made any difference where he sat; so when he was tired of one place he just strayed off to another. Of course the master did not like this way of doing things. He called out in a cross tone,—

"Frank Hunt! Do you march right straight back to your own seat."

Frankie marched "back" without delay, but he thought the teacher must need something to make him feel better, so he took out of his desk a great red apple and carried it to him.

The next morning, when Frankie's mother was getting him ready for school, he asked,—

"Mamma, may I have a cracker to carry?"

"What for, Frankie?"

"Why, sometimes the teacher isn't very kind, and I thought I should like to give him a cracker," said Frankie.

I suppose the dear little soul thought nobody could be cross unless he was hungry. You will find nobody can be very cross to you if you are always pleasant yourself. Or even if they are, and you take it patiently, that will be "acceptable to God." Only be his child, and he will take you sometime to that sweet home where you will never hear another harsh word for ever and ever.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Said a venerable farmer, some eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him: "I have

lived on this farm for over half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshiped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago that if I wished to be any happier I must have more religion."



For the Child at Home.

BELL GRAY'S CHICKEN.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

Happy Bell Gray! Her name was Isabel, but nobody thought of calling her that; the shorter name was better. Little Bell had a white chicken. This is the way she came into possession of it: One bright morning her father had been down to the mill with the horse to bring up a bag of meal, and having left it at the barn, went into the house to breakfast. Bell was at the door, feeding the hens and chickens, and talking to them in her merry way. One of the chickens was entirely white. "Bell," said her father, "you may have that white chicken for yours." "What! all for my own?" cried Bell. "Yes, all yours." Bell danced for joy, and, in her eagerness to provide bountifully at once for what belonged to herself, threw such a large handful of corn upon the poor little chick that it ran away, fluttering and peeping with fright. It got over this, however, and as Bell every day took particular pains to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with her pet, it soon learned that it had nothing to fear from its young owner.

The white chicken grew very fast, and became larger and plumper than any of its sisters. It learned to eat from Bell's hand, would follow her when she came into the yard, and seek admittance to the house when she went in. Bell loved her chicken. You don't wonder at that, I know; its eyes were so bright, its feathers so smooth and white,

and it was so tame, how could she help it? Bell's playmates often came to see her and the chicken, and some of them I fear were a little envious; but she was so kind to every body, that, next to themselves, I am sure there was no one whom they would rather have seen than her with it.

One day Mark Wilder was passing the yard when Bell was feeding the fowls. Her white chicken was perched upon the side of the dish she held, and was helping itself to the corn in it. Mark was a crippled boy, of about the age of Bell; he was the only child of a poor widow.

"Come in, Mark," said Bell, "and see my chick."

He hobbled slowly through the gate, came close to Bell, and rested on his crutches, looking at her pet. Poor Mark! His face was pale and thin from suffering, and large drops of sweat stood on his forehead, for he was too weak to bear his walk as other children could have done.

"Isn't it pretty, and isn't it tame?" said Bell.

Mark was evidently much pleased, and when he saw Bell take a kernel of corn and hold it between her thumb and finger while chick tried harder and harder with its bill to get it away till it succeeded, Mark laughed outright. "I can't stop longer now," said he; "I'm glad you've got such a pretty chicken. We haven't any such little things at our house. Sometimes I wish we had, I have to stay alone so much." As he turned away Bell saw the sad, tired look come back to his face, and at the same time a thought came into her head which kept its place there the rest of the day.

That night, while Bell sat in her low chair by her father, as she always did after tea, she had a little talk with him about poor Mark and her chicken. Can you guess what it was if I only tell you that when it was over her father took her on his knee and kissed her tenderly as he said, "Dear little Bell, it shall be just as you say?"

The next morning, Bell was up and out feeding the fowls as early as ever, and then she brought her own white chicken into the house. Her father put it in a

basket, and with it another, a speckled chicken, "for company," as he said, and a nice lot of corn, and covered all up. "Good-by, chick!" said Bell, with a bright look shining from full eyes,— "Good-by, chick! I shall come and see you very often." Then her father's hired man took the basket away, and if you had looked on a half hour later, as he opened the basket at poor Mark's home, and told Mark the white chicken and its mate were a present from Bell Gray, you would have seen how it was that Bell, after thinking the matter all over had made up her mind to give away her pet.

Was this the only thing that Bell Gray ever did that was good and kind? Oh no! She found much to do every day to make others happier, and she not only found, but did it.

Did she not feel sorry to lose her pet? No doubt, at first, though I think it was not long before she had another, "all her own." But though it often cost her much self-denial to act for the good of others, she was always made happier by it.

What made Bell what she was? She had learned the blessed truth that even a little girl, that loves dolls, and kittens, and chickens, has a dear Friend ever near who truly rejoices in all that makes her happy, and sympathizes with her in all that makes her sad, no matter how small; and she had learned too that such a child can do much, every day, to show her love for him. Do you know that Friend? Do you love him, and are you trying to please him?

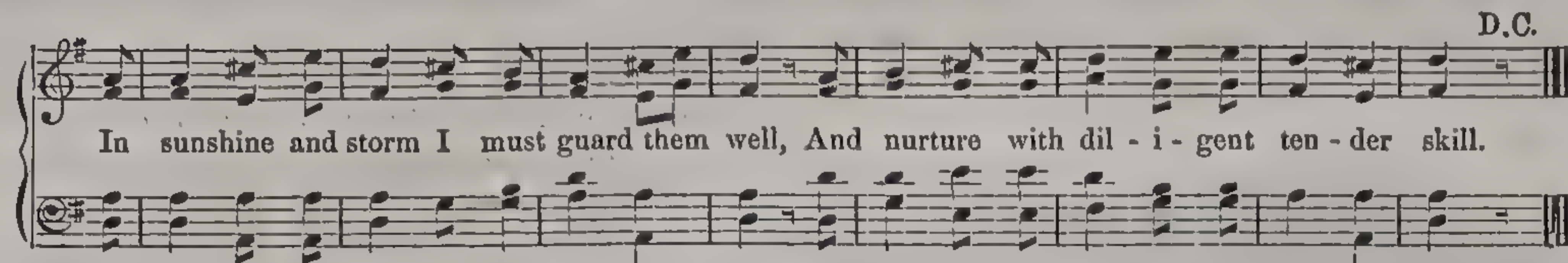
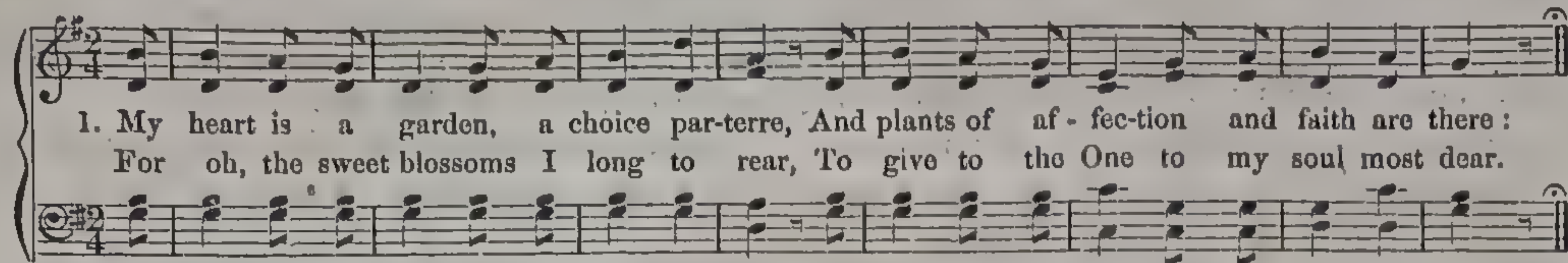
Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

CHILDHOOD'S OFFERING.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



2

Then oft as the glories of morning come,
Or eve's cooling twilight veils my home,
I'll gather my myrtle and lilies fair,
And lay them afresh at the shrine of prayer;
For all the delights which my garden hides,
Are His, whom I love more than all besides.

3

Oh, small is the gift that a child can bring,
And weak are the praises a child can sing;
But Thou, full of gentleness, full of grace,
Dost stoop to receive me, dost stay to bless;
And even a flower perfumed with love,
Is tribute, accepted and pure above.



For the Child at Home.

BABY'S PHOTOGRAPH.

'Tis the sweetest picture;
Full of infant grace;
Little chubby figure,
Winsome baby face.
Eyes of darkest brilliance,
Cheeks of fairest hue,
Mouth of rosebud beauty,
Meet our loving view.

'Tis so very lifelike,
Baby's own sweet self;
You could not mistake it,
Had you seen the elf.
Little fairy picture,
With thee let us roam
Through the realms of fancy,
To a far-off home.

Grandma's eyes are glistening,
And her heart o'erflows;
"Precious bud!" — she murmurs,
"Of our cherished rose."
Grandpa too is dreaming
Of a gentle face,
Absent, and yet present,
In its wonted place.

Aunt and uncle loving
Gaze with fond delight;
Visions warm and tender
Fill all hearts to-night.
And the rose transplanted
From their garden fair,
At this hour among them
Blooms in beauty rare.

Draughts of purest pleasure
Hearts in silence quaff;
Oh! 'tis worth a fortune —
Baby's photograph.
Bless our wee, wee darling,
Dearest, sweetest pet!
Turn we from the picture
With a fond regret.

Dewdrop.

BREAD FOR ONE DAY.

Did you ever think what a vast amount of food is needed to supply our army now in the field? In a letter to the children Mr. Alvord thus speaks of what he has seen of provisions for a single day: —

"You would be surprised to see what piles and heaps of food must be sent to this great multitude. I am at one of the railroad stations where 100,000 soldiers are fed. There are 1,000,000 in all our armies, and 200,000 or 300,000 in the whole army of the Potomac where I am. I will not speak of any thing but bread, and you can judge for yourselves of all the rest.

"A train of cars comes rolling up every day from Washington, filled with soft loaves in sheets, and hard bread. I saw one train opened. Sixteen thousand great loaves were piled into one car (fifteen loaves in a sheet, baked so that they can be broken apart). Then the covered army-wagons were backed up to the cars and loaded. The men took it on their shoulders and piled it in. Some loaves dropped off and fell in the mud, but they didn't mind that. There were more than twenty four-horse-wagon loads of soft bread for only one day's rations, and fifty-six of hard bread (crackers, — 'hard tack' the soldiers call it); not as good as the nice white loaves of soft bread — I wish the boys could get this.

"Only think of it: seventy-six loads just of bread — a pile as big as a large house — for a single day, for this one station, besides the hundreds of teams carting pork and beef, &c. &c., and that, too, all for this one day! There are three such stations on this short railroad, only twelve miles long; and then think of all our armies at the South and West — a million of men — requiring daily food, in equal proportions. Would it not make a small mountain? — to be eaten down seven times every week, thirty times a month, and three hundred and sixty-five times in a year.

"And all this mighty host must also be fed with the Bread of God, or their souls will faint and die for ever; just as their bodies would die without this 'daily bread.' Soon marching will commence, and terrible battles, sorrow and death. What we do for these soldiers must be done quickly."

For the Child at Home.

"I'LL PRAY STILL."

George has always been in the habit of adding to his morning prayer, "O Lord, bless the poor slaves, and make them free and happy." But now President Lincoln has made decree that all the slaves in the rebellious States shall be free, and just as

fast as this decree can be carried into effect the fetters will be knocked off from the oppressed race, and men, women and children will stand up rejoicing in all the rights that we have. What will George do now? How will he word his prayer?

"I don't care," says the little fellow, shaking his head, "I'll pray for 'em still."

That is right, my boy, but how? Let us talk about it a little. The Bible says we must "make known our requests unto God with thanksgiving." So, in the first place, we will thank God, from our inmost hearts, that he has put it into the heart of the President to issue this proclamation. Then we must ask him not to let any thing hinder its being carried out. The slaveholders are so enraged that they are practicing every cruelty they can devise upon the poor creatures who are still in their power, and we must pray that God will shield his helpless, defenseless children, and save them out of the hands of their cruel tormentors, and that he will continue in them that spirit of meekness and patience which they have hitherto manifested. We must ask, too, that God will help them appreciate their freedom, and all the blessings of domestic love, education and religious liberty which it will bring. A "contraband" in one of the meetings of jubilee held on New Year's day exhorted thus: "Bredren, don't let us be too free. We mustn't be so lazy that we can't work." So we must pray God for them that they may know how to enjoy and use their freedom so as to make them a good, useful and happy Christian people.

"Oh dear," says George, "I can't fix all that. I'm sure I don't know what to say now."

Supposing you pray somewhat in this manner: O God, bless the people in our country whom thou hast kindly set free. Bring them so as to enjoy and use their freedom, that they may become a wise and happy people, serving and honoring thee.

Let us all remember with great sympathy and tenderness the freedmen, and not cease to "pray for 'em still."

H. E. B.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

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is receiving a very cordial welcome in thousands of families.

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is published for the use of our soldiers. It is of the same size as the Child at Home, and is handsomely illustrated.

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THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

JULY has come, with its long days, its bright sun, its happy holidays for children, and, better than all, with its "glorious Fourth."

As that anniversary of the "Declaration of Independence" approaches, we are led to look back and recall some of the noble deeds, and the sufferings so cheerfully endured, of those patriots who by the help of God were successful in obtaining for us the precious inheritance of liberty.

This picture will remind you of one of the hardest-fought battles of the Revolution. Every American child old enough to go to school and study history knows the story of the battle of Bunker Hill. You know how gallantly our soldiers struggled with the British "regulars," driving them back time after time, till their ammunition was exhausted, and

then giving up the field, which was gained at such a price by the British that the victory must have been a sad one indeed to them.

And who were they who fought for us on that memorable day? All brave men, whatever their complexion, and worthy to be held in grateful remembrance by every true American; and in these days, when so much that is unkind and contemptuous is being said about *colored soldiers*, and so many objections being raised by some people to their having any part in the work of crushing this wicked rebellion from which we are all suffering, it is well for us to remember that they fought in the battles of the Revolution, and there performed their part as patriots should.

The picture represents an incident of the battle of Bunker Hill — Major Pitcairn, a British officer,

at the moment when he reached the top of the breastworks where he received from a colored soldier the shot which caused his death, and the soldier in the foreground taking aim.

Mr. Swett, in his "Sketches of Bunker Hill Battle," thus alludes to this officer and the incident here represented: —

"Major Pitcairn caused the first effusion of blood at Lexington. In that battle his horse was shot under him, while he was separated from his troops. With presence of mind, he feigned himself slain; his pistols were taken from his holsters, and he was left for dead, when he seized the opportunity and escaped. He appeared at Bunker Hill, and, says the historian, 'Among those who mounted the works was the gallant Major Pitcairn, who exultingly cried out, "The day is ours!" when a black soldier, named Peter Salem, shot him through, and he fell. His agonized son received him in his arms, and tenderly bore him to the boats.'

"A contribution was made in the army for the colored soldier, and he was presented to Washington as having performed the feat."

"Besides Salem," says Mr. Nell, in his work entitled "The Colored Patriots of the American Revolution," "there was quite a number of colored soldiers at Bunker Hill; among them Titus Colburn, Alexander Ames, and Barzillai Lew,

all of Andover, and also Cato Howe of Plymouth, each of whom received a pension."

The Hon. Edward Everett, in an address delivered a few years since at Bunker Hill, said, as he pointed to the monument which rose above him, — "No name adorns the shaft; but ages hence, though our alphabet may become as obscure as those which cover the monuments of Nineveh and Babylon, its uninscribed surface, on which monarchs might be proud to engrave their titles, will perpetuate the memory of the 17th of June. It is the monument of the day, of the event, of the battle of Bunker Hill; of all the brave men who shared its perils; alike of Prescott and Putnam and Warren, the chiefs of the day, and the colored man, Salem, who is reported to have shot the gallant Pitcairn as he mounted the parapet. Cold as the clods on which it rests, still as

the silent heavens to which it soars, it is yet vocal, eloquent in *their individual praise*."

All honor to the brave men who fought and suffered in the struggle for our national independence. Let the children of our land never forget to *give to all their due*. Let them never forget that our revered patriot-fathers fought side by side with colored patriots, and that they considered the cause common and equally dear to both. And is not our beloved country as dear to the descendants of those men as it was to them? and are there not colored patriots now, who can do their part as well for the preservation of this country as their fathers did for its independence?



For the Child at Home.

OUR BLUE-EYED BABY.

You've not seen our blue-eyed baby?
He's a stranger in our home;
Yet we love him, oh, so dearly,
And rejoiced to have him come.

Little sister says "God sent him,"
And we know it must be so.
Is he not a good, kind Father,
Such a treasure to bestow?

When he grows a little older
He shall share our sports and plays;
We will teach his lips to whisper
The sweet notes of prayer and praise.

And we'll be so kind and thoughtful,
Such a happy household band,
That a home more bright and peaceful
Shall not be in all the land.

Thus we'll journey onward ever,
Till our Father bids us come
Far beyond the "shining river"
To our other brighter home.

For the Child at Home.

"DIAMOND DAYS."

Little Susie had the brightest eyes and rosiest cheeks of all the little girls in Farmdale. The golden sunbeams danced into the pleasant kitchen no earlier in the morning than Susie. Her little baby-brother, Charlie, would laugh and crow when she came into the room, and hold out his little hands. He knew who it was that sung and talked and played with him all the long mornings, when mother was busy, and who always looked so brightly into his little sleepy face when he awoke in the morning. He knew who it was that ran to the brook for water before mother saw that it was needed, picked all the berries, and shelled the peas, and ran here and there with quick steps and a willing heart. "Oh, the old house would look dark without our Susie, to be sure," says her father, when Susie brings him the paper and his spectacles without even waiting to be asked, and runs off before he has time to call her his own good little girl; for Susie does not want to be praised.

What made Susie so happy? Didn't her mother ever make her do anything she did not want to? Didn't her little birds ever die or her kitten get drowned? Didn't she ever have to sew or stay at

home on beautiful days when other children were out at play?

Yes, dear children; Susie's mother loved her little girl, and was very kind to her, but she was poor and needed Susie's help. Very often the neighbors' children came for her to play on the beautiful rocks, but she could not go. Baby Charlie would scream, and her mother would look tired and sad, and so she always gave it up cheerfully.

When Susie was about eight years old, her kind aunt, in New York, sent her a book, with such a queer title, Susie thought, for a Christmas present — "*Diamond Days*." It was a very pretty book. It told all about diamonds. You know a diamond is a precious stone, that sparkles in the sun like a very bright star; sparkles wherever there is light, as if light were shut up in its very heart. Kings and queens wear diamonds in their crowns. Very rich ladies sometimes wear a great many on their dresses and around their arms. In the evening, under a brilliant light, they look almost as if blazing with light. This good book said that if our Saviour's love was in our hearts it would shine out like the light from the diamond, and each day would be bright and happy. But sin is so dark and dreadful, it hides the light, if we do not watch carefully and drive it away. Susie had read, in a fairy book, about the little girl who dropped pearls and diamonds when she talked, and she said to herself, "Now I will try to have some 'diamond days.'"

She took good care to rise early enough to ask God to give her his love in her heart all day and keep her free from sin. Then she would read a verse from the Bible and say it over to herself, for she knew that would help to keep the day bright. She could get along very nicely after that. It did not seem so hard to wash the dishes or take care of the baby and give up the beautiful story she longed to read, or the long ramble in the woods with her chosen companion, Nellie Gray, whose mother had no baby and kept a servant. Susie knew she was doing right, and went bravely on.

But had Susie no faults? Was she always good? Let me tell you. One day she came to her mother with a serious air: "Mother," said she, "can I have a sheet of paper from your writing desk?"

"Why, Susie," said her mother, "what are you going to do?"

"Something that I know you will not dislike, dear mother; may I?"

She soon obtained her mother's permission, and off she ran to her own little room. Let us go with her. On a little stand by the window lies the paper. See, she has been writing, and now sits, pencil in hand, looking thoughtfully out over the green fields. The paper is headed, "*Susie's faults*," and underneath are the following: "*She is impatient. She is selfish. She is careless. She is forgetful. She must pray that these sins may not spoil her days.*" She has copied a verse from the Bible about being patient. This is it: "*Charity suffereth long and is kind. Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;*" and after it a short prayer: "*Dear Saviour, help me to drive away and keep off these faults, for thy name's sake.*"

"Susie, Susie," calls her mother, "come right down now, and quiet the baby, for I must not leave my sewing."

Away goes Susie, a sweet smile on her face, and away goes the little prayer, up, up to the throne of God. The shining angel who carried it comes back again and stays near Susie. She sings to the baby, and tries to please him by a thousand little ways; but baby won't be pleased, and his little white teeth are pressing through the hot gums, and he feels very fretful and tired, so he cries and worries and kicks till poor Susie is almost out of patience. Then the good angel makes her think of her book and

her prayer. She says to herself, "I can do pleasantly what my Saviour gives me; he had *so much more to bear*." So she puts down the quick, impatient thought, "I wish the baby was away off, somewhere, I am so tired of him." She laughs once more, and tries again, harder than ever, to soothe him. Soon the baby-head drops, the innocent eyes close, and as she lays him down in his cradle-bed she thanks God that he saved her from the sin of thinking harshly of her little brother. So Susie tries, *never gives up trying*, to make all her days "*diamond days*."

When the Last Great Day comes, children, your days will all be counted, and their dark and bright actions written down. The love of Christ alone will make your actions bright. Would you not like to have them all shining with heaven's own light, all fitted to be diamonds in a starry crown in the New Jerusalem?

C. E. W.

New Bedford.

For the Child at Home.

WHICH IS WORSE?

I was thinking yesterday, as I walked behind a lame boy, how sad it is to be lame. To limp when others walk, to be left behind when others run, to walk apart from the busy throng alone, to pass through days of pain and nights of weariness, to be pitied, or to be scorned, — ah, it is a sad thing to be lame!

Just then, across the street, I heard loud talking and laughter. I looked and saw another boy, limping too, or staggering, not lame, but *drunk*. My feeling for the lame boy changed at once. He needed my pity so little, after all, and the drunken boy so much. The body will be dropped off by and by. Death will relieve the lame boy of his poor, imperfect body. In heaven he shall be perfect as the angels that stand before our Father, not *lame*.

But the soul lives for ever, and a stain upon that is a fearful thing. Christ's blood alone can cleanse it. "It is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell."

A. A.



For the Child at Home.

"I HAVE BEEN NAUGHTY TO-DAY."

Agnes was a little girl, so young that her friends still called her a baby, yet she already knew many things about God, her Heavenly Father, about Christ his well-beloved Son, her Saviour. In her pretty lisping way Agnes could repeat the story of Moses in his floating cradle, of the Bethlehem baby in his rude crib.

These stories were learned at her mother's knee, on the holy day when children put away their playthings and hear how they may become the Good Shepherd's lambs.

It was perfectly well-known to Agnes that when she was a naughty child she grieved the loving Jesus, who was represented in her books as stretching forth his hands to save and bless the little ones.

The mother of Agnes did not suspect that these little lessons had fallen deep into her daughter's heart; she thought of her as a baby-girl, ignorant of every thing except playing and loving.

A Sunday came when Agnes was left in the nursery, while her mother went to church. After the morning service, the child came to claim a kiss, so sweet and rosy in her new frock, that she looked like a very good and quiet little girl. In the early twilight, Agnes was disappointed about her usual Sunday story; her mother was ill, and obliged to send away the child to amuse herself. In the evening, when Agnes was ready for her little white bed, the mother came to listen to the nightly prayer, and give one more kiss. "Come here, my darling," she said; "you have been a good girl this Sunday." A very serious look stole into the large brown eyes of Agnes at these words. "No, mamma," the child replied, "I have been naughty to-day;" and there rushed to her remembrance many little acts of disobedience, many sudden storms of anger, and sinful thoughts which would displease the watchful, holy God. Then Agnes whispered in her mother's ear the account of that day, in which her conscience would not allow her to pass over one naughty willful act. She told about the quarrel with the nurse, the trouble she gave her in being dressed, and mentioned many wicked thoughts buried before in her childish heart.

Agnes was too truthful to say, "I have been a good," in the melting time of evening prayer, when the day's actions were reviewed. The good and gentle mother prayed with her conscientious little daughter that Jesus Christ would pardon all her sin, and make her his own child.

At night, when children fall on their knees, imploring forgiveness, comes this sorrowful thought, "I have been naughty to-day." In that truthful self-examination, the little good they may have done flees away, leaving the larger, more numerous transgressions vividly exposed. The unkind, selfish acts, the uncharitable words, the angry, envious thoughts, crowd into the memory, until they can only pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," "God be merciful to me a sinner."

In the eyes of friends, you may have passed a blameless day, but the voice of conscience suggests the need of much forgiveness from Him who says, "Though your sins are scarlet, they shall be as wool." At the end of each busy, sinful day pray most earnestly for the blotting out of its transgressions, in the hope that the time will come, in the world where they cease from sin, that it need no longer be said "I have been naughty to-day."

Agatha.

For the Child at Home.

DOING GOD'S WILL.

I suppose most of the readers of this paper attend Sabbath school. I know some who are very punctual in their attendance, and always recite their lessons correctly without prompting; they seem to understand what they learn; but from their conduct through the week I am afraid they stop at this point, and do not remember that they should learn God's word in order that they may make it the rule of life.

The object of the Sabbath school is that children may learn what God has commanded in order that they may obey him. If a father should say to his son in the morning, "John, I want you to go to school, study all the time, learn your lessons perfectly, and come home at noon without loitering by the way,"—what would you think of this boy if he should just repeat over his father's words two or three times, and then, instead of going to school, should play all the morning? You would say, "What a strange boy! Doesn't he know that his

father wants him to do as he said, and that he will not excuse him from obeying because he can repeat without any mistake all that he told him? He will deserve the more to be punished, because he knew what was required of him and did not do it."

Thus it is with children who go to the Sabbath school and learn what their Father in heaven has told them to do. If they do not obey him they are like this boy, and God will certainly call them to judgment for this, for he has said, "The servant that knew his Lord's will and did it not shall be beaten with many stripes."

M.



For the Child at Home.

WHAT EMILY SAW AND HEARD ON "THE FOURTH."

Emily was spending the first week of July in Boston, the great day of which, for her, was to be the Fourth. She had heard about the "monster concert" that was to be given on the Common by the united military bands on the morning of that day. It came at last. It was clear and pleasant, and Emily was out early with her uncle and cousins, and occupying with them a fine place on the side of "Flagstaff Hill," from which she could not only hear the music, but also could see the stand for the musicians, and the pieces of artillery or cannon which were to perform the part of great base drums in the music. She would also have a fine view of the beautiful flags of different nations, as one by one they should be unfurled to the breeze.

Emily's face was all aglow with excitement. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks were like red roses; and her hands, feet, and head were in almost perpetual motion. For you must remember that she had never spent a Fourth in the city before; all was new to her, and she had been thinking and talking about it for weeks before it came.

The concert began. Emily loved music; and that which she now heard seemed to her the most wonderful and soul-stirring to which she had ever listened. As one flag after another was sent up to the head of its staff, to open in the sunlight and add to the beauty of the scene, she listened as one lost in a dream to the grand national airs which were played as a salute to each. But she had not been so wholly unconscious of other things about her as not to notice a little girl younger than herself, who with her mother was standing very near her, and who seemed much interested in what was going on. Emily had observed that the mother, while very kind and affectionate to her child, wore a thoughtful, and, as it seemed to her, sad expression

upon her face, and more than once when the bands were playing her eyes appeared wet with tears.

"But how could that be on Fourth of July morning?" thought Emily, into whose young heart one never had to go far to find sympathy; and she concluded she must have been mistaken.

Soon the time came for our own loved flag to be given to the breeze. The artillerymen stood by their guns, the musicians were all ready, and in a moment it was seen running to the top of the highest staff, and its beautiful stripes and stars waving above all the other flags, while the shouts of thousands, and the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by the bands, filled the air.

But what has Emily seen that has saddened her sweet face, and made her lips quiver, and dimmed her eyes so that for a moment she hardly sees the flag she loves as much as any child in all the land?

Just as the flag was rising and the cheers began to be heard, she saw the mother, near her bend down and eagerly call the attention of her little girl to that dear banner, and as it was unfurled in all its beauty she heard the mother exclaim,—"There! that's the flag your father has gone to fight for!" and then she saw that mother cover her face with her hands and burst into tears, while the little one looked up, grieved and wondering. Do you think it strange that Emily's warm heart was touched? She was not the only nor the oldest person who, after seeing this mother and hearing her words, turned to look with moist eyes at the dear old flag!

But the mother soon wiped her tears away, for she had a noble heart; and we may believe she had cheerfully consented to the departure of her beloved patriot husband, and had followed him with a prayer and blessing. And Emily's face brightened again as the closing part of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played, and the cannon opened their mouths, sending forth their "musical thunder" in time to the tune.

Ah, yes; many a loving heart will say, as the flag of our country shall be seen waving over millions yet loyal on the morning of the Fourth, "That's the flag my dear father, brother, husband, son, has gone to fight for!"

May that God who has shown so great kindness and mercy to us as a people in the past, grant that before another Fourth shall come our country's flag may wave over a united people, blessed with a peace of His providing.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

THE SHINING SHELL.

In the warm days of a bright October, Mr. and Mrs. C. took their daughters, Hattie and Ellen, to visit their friends in the country. With cousin Fanny the girls had delightful rambles in the orchard, the meadows, the woods, and over the mountain. What frolics they had with the squirrels, gathering nuts, and what delicious suppers Aunt Tabby gave them!

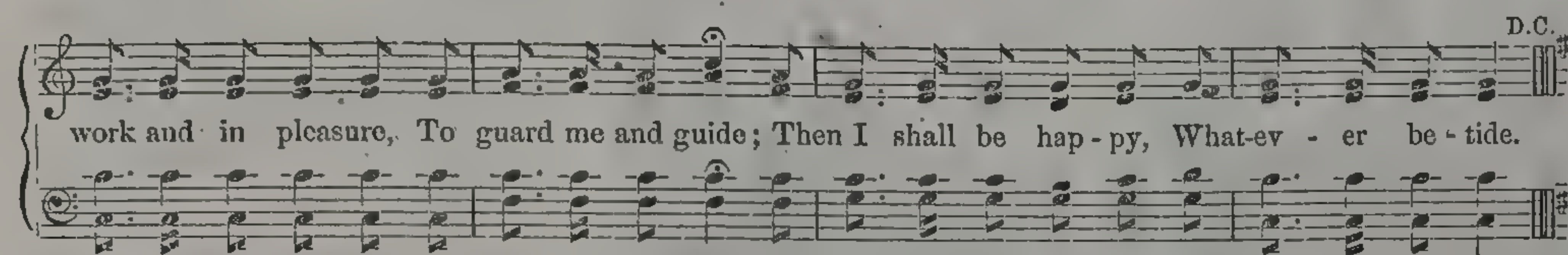
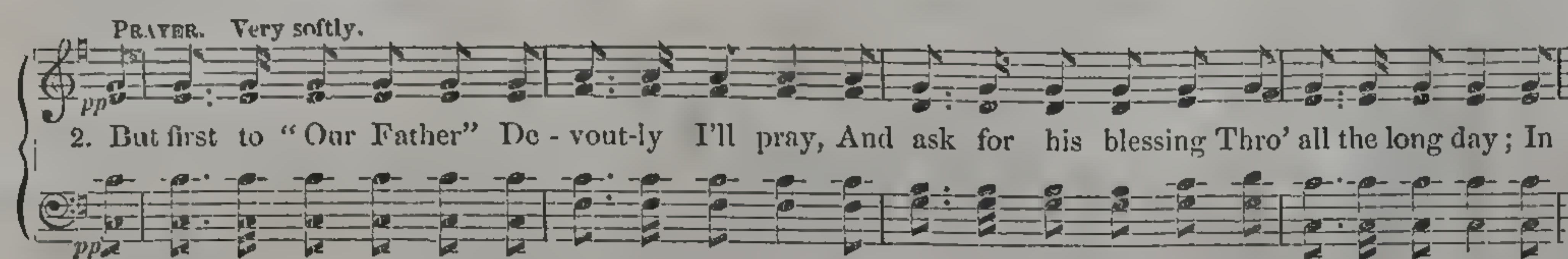
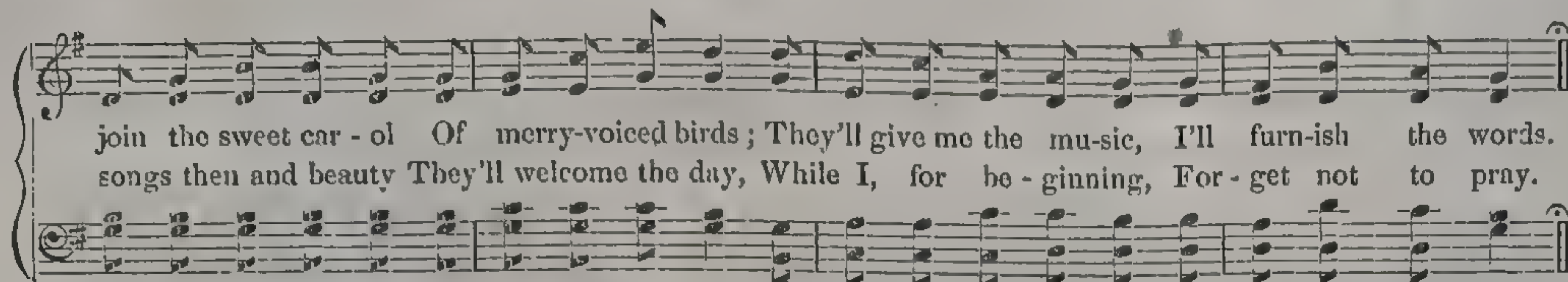
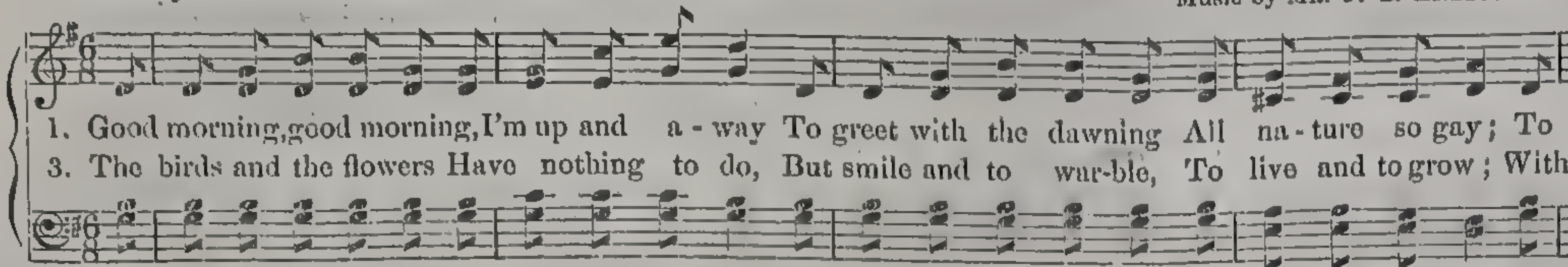
One day they went to the river to see Fanny's rock. This was as large as a small house, and projected into the deep water. Here were mossy seats beneath the overhanging trees, and pretty pebbles nestling in the crevices. On a part of the rock which lay under the water was a shining shell. It was wondrously beautiful, displaying at the same time every tint of the rainbow and a glittering brilliancy none of them had ever seen equaled. At last, when every effort to get it had failed,

For the Child at Home.

THE CHILD'S MORNING SONG.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



Hattie, the elder sister, determined to step one foot in the water and make the prize her own.

"The water is so shallow," she said, "it can do no harm." The other girls endeavored to show her the danger to which she would thus expose herself.

"I shall take only *one little step*," said Hattie, "and be back to my seat."

She dipped one foot cautiously in the water, but as it touched the rock she slipped, grasped the coveted shell, and in an instant was splashing and struggling on the slimy rock. Every movement carried her still further into the water. Oh, terrible moment! Fanny is running to get help, when Ellen holds her fast, saying, "She will drown before you half reach home."

But Fanny, too much frightened to assist in any way, runs to and fro calling for help, exhibiting such terror and grief as well-nigh to overcome Ellen's courage, and confuse all the plans her poor aching head can devise.

The moments, all too short, are not too short to bring to Ellen's vision fearful pictures of the future. Faster and faster they come, — weeping parents, and long years of grief for the lost sister. With intense pain she watches every motion, and fears it will carry Hattie to the utmost edge, into the deep, dark waters.

One ray of hope is left. With a bitter feeling of her own weakness, Ellen forces herself to say calmly, "Hattie, I will come to the water's edge. Reach me your hand and keep perfectly still. I will pull you out." Then as firmly as possible she plants her feet in a crevice of the rock, the extended hand is reached, and Hattie is safe!

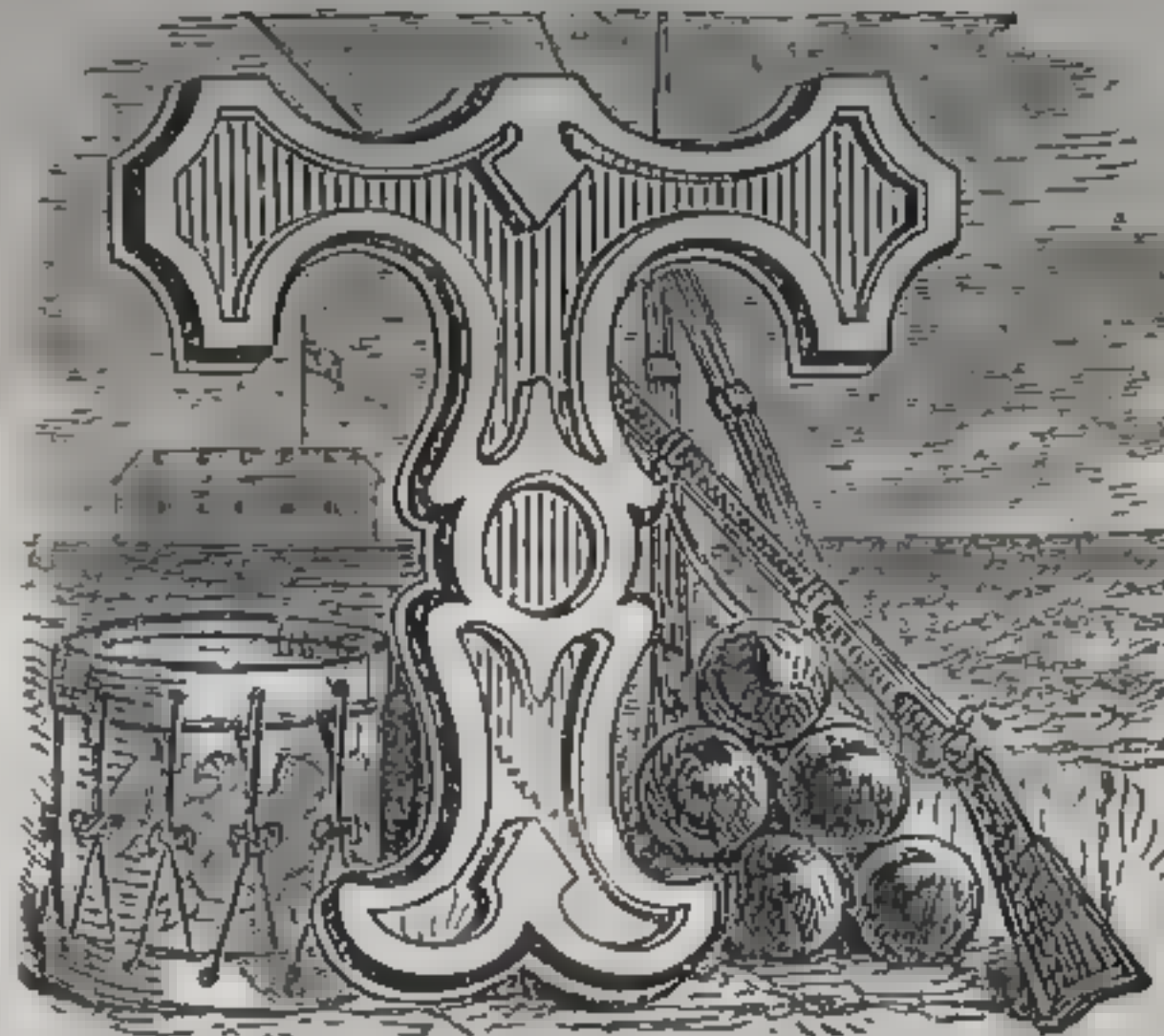
I need not attempt to describe the feelings of the trembling girls as they retraced their steps home. The shining shell, when taken from its bed of sparkling waters, was a worthless thing, of no beauty.

Dear young reader, are you sure that no glittering thing of earth is alluring you from the path to heaven? Have you taken *one little step* in the wrong? If not forgiven, you are now in the slippery ways of sin. Extend your arms to Christ. He loves you; he has given his life for you; he will save you. Tremble lest, delaying too long, you sink to rise no more.

D.

For the Child at Home.

"U. S. A."



HERE is not probably a little boy or girl old enough to read this paper, who will not know at a glance that "U. S. A." means *United States Army*. Perhaps, also, they would not need to ask what "U. S. N." means. Doubtless most of you have fathers or brothers, uncles or cousins, in the army or navy, and, though you felt very badly when you bade them good-by, yet now you feel an honest patriotic pride in saying "My father is a *brave Union soldier*!"

And you read those lines —

"Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

with a deeper thrill than ever, for the least of you know what that word *patriotic* means. But you have done more than this. Perhaps, like some I know of, up among the Green Mountains, you have been round among your friends to get money to buy things for the sick and wounded soldiers; have even earned a little for them by your own industry; have knit or sewed for them; strung the apples at the apple-bees; indeed, whatever you could find to do. And some of you, I know, will, as you kneel to pray, remember these friends who have gone to the war. Oh, never forget, when you ask God to bless yourselves, to ask him also to bless the brave soldiers, and then, if you can do no more, you have done the *best thing*! Remember this, little girl, too small to do any thing else, that you can *pray* for the soldiers. Remember this, boys, not yet quite tall enough to enlist, but who have yet had your drills. Don't I know how very much you wish you were a little older and a little taller? Yes, indeed, for I read it in the eyes of some of you, when you halted your line before my desk and went through the drill for my inspection.

I remember well how one of you showed me his gun, telling me it was borne by one of the brave

minute-men at Lexington, the first battle-ground of the Revolution. I read it in your eye, Herbert, that you would like well to carry it into some battle of the rebellion, and I knew by your glance in your hands its past fame would not be dishonored. Your captain is now with the 38th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and if you can not follow him just now you can pray for him. Yes, boys, I know how you feel, for did I not handle that old gun with all the fond pride of one who claimed that famous battle-field, in my native town, as my old playground?

But there is another army, and it is because I want you all to enlist in it that I am writing now. I should feel badly to have you forget about the "U. S. A." and the "U. S. N.," but still worse to have you careless about *this other army*. Christ is the Captain, and he calls not only your fathers and mothers, but every little boy and girl, to join his great army and fight against the great enemy Satan. Satan tries to make you do wrong, and not love the Saviour; so that by and by, instead of going to heaven, as Christ's soldiers will, you may go to that dreadful place where Satan reigns. And now have you enlisted in Christ's army? If not, will you not enlist to-day? Go *now* to the Saviour, and ask him to forgive your sins, and make you a brave, true Christian soldier.

Franco.

COMMON SENSE. — A Scotch clergyman being asked by a father what he thought of his making his son a minister, said, —

"I tell thee, man, he has no mother-wit. If a man want learning, he may get that; and if he want riches, he may get them; and even if he want grace, he may get it; but if a man want common sense, I tell thee, man, he will never get that."

CHARITY. — It is a pious and valuable maxim which says, "a judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

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OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

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DREAMING OF THE ABSENT SOLDIER.

THE little babe has been laid down gently in its cradle bed, and is sweetly sleeping. The mother is weary with the cares and duties of the day, and she too has fallen asleep. All around is hushed and still; and as that wife and mother slumbers, her thoughts run far away to the dear absent one—her husband—the father of the little child who has just begun to lisp his name, and who perhaps is even now dreaming of the same loved face, of the kiss that “papa” gave his darling as he bade them both good-by, and nobly went forth to fight for the country he so much loves.

And what does the wife and mother dream? What vision is passing before her now?

She looks down upon some distant camp-ground in the South, and sees thousands of tents dotting the hillside and the valley. She hears the call to preparation for battle, and sees the hosts of armed men hurrying to their places in the ranks. She hears the roll of drums, the bugle notes, the shouts of officers and cheers of men, the rattle of musketry, the thunder of cannon, and through the smoke she sees those brave soldiers rushing on to the charge! But from among them all one is singled out, and her eye follows him with an interest which becomes so painfully intense that the sleeper wakes.

The vision has faded away. The babe is still sleeping quietly, and that wife, who knows where to look for strength and comfort, kneels down and prays to the blessed and merciful God that the head of the dear husband and father may be covered in the day of battle; that his hands and his heart may be strong for duty; and that she may have sustaining grace and be enabled to rest in sweet submission to the will of Him without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

Ah, how many wives and mothers have had dreams like this! How many dear boys and girls have dreamed again and again of “my father who has gone to the war”! And how many of them too have awoke to pray for the absent one!

Never till this war began has the preciousness of prayer been so fully felt by thousands of hearts, young and old, as it is now felt; never the mercy-seat so often visited. And it is right and well that it is so. If we trust in the great and good God, our heavenly Father—in Jesus Christ our Saviour—we shall be kept in perfect peace. His eye is upon every one, near or distant, whom we love, and if we commit ourselves to him, he will guide us in the best way, and do every thing for us which will be for our true happiness, here and hereafter.

“Blessed is that man who maketh the Lord his trust.”

For the Child at Home.

THE TWO BOOKS.

One of them is a little book of Johnnie’s, with red morocco covers, and clean, blank leaves inside; Johnnie calls it his diary. It lies on the table in his papa’s study, and every night before he goes to bed, Johnnie takes a pen in his clumsy little fingers and with a deal of labor, and not a few blots, prints out in large letters that lean all ways, “I have been a good boy to-day.”

That is the record for Monday, and for Tuesday it is just the same, and so on through all the days in the week. Every night the same big, crooked letters say, “I have been a good boy to-day.”

Some nights the little book says only what is true, for Johnnie is generally a good boy, as boys go; but sometimes he forgets what mischievous things his little hands have been doing all day long; into what forbidden places his feet have been running; what unkind words his red lips have been saying; what naughty thoughts his heart has been thinking.

He does not always remember when he has disobeyed his dear mother, or when he has been unkind to his baby sister; he forgets the cross words he has spoken to his playmates at school. So it is no wonder that those crooked letters do not dare to stand up straight when they say, “I have been a good boy to-day.”

What the other book is like, I can not tell; nor

in what way it is written, for it is God's book — his "book of remembrance." In that there are no mistakes. Johnnie forgets; God never does. Every thing that Johnnie does is written there; all the good things, and all the bad; every naughty word he says; every naughty thought he has. If he disobeys his mother, God has that in his book of remembrance; if ever he tells what is not true, God writes it down; if he is kind and obliging, trying to help others and do all the good that such a little boy can, it is all written in letters of light where it will never be blotted out.

Johnnie's book with its red covers will soon be lost or destroyed. God's book will last for ever, and by and by, when this beautiful world shall have passed away, and the dead, small and great, stand before God, then this book shall be opened, and they shall all be judged out of those things which are written in the book.

This book of God's is not for Johnnie only; it is for you and for me, and for all the men, women and children who ever lived. Oh, how many things are written there already against our names that we would be so glad to blot out! Well, there is one thing that will blot them all out, and that is the blood of Jesus. If we belong to Jesus, God for his sake will blot out all our sins, so that in that great book of his there shall only good deeds be recorded of us, and all the rest shall no more be remembered nor brought to mind. N. L. E.



For the Child at Home.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"Auntie, auntie, I have got a splendid new Bible!"

"Have you, my boy? and where did you get it?"

"Oh, it was one of my presents; I found it in my stocking Christmas morning."

Auntie smiled, suspecting he had made a slight mistake. She had herself, when at the "Bible House" a few days before, selected some Bibles and Testaments for the young members of the family, but as Wallie was the tiniest birdling of all, she hardly thought a "splendid Bible" had found its way into his small stocking, or out of it that Christmas morning.

So she was not in the least surprised, when, a few moments after, he put into her hand a very small but pretty copy of the New Testament; and when he nestled down so lovingly by her side, and placed his small hand in hers, and said so coaxingly, "Please read it, auntie;" I am sure she must have thought of those precious words of our Saviour — "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Yes, even little children may come, with loving, trusting hearts, to Jesus!

Little Wallie and auntie at once opened the Testament at the second chapter of Matthew, and commenced reading that beautiful Christmas story about Jesus, who was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King; and about the star that went before the wise men till it came and stood over where the young child was. Then she turned over the leaves of the book, to the great delight of her

little listener, and read what Luke wrote about the shepherds who were keeping watch over their flocks by night, when the angels of the Lord brought them the good tidings that a Saviour was born; and about the multitudes of heavenly beings that surrounded them saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

This, my dear children, was the greatest and best gift our heavenly Father ever bestowed upon his earthly children.

In the New Testament we may read and learn all about the earthly life of the dear Saviour. He came on earth, went from place to place doing good, and at last gave himself to save sinners; so that now even the smallest and humblest Sabbath-school scholar who will truly love and obey him, may be a happy child in this life, and after this life may go to dwell with him in that "home of glory," where he lives and reigns for ever and ever. B.

A GREAT RIVER FROM A LITTLE RILL.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer — she only wept. He ascertained that she had no Bible in which to look for the text. And this led him to inquire whether her parents and neighbors had a Bible; and this led to that meeting in London, in 1804, of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the Bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society — a society which has already distributed more than 15,000,000 copies of the Bible, its issues now reaching nearly 1,500,000 annually. And this, in turn, led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world, which are so many trees of life, scattering the golden fruits of immortality among all nations of the earth. This mighty river, so deep, so broad, so far-reaching in its many branches, we may trace back to the tears of that little girl. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Read's Hand of God in History.

For the Child at Home

NOT ASHAMED TO TELL HIS MOTHER.

How many little boys and girls are there who never say or do any thing which they would not be ashamed to tell their mother? If we could see the great company of readers of this little paper together, and could ask those to hold up their hands who are willing that their dear mothers should know all that they ever said or did, how many hands would be up? Well, I wish to tell you that a gentleman lately sailed out of Boston, as an officer in a fine large ship, who said to a brother of his just before he left home, "*I never did a thing in my life that I was ashamed to tell my mother.*"

Julius Cesar, when he had fought a sudden and decisive battle, and obtained a great victory in Asia Minor, prepared for a banner this inscription in Latin: "*Veni, vidi, vici*," which means in English, "*I came, I saw (or I looked), and I conquered.*" It is more than nineteen hundred years since Julius Cesar spoke those words, and they are remembered still; but we do not believe they caused him to be remembered and loved by the blessed Jesus, as would such words as we have quoted from the young officer.

We were so much interested in that remark of the noble sailor, that we visited his excellent mother and inquired about her son.

We found that ever since he was a little boy he has made it a rule never to do any thing abroad that he would not be willing for them to know at home. At about ten years of age he united with the church, and has always been a very consistent Christian since.

What if his fellow-sailors did call him a fool, and

many other hard names, because he would not join in any of their sinful pleasures? He remembered in any of their sinful pleasures? He remembered his dear widowed mother, and loving sisters and noble brothers, and more than all his dear Redeemer who hates sin and loves holiness, and he cared not for the ridicule of bad men or boys.

How many of you will make the same noble resolution that young Harry made?

Such a resolve, well kept, would be worth more than a houseful of gold and silver. Will you not make it, dear children? F. D. H.



For the Child at Home

CROSS AND CROWN.

"How warm and bright the sunshine lies
Upon that western hill;
I hear the children's laughing shout,
The tinkling of the rill;
Oh, mother, shall I ever run
And play with them again?
Why did God send to me this lot
Of helplessness and pain?"

The mother smoothed the dark brown curls
From off the aching brow;
"My son, we ask God of his ways,
But he replies not now.
Through devious paths his chosen ones
Were led for many a day,
Whilst the fair Canaan of their love
Beyond the desert lay."

He sighed upon his pillow back;
She took the word of God,
And read how through the Holy Land
The Saviour's tired feet trod;
How in the garden low he knelt,
Bowed underneath our woes,
Then at the Gentile judgment-seat
Stood kingly 'mid his foes.

His sacred forehead scarred and torn,
His holy love reviled,
His heavy cross borne up the hill:
"Ah! think of this, my child!"
And how, while rocks asunder rent,
And skies were veiled in night,
He stooped to lift one dying soul
From darkness into light.

"My child, he bore for you and me
That load of pain and scorn;
And shall we murmur at the cross,
Which our faint hearts have borne?
Nay, rather let us be like him,
And suffer joyfully,
Till he shall stoop to lift us up
His glorious face to see."

H. L. P.

For the Child at Home.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE, WHEN A MAN?

Four or five good little boys were talking one evening, as boys often do, of the future. One asked the tallest of the group, "What are you going to be when you're a man, Willie?"

"A lawyer," answered Willie. "It is very important to have justice done in the courts."

"Yes; but I guess lawyers don't always look out for justice! I've heard that most of them will plead a case on either side — right or wrong — for the money," replied Charlie.

"Well, that may be so; but that's not the kind

of lawyer I'm going to be. I'll always take the right side, whether I get paid for it or not. I'll look out for all the widows and orphans to see that nobody cheats them," said Willie. "What will you be, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm going to be a doctor, so that I can ride day and night! I'll keep four horses and change them often, and always have a fresh one. I'll not go poking along with a worn-out horse and a spattered gig, like Dr. Grey."

At this, little Jimmy sprang up, and cried very earnestly, as if already in the business, "Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I'm going to be a blacksmith."

"What put that in your head, Jimmy?" asked the kind "big brother." "Shoeing horses is hard work." "Oh," replied the stout little fellow, "that's just what I like it for; look here," he added, rolling up the sleeve of his jacket, "isn't that a stout arm for a boy nine years old? Grandma says I weigh more than Charlie, and he's twelve. I think it's real mean for stout men to sell tape and pins in a warm store. Pa says they ought to be at good hard work out doors, and leave little shops for women and sick men."

At any rate, I've made up my mind, after being so many times in Mr. Green's shop, to learn my trade of him. The light shines so bright on the old black rafters, and the sparks dance so beautifully, that I never feel ready to leave the place. Then the old farmers come in with their blue frocks on to get their oxen shod, and they talk of the crops and about keeping bees and making maple sugar. Next comes the squire, and while waiting for his horse he tells about the settlement of Nat. Graves's estate, and about mortgages, and all that. Then Dr. Grey wants a nail or two every day put into old Billy's shoe. He always tells about people's diseases, and explains to Mr. Green how the lungs work, and all about the spine. I like that shop, and I mean to be a blacksmith."

His brother laughed, and Willie said, "I shall never be ashamed of you, Jimmy, if you're a good honest blacksmith, but you must always wash your face and hands before you come to my office."

"Yes, I will, and put on my Sunday clothes," replied the good-natured little fellow.

"Well, that is settled, then, that father is to have a lawyer, a doctor, and a blacksmith in his family," said Willie.

Grandma sat all this time in her arm-chair, knitting away very fast on a little striped stocking. At her feet sat the family pet, Harry, sticking pins into grandma's ball of yarn. Ah, it was for his tiny plump feet that the yarn was flying over the dear old lady's needles.

"Boys," said grandma, "here is one who has not told what he is going to be when a man."

"Oh, no," cried tall Willie, stooping down and taking dear Harry in his arms. "What are you going to be when you're a big man, like papa?"

Harry put his little arms round Willie's neck and said, "When I'm a great, high man, I'll be — I'll be — kind to my mother!"

"You darling boy," cried grandma, "that is a sweet little vision of your future. I would rather have you a humble working man, with this same affectionate heart, than see you cold and selfish in the President's chair, or in the seat of a judge. Willie and Charlie might be great and wise men in their professions, and yet be no comfort to their parents in old age, unless they were at the same

time loving and kind. Greatness alone makes no one happy; but goodness, like the sun, sheds light and joy every where. Whenever after this, dear boys, you're laying plans for coming life, always add to your plans and promises sweet Harry's words, "When I'm a man, I'll be kind to my mother!"

J. D. C.

For the Child at Home.

WHICH?

"Now, Fred, I have something in both hands, and you shall have what's in one; but you must choose for yourself, and if you get the wrong one, you'll be sorry enough, I'm sure. Come, which?" and Uncle Charles stood facing Fred, his hands behind him.

"Oh, Uncle Charles! That isn't fair. How can I know which to say?"

"Why, you must think a little. I have a certain thing in one hand, that I know you will be glad to have, for I heard you talking about it last Saturday; but in the other I have — well, no matter, only you don't want it. Don't be in a hurry now. Decide carefully."



Freddy's sister Grace heard what was going on, and becoming interested, came and stood near him.

Here was a puzzler. Uncle Charles loved his nephew and niece. Grace, as well as Fred, could find many pleasant tokens of his affection among the things she valued most; but this was a new way of showing his regard. What should be done? "Which would you choose, Grace?" asked Fred, anxiously.

Grace's bright eye had discovered a little gilded bit of "something" — it looked to her like a book — just peeping out at one side of her uncle, and she saw it was in his right hand. That, she concluded, couldn't be any thing very bad, so she whispered to Fred, "Choose the right hand."

"Right hand!" cried Fred.

"Ah," said Uncle Charles, laughing, "I suspect you had help from Miss Merrywink, there; but no matter; you have made a good choice;" and to Fred's great delight he laid upon the table, first, from his right hand, a splendid book of travels for which his nephew had been longing, and then, from his left hand, a piece of very common stone which he had picked up by the roadside.

"There, Fred, what if you had said 'left'?"

"Oh, you would have let me try again, uncle."

"Well, perhaps I should, — perhaps I should, — for I should not be quite willing to give you a

worthless stone which would not even be fit for a place among your minerals. But sit down a few minutes, Fred, you and Grace; you'll have time enough to read the Travels by and by. I gave you this opportunity of choosing because I wished to remind you both of another choice which you must make, and that soon, too. I want to say a word of what has been in my heart for some time;" and Uncle Charles's merry face assumed a graver look, though still a very kind one. He was always kind.

"I have been thinking that neither of you is too young to make a choice quite different from that which Fred has just made, and one which will affect your happiness, not for one short hour, or a few days alone, but for eternity."

Fred and Grace were silent and thoughtful now, for something in the tone of their good uncle's voice told them his heart was in his words.

"You have heard of 'the good part.' You remember what our blessed Saviour said of that; it shall never be taken from those who have chosen it. But if it may be chosen, there must be some-

thing else, you know, to be refused, something to be rejected, or there could be no choosing. That other thing is the evil part; it is a life of sin; of neglect of that dear Lord who has suffered the death of the cross, that we, by believing and loving him, might have all that is best for us here, and heaven at last; that other wicked life must end in despair. There is a good and an evil part. Which will you choose? — for we must all have one or the other. Dear Fred — dear Grace — I want you to think of this choice and pray about it; then make it; and may that merciful One who tenderly watches all young hearts lead you to act wisely." And Uncle Charles left them, with a smile on his face, and a prayer for them in his heart.

Have Fred and Grace yet made that all important choice? Let me come nearer home, young reader; have you?

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

BIG SISTERS AND LITTLE BROTHERS.

"There, mother, it's no use trying. Charles is such a perfect little whirligig that I can't dress him — I can't;" and Lucy Edwards, aged thirteen years, stood, her eyes fast filling with tears of vexation, in a most appealing attitude before her mother.

Her mother sat with the baby in her arms, smiling.

"Now, mother, you only laugh. You don't care a bit for all my trouble, and you see how he acts; — stand still, Charles. If I go to button his jacket, he turns right round. If I try to put his shoes on, his joints are as limpsy as a rag, and while I am brushing his hair, he is pulling mine all about my ears. Oh, dear! I wish I didn't have so many children to dress."

"Patience, my child, patience; I know it's hard work," said mother. "But did you ever think who dressed you about seven hundred times a year when you were of his age?"

"I don't believe I was such a fidget as Charles."

"Pretty much the same, dear. Children bear a strong resemblance to one another in many respects."

Lucy began to smile. "I suppose you dressed me," she said.

"Yes, I had no Lucy to call upon then."

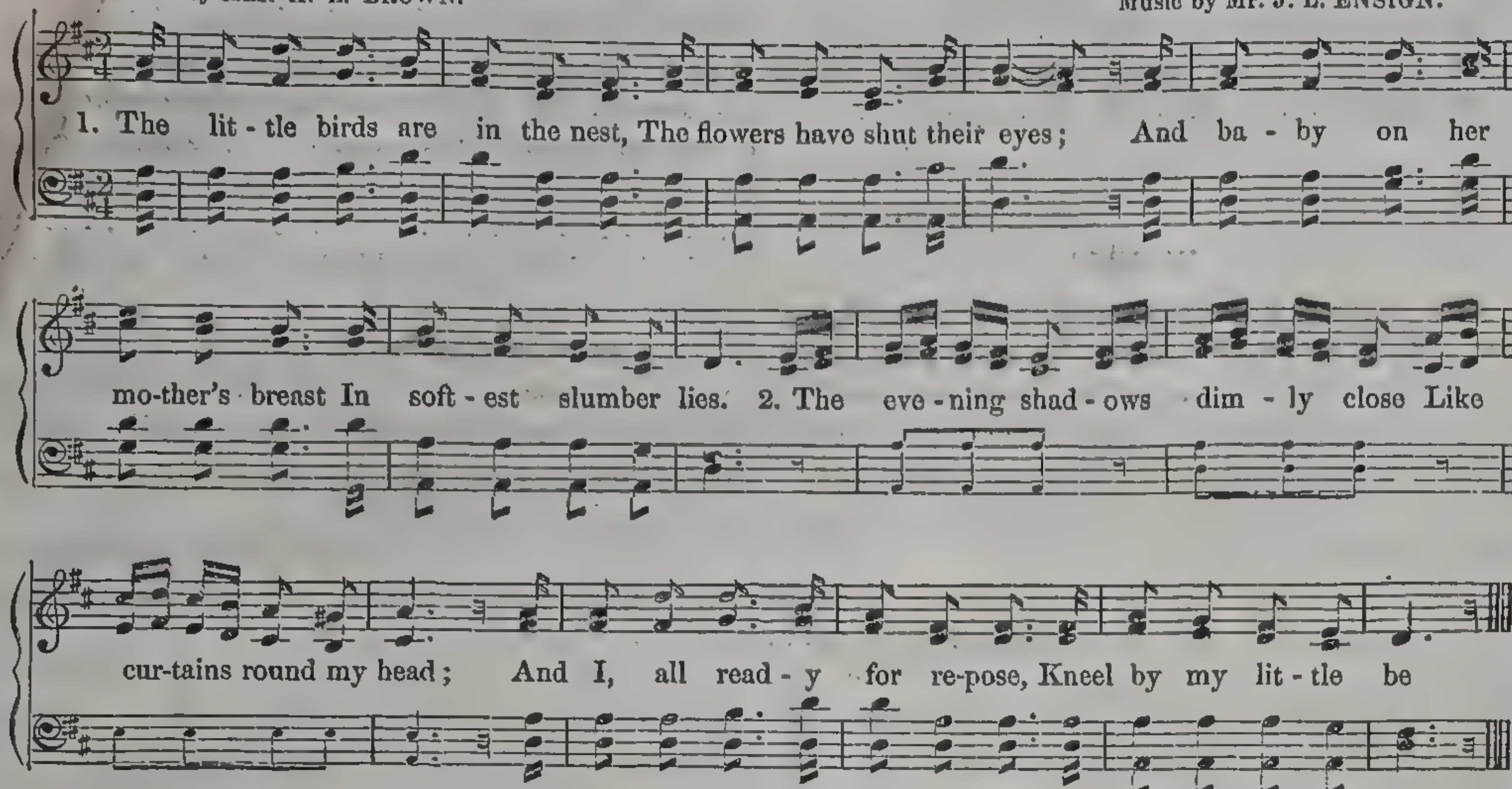
"Did you ever get vexed with me, mother?" asked Lucy, archly.

For the Child at Home.

THE CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



3
I'll think, what I have done to-day,
What have I thought or said?
Have I cared for the right alway?
Of evil been afraid?

4
Forgive me, Father if I've been
Selfish or proud to-day;

If I have caused one heart a pain,
Oh, take the wrong away,

5
And 'mid the silent darkness now,
Kind watch around me keep;
And till the morrow's sunlight glow
Give thy beloved sleep.

Shall a mother make confessions to a child? Mrs. Edwards thought *she* might.

"Yes, dear, I did. I used to get quite as tried as you do with Charles. But I felt it was wrong; that I gained nothing by impatience, and lost much."

"Why, what could you lose?"

"I lost enjoyment and peace of mind, and should have lost the love and confidence of my child if I had gone on in that way. So I made up my mind to be patient and gentle always."

"How did you manage? I find it's easy enough to make up my mind, but it won't stay made up; and I *do* try, mother," said Lucy, the tears starting again. "There now, Charlie, just see what you have done!" she cried, as a sudden thrust of the little fist pushed off the net which confined his sister's curls. "Now see, I shall have my hair all to do up again. Oh dear!"

"I prayed and prayed and prayed," said Mrs. Edwards, without seeming to mind the interruption, "that God would help me control my hasty, irritable spirit. And then I called in common sense to aid me too. I stored my memory with various little amusing stories, against such occasions, and with these so diverted and fascinated you, that you would stand as quietly as I wished, and at last really manifested delight when you were called to be dressed."

"It was a nice way, I'm sure," replied Lucy, quietly.

"Practice it, my daughter, will you?"

"I'll try, mother, but I think—there now, you little mischievous fellow! Just see what he has done, mother; pulled my collar and actually torn it. I declare, I do think you ought to speak to him, and not to me."

Poor little Charlie stood dismayed at what he had done. He did not mean to be naughty, and when he saw the mischief he had wrought with those restless little fingers, and heard the angry words of his sister, he was so astounded that, for a wonder, he stood perfectly still for a whole minute, on the chair where Lucy had left him. She had put the finishing touch to his toilet, and hastened to repair her own.

"Charlie, come here," said mother.

Charlie came.

"Does Charlie want to be a naughty boy?"

"I don't see where the naughty comes from, mamma."

"It comes from inside," said mother, "out of a naughty heart, and it keeps you from minding when you are spoken to. Mother tells you to stand still when you are dressed; will you mind?"

"I guess so," answered the little fellow, as he darted away after his ball, which he spied in the corner.

"You must love Lucy, and do just as she wants you to; will you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you suppose that will do him one mite of good, mother?" asked Lucy, who had in a measure regained her composure.

"Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," repeated her mother in reply.

There are many Lucys and Kitties and Marys and Sallys that read this story, who are called upon to be assistants to mother in taking care of just such roguish, restless little boys.

My little friends, try to be patient, gentle, and sweet-tempered—won't you? Help mother willingly, and do what she requires so pleasantly that she won't feel sorry she has asked you. Remember that the sins of your little brothers are more sins of the active little body than of the spirit; for they do not mean or wish to do wrong. Bring *the two bears*, as Uncle James told his nieces and nephews once, to your assistance. Do you know what he meant? *Bear* and *forbear*. Try, now, next time, with these two bears to help you, if you can't get along better. Try Mrs. Edwards's rules, too, and see if your mother doesn't have occasion to say before long to some friend, "You don't know what a dear child Lucy is,—she is such a help and comfort to me."

H. E. B.

KEEP A LIST.

Keep a list of your *friends*; and let God be first in the list, however long it may be.

Keep a list of the *gifts* you get; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, be first.

Keep a list of your *mercies*; and let pardon and life stand at the head.

Keep a list of your *joys*; and let the joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.

Keep a list of your *hopes*; and let the hope of glory be foremost.

Keep a list of your *sorrows*; and let sorrow for sin be first.

Keep a list of your *enemies*; and, however many they may be, put down the "old man" and the "old serpent" first.

Keep a list of your *sins*; and let the sin of unbelief be set down as the first and the worst of all.

ANCESTORS IN HEAVEN.

It was a beautiful expression of Burke's upon the death of his son, that his child in this world should be his ancestor in the skies. Elder-born in glory, the junior of the household is the senior in heaven.

For the Child at Home.

MEAN NOT TO TRUST HIM.



LITTLE Albert, ten years old, had always been afraid of thunder and lightning. Last summer he was visiting at a friend's house when there came up just at night a beautiful lightning shower. The children were all timid, and

laid aside their play, while a lady friend talked to them until bedtime of God and his love, of the laws he has made that govern all we call nature, and of his great care, through those laws, of his human children.

Albert listened very attentively, and when the lady had finished, he started up: "Mother, I'll go to bed now, and I'll never make any more fuss about it. And I never will be so mean again as to be afraid of his lightning, and not trust God to take care of me. Oh, it is so mean not to trust him!"

E. L. E.

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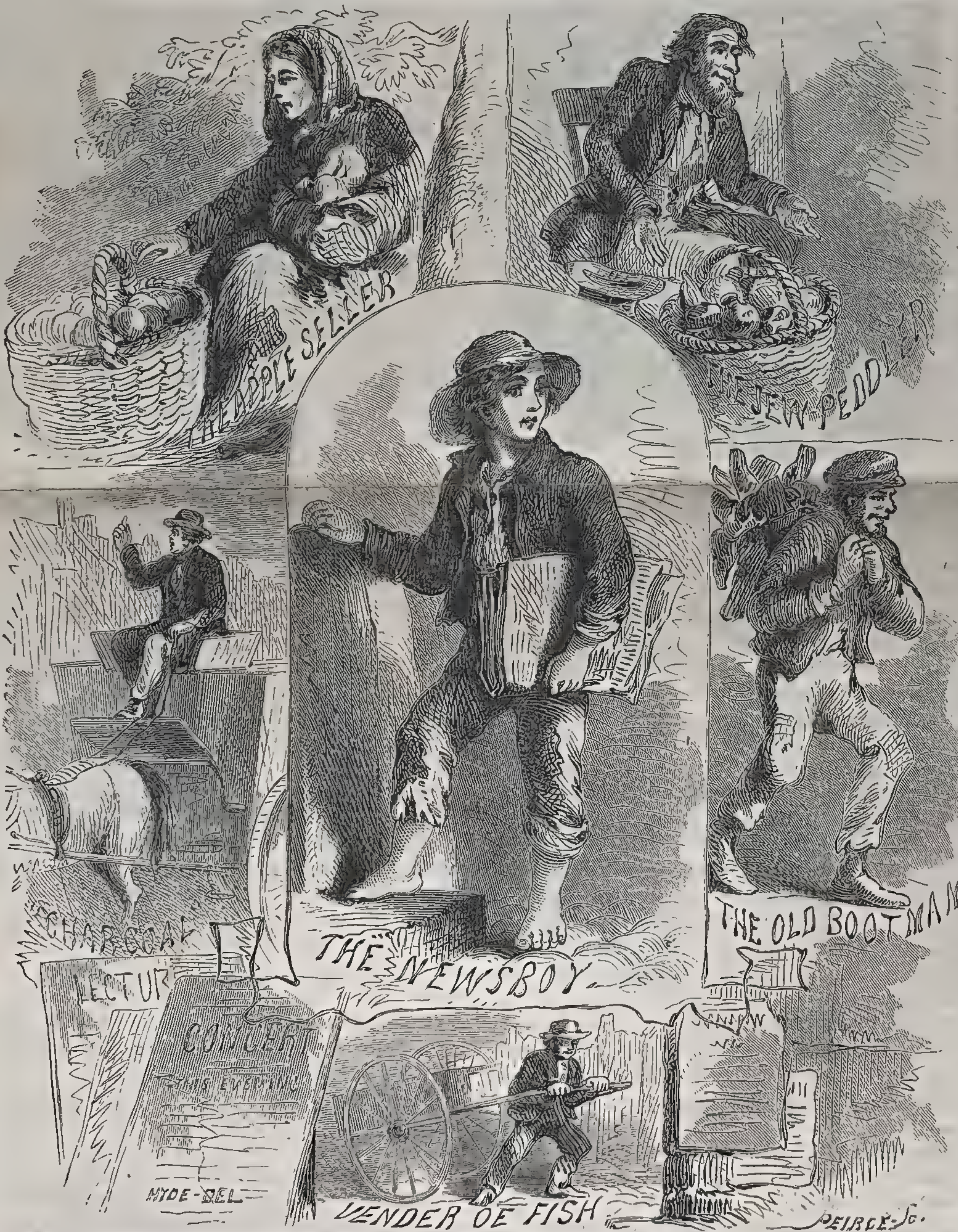


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CITY SCENES AND CRIES.

THIS picture—or rather these pictures, for you see there are several in one—will come under the eyes of thousands of children, doubtless, who have never seen any thing of the kind. For while many of our young friends live in or near cities, there is also a very large number of them whose homes are in the quiet and pleasant towns and villages far away in the country, some of them hundreds of miles distant from any city, and we are sure they will be pleased to look upon such a picture as this.

"I'm not one of those who haven't been in a city," says Johnny, who lives about fifty miles from the capital of his State; "I've been there."

Ah! have you, Johnny? Then if you kept your eyes and ears open, perhaps you can describe this picture. Tell us, now, something of what you heard and saw.

"Well, we got there—father and I—in the evening. The streets were all light from the bright gas burning in the shop-windows and in the street-lamps; but I was so tired I was glad to go to bed

pretty soon after we reached Uncle George's. In the morning the first thing I heard was a man shouting under my window; so I opened it and looked out. There he was, with a hand-cart full of fish, like this in the picture, and he kept shouting, 'Here's cod, haddock, and haliboot!'—he said 'haliboot,' though it's halibut in my dictionary. Just as he moved on, a boy came along the street with a lot of newspapers under his arm. He looked up at the houses on each side and cried out, 'Here's the Mornin' Journal!' and something about the army that I couldn't understand.

"Then, after breakfast as we were going out, a man passed by, sitting on a high seat on a large four-wheeled cart or wagon. The wagon was full of charcoal and his face was black with the coal-dust. He shouted 'Charcoal!' or it sounded like 'chuck-coal' to me, but I suppose he meant all right.

"As we went down town, we passed a woman sitting under one of the trees on Tremont Street, with a baby in her arms and two large baskets before her, one full of apples, and the other of oranges. I bought an orange. I stayed that forenoon in Uncle George's store with Alfred—that's my cousin,—and while I was there a man came in with a basket filled up with vases, colored glass bottles, little white images and a lot of other things. Alfred said he was a Jew peddler.

"Well, let me see. What else? Oh, here's the old boot-man! When we were going home to dinner, I heard somebody whistling 'Yankee Doodle.' I looked all about, and at last saw a man on the other side of the street with a bundle of old boots on his shoulder, and he was whistling with all his might. Uncle George said that man buys old boots to sell again, and that he always whistles 'Yankee Doodle' so that people know when he is near; but there are other men who go along crying 'Old boots!' when they want to buy."

Very well, Johnny. But look at the picture again. Is there any thing else that reminds you of what you saw?

"Oh, yes! the papers stuck up about the city. Uncle George called them posters, or placards. I saw very many of them. Some told of lectures, some of concerts, some of pictures on exhibition, and some, with great red and blue letters, headed 'Theater,' told what was to be seen there. We went to one interesting lecture about the war. We saw some beautiful pictures too. But we didn't go to the theater. Father and Uncle George said it was a place which they hoped none of their children would visit; and I am sure I don't want to if father thinks so, for he is always willing to have me go to any place where it is right for me to go."

You have told a good story, Johnny; and one of the best things in it is the closing sentence. Thank God for a good father, and never forget to honor him.

There are many scenes to be witnessed and many cries to be heard in a city, some good, some bad. While we see the crowds of people moving hither and thither, all seeking their pleasure or profit, we can not forget that at the longest it will not be a long time before each one of this great multitude will lie down to a last sleep, all earthly care and activity over, for it will be the sleep of death. While so many and various articles of merchandise are thrust before us with the urgent request that we should purchase, we should not forget that "pearl of great price" offered us *without money*. While so many cries are ringing in our ears, we should not forget that wonderful, gracious cry, which may be heard both above the bustle of the city and in the still homes of the country, — which falls from the lips of the blessed Saviour: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, hath everlasting life."

For the Child at Home.

THE PLAN.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

The little girls in Scrabble Hollow district lived so far from school that they almost all staid at noon, and they used to have nice times eating their dinner, summer days. There was an old flat rock in the woods just back of the school-house, which they called their table, and a merry dinner party they made.

One Friday noon, Eliza Jane Jenkins stopped short with a huge slice of brown-bread and butter in one hand and a baked apple in the other, exclaiming, —

"Say, girls, I think our old school-house looks too awful bad for Sunday school. When I was down to the village, visitin' at aunt Mirindy's, I went into their school one day, and I tell you now, you had better b'lieve their school-house looked fine. Our square room ain't a bit better."

"How our old tumble-down must look to Mr. Holland and the rest on 'em, when they come out to Sunday school," said Bloomy Jones.

"I don't care," cried Rosette Smith, with a saucy toss of the head. "If villige folks is too stuck up to take poor folks as they find 'em, they may jist stay at home; that's my mind."

"They ain't stuck up, not a grain," answered Eliza Jane, her black eyes growing blacker with indignation; "Mr. Holland nor Miss Cooke nor none of 'em don't look down on us nor our things. You never'd know, from their actions, they ever see any thing different. Stuck up! I never see any body quite so stuck up as your Belindy was when she came home from the factory." Eliza Jane looked scornful and sneering, and Rosette began to bristle up like a fretted porcupine. I do not know what would not have happened, but just at that critical moment, Mary Graham — bless her kind heart! — held a great turnover right between their two scowling faces, crying, —

"Guess, girls! What is in it? The one who guesses right shall have the first bite."

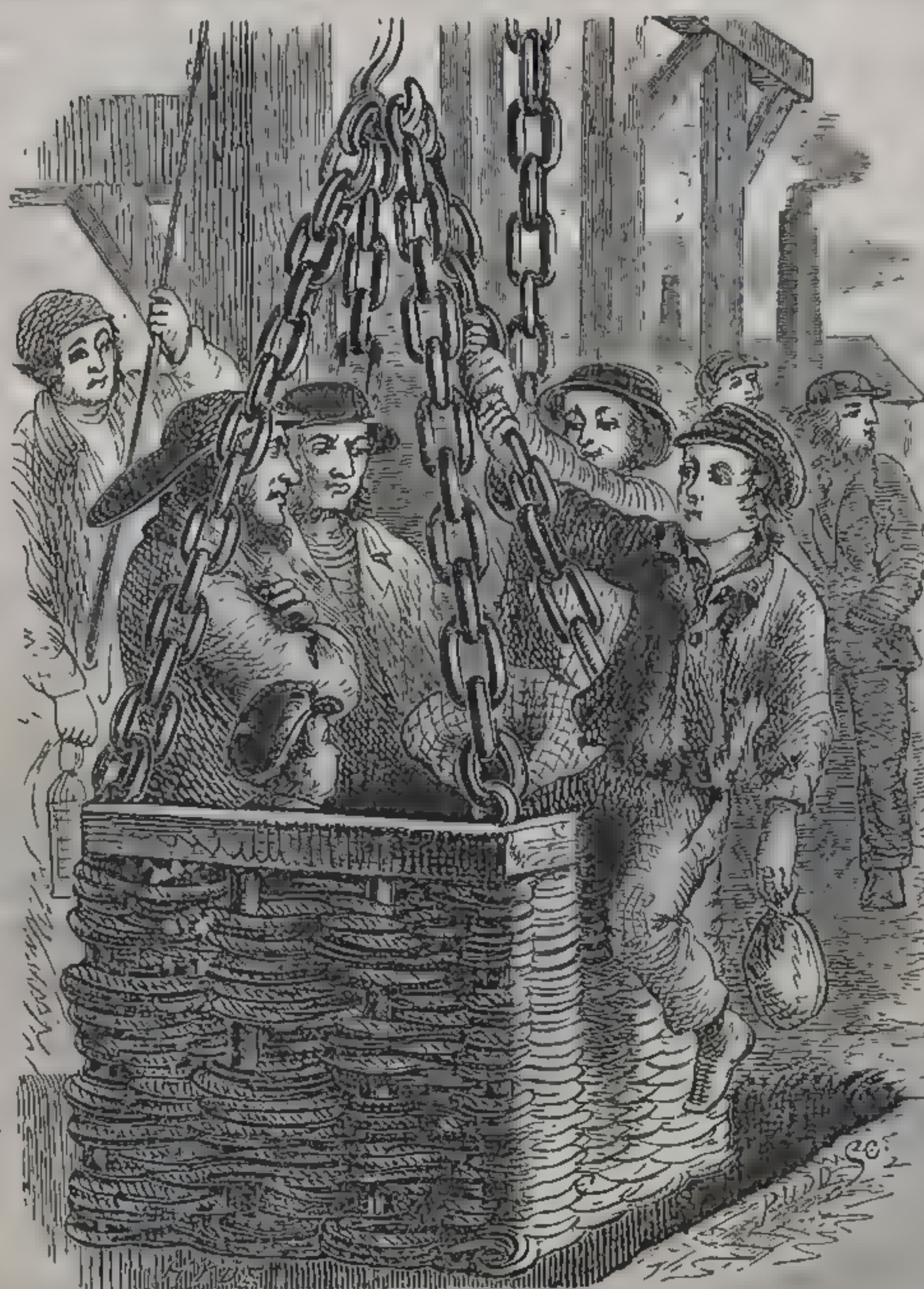
In an instant all sour looks vanished and presently Eliza Jane and Rosette were each rejoicing in a delicious end of Mary's blueberry turnover. Blessed are the peacemakers! As soon as Mary thought the gust of ill temper had quite blown over, she ventured to say, —

"Well, Eliza Jane, I wish the old school-house did look better; what can we do about it?"

"Why, slick it up, to be sure," answered Eliza Jane as she shook the crumbs out of her apron, looking pleased and important. She always liked to go ahead, and whatever she undertook was pretty sure to be put through. "We oughter give it a reg'lar scrubbin' out," said she, "and there's no knowin' how much we could improve it. What say, girls?"

The girls all seemed to think it was a grand idea,

and the next question was, when to do the thing. Mary Graham proposed staying after school to do it; but Eliza Jane had got to go after the cows, and Rosette "wasn't a-goin' to slave herself after she'd been shut up in school all day, for nobody's folks." Bloomy had a big basket of chips to pick up and the supper dishes to wipe. The little Hicks girls had to go raspberrying; for their mother was to take a wagon load of berries down to the village the next morning early. So they agreed that they should come right after dinner on Saturday and see what they could do. How they succeeded, I will tell you next time if you would like to know.



GOING INTO A MINE.

In another part of this paper you have a picture of miners digging for gold in California. There are other valuable things hidden in the earth besides what are called the precious metals, as gold and silver. Coal is one; but the miners have to dig very deep to find it, and after reaching the coal, they work far away under ground, making long passages and large galleries down in the darkness, where the blessed light of day never comes.

This is a picture of coal miners, — men and boys, — going down to their work. They are lowered, as you see, in a sort of box or basket, through that deep hole which leads to the mine, and which is called the shaft. When they reach the bottom, they will grope their way along, through those under-ground passages, with no light but what comes from the little lamps which they carry, until they reach the galleries where they work, and there they will stay, all through the day, returning to their homes above ground at night.

It is a very dangerous calling. Sometimes the mines are suddenly overflowed with water, or there are explosions of gases, or the roof of the mine — that is the coal and earth above them — gives way, and falling down, stops all the passages, so that the poor miners are buried alive. These accidents seldom, if ever, happen to the miners of our country, and not so often in England as formerly; but they do sometimes occur, and many lives are lost. So you see, these miners have need every day to commit themselves to the care of Him who can as easily see and watch over them, in their deep, dark working places, as he can see us who are out in the light of the sun.

This picture is one of the illustrations of a book just published by this Society, entitled, "Down in a Mine." It is a most interesting story of what happened to five miners, three of whom were boys. The two men who were with them had the love of Christ in their hearts, and it is delightful to read

how that love sustained these men in their dreadful trial, and enabled them to comfort their young companions. Truly, God is always ready to listen to the cry of those who put their trust in him.

For the Child at Home.

NELLIE'S REQUEST.

"WRITE me some verses," Nellie said;
"And what about?" said I,
Stroking the little flaxen head;
"Tell me, and I will try."
"A snake," replied the little maid,
And archly raised her eye.

My heart recoiled from such a thing;
I thought of sorrowing Eve,
And him who, clothed in beauty, came
To lure her and deceive,
Till, bowed beneath her sin and shame,
Her Eden she must leave;

Of scorpions of fiery sting,
And fatal poison, too,
Which, by command of Israel's King,
Among the people flew, —
Rebellion, sad and cruel thing,
Slays sinners not a few.

Then visions sweet of mercy rose
Before my wondering eyes;
Moses the brazen serpent shows,
"Now look and live," he cries.
So Jesus hung upon the Cross,
Our saving sacrifice.

The serpent still, my little maid,
Is ready to deceive;
But of his arts be not afraid,
Nor his fair words believe;
Christ stands upon the serpent's head,
That you and I may live.

His fangs may penetrate the soul,
And make it sick and sore;
But Jesus' blood can make you whole,
Can renovate and cure.
To Jesus look, then, little one,
Nor fear the serpent's power.

H. F. B.

For the Child at Home.

THE NEW PIANO.

Little Bessie was very fond of music, and she hoped and hoped, as she often said, that her father would buy a piano and let her take lessons. Indeed, she had almost set her heart upon the idea, making it many times the motive for doing specially well in various duties. Papa had made no promise; but she watched his face closely when she talked of her wishes, and her hopes grew brighter every time he commended her singing.

One night he was unaccountably anxious the children should go to bed before the usual hour; lessons and pastimes were hurried through; and soon after, true to nature's beautiful law of rest, they had forgotten both the pleasures and the vexations of the day. Late in the evening all this was explained by the arrival of a hugo box, in an expressman's cart. And then a handsome instrument was unpacked, and a guest invited to try its qualities. Every body appeared to be happy and satisfied, and papa said that Bessie's shout of surprise and joy, when she opened the parlor door in the morning, would repay him for all.

The guest slept with Bessie that night, and both were awake long before the time to appear in the family room. It was the Sabbath, and a lovely time to speak of holy thoughts and themes. Bessie, we trust, was one of the Saviour's little ones, and as they talked of what it is to be a Christian, and to do all one could to please and honor God, she told the lady about her plans for getting money to put in the missionary-box, or to give to the needy at home; sometimes she gave her toy money because she thought it would please Jesus.

"And what, if you should give it, do you suppose would please him most?" asked the lady. "I don't

know," said Bessie; "I have given him my heart ever so many times; but I wish I had something more to give him." "Well, if you give him yourself, and what you love best and what you desire most, that will be pleasing above all things in his sight. Supposing, now, you should have the piano you so much wish, would you be willing to give that away to Jesus?" "Oh, yes," said Bessie; "I want to give him the very best, and I can't think of any thing better than a piano." "But how would you give him such a thing, dear child? You surely would not sell or part with it, any way?" "No," said Bessie; "but if it was mine, it would be his too; and then I would make the piano sing for my heart: it should sing to praise him." "That would be a very true way to give an instrument to Jesus; but what if the sweet keys should be made to play what would not please him?" "Oh, I should feel as if my dear piano was dreadfully hurt if any body made it play what Jesus does not like. I want it should be all true to him. Oh, I do wish I had a piano for my heart to give to Jesus!"

"Well, Bessie," said the lady, "shall we not kneel down here before we go down stairs, and give our hearts, and all we have, and all we hope for, anew to him?"

Very simple was the child's prayer of consecration; but we doubt not it was sweet as praise to him who says, "Give me thine heart."

"Auntie," said Bessie, as they were leaving the room, "I had such a beautiful dream last night,—I heard such charming music, and it did not seem as I was asleep, either. I thought the angels came and went all around me."

Happy Bessie! the angels came and went in her heart all day, with such music as the young, glad heart always makes when it gives all it has to its Saviour.

E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

THE SHORT VERSE.

Entering our little school-room in C. one evening, before the hour for the Sabbath-school concert to commence, I found several of the scholars comparing the verses they had selected for the usual recitation.

"What is your verse, Edward?" asked James. Edward pointed it out in his open Bible.

"Oh!" laughed James, "what a short verse."

"Yes, but it means a great deal!" was the emphatic reply.

Perhaps any verse Edward might have selected that night would have attracted more than my usual attention, as indicating the direction of his thoughts; for within a few days he had told me that he had given his heart to the Saviour. But now more than ever, after that earnest answer, did I wonder what precious text had taken that strong hold upon his young heart which his tone indicated.

I remembered the past. I recalled, with the creeping shudder it always brought to me, the answer he had given, for a long year and more, to my often repeated question: "Can you not decide to be a Christian, to-night, Edward?"

It was ever the same: "I don't know,"—which rang through my heart like the death-knell of a soul, for I greatly feared it would seal his eternal doom. The half desponding tone in which he used to say it sounded so cheerless, that I often thought it was useless to say more. But that answer haunted me. I, too, had a precious promise: "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not;" and I resolved never to cease my efforts, while life left hope.

And God heard our prayers, his mother's prayers, breathed first around his cradle, then as he knelt by

her side, and often, very often, when he knew it not. And so one night, when I again asked, "Can you not go to Christ, as a poor sinner, to-night, Edward?" his earnest "Yes," in that firm tone I understood so well, sent a rush of joy through my heart, that made me tremble from the very fullness of hope and greatness of blessing. Carefully was I watching for the fruits of his decision, and so I listened with a peculiar interest, as, in his turn, he gave his verse: "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Truly that verse did mean a great deal. And it meant something, I hoped, that thus early in his Christian life he had so taken the blessed promise into his heart. If in the future he would remember it, it would surely make him strong for the conflict, and often have my prayers for him taken the form, "Lord make it ever mean a great deal to him."

Often has this precious promise, put thus in the strong light of a question, with the emphasis of his earnest tone, come to me in times of trial, full of strong support. Yes, it means a great deal. It is all a Christian needs to nerve him for the conflict with sin; for it gives the assurance of victory.

But alas! this is not all. It has a fearful fullness of meaning for those who are not in the ranks of the Lord's hosts. It means too much for such. Then let me ask earnestly, Does it mean for us a great deal of comfort or a great deal of terror?

Franco.



For the Child at Home.

DIGGING FOR GOLD.

A few years ago there was a great excitement about the gold in California. It was called the "California fever." Very many men, young, middle-aged, and even some old men had that fever, and became restless in what seemed to them the dull, plodding, unprofitable life they were living here at home; and thousands of them turned their backs upon those they loved and went to that distant shore of the Pacific, and then far back inland to the mines, in their eager search for gold.

They had heard the stories of men who had been there. They had seen specimens of the glittering dust or of the yellow metal itself which had been taken out of the earth, and it seemed so much easier to get rich by going where one only had to take

a pickaxe and dig, and wash the earth to separate the gold from it, that they could stay at home no longer. So they went away to California. And there in the mines they endured hardships and privations; they toiled early and late, for days and weeks and months, and some of them for years before they again saw father or mother, wife or child.

But did they all become rich? Oh no, not all. I remember seeing in a store in Boston, a young man who had just returned, having been one of the first to go out. His sallow cheeks and sunken eyes and feeble steps told how much he had endured; but he had secured the gold, for before us on the counter he laid a number of little leather bags containing nearly twenty thousand dollars worth of the shining dust; and this was a great deal for him, for when he left he had very little money.

Every such case was made public, and only served to increase the fever in other young hearts and tempt them to go to the same golden land in the hope of like success. But of the hundreds and thousands who failed,—who found graves there "among the mines," or who returned broken, and discouraged in heart, with ruined health and no money, or were even helped on the way homeward by the charity of strangers and came back with the sorrowful confession that gold might be obtained far easier at home,—of these not much was said, at first; but after a while it was found out that though California is a beautiful place to live in, and untold millions of treasures may be hidden beneath its fields and rivers, it is not a place where all may become satisfied with gold, and by no means the only place where honest toil is rewarded.

In those times of excitement a few realized their expectations; they obtained what they sought,—gold. But a great multitude were disappointed; their hopes were blasted.

Would it not be very delightful if we could discover a mine or field where all might dig, and all be successful in finding treasures? There is such a field. It has hidden in it abundance of treasure for all who will search; and the treasure is such that once obtained, it will never be lost. Gold and silver and precious stones you know might be taken from us. Moth and rust corrupt almost every thing in this world, and thieves are watching to break through and steal.

Can you think what this treasure is, and where it may be found? Hear what the wise man says in God's Word: "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her, as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." And He who "spake as never man spake" compares the kingdom of heaven to a treasure hid in a field; and his gracious teachings have made the way to obtain that priceless treasure so plain that if any of us fail of securing it, we shall stand before Him in the day of judgment in fearful poverty, but without excuse,—speechless.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

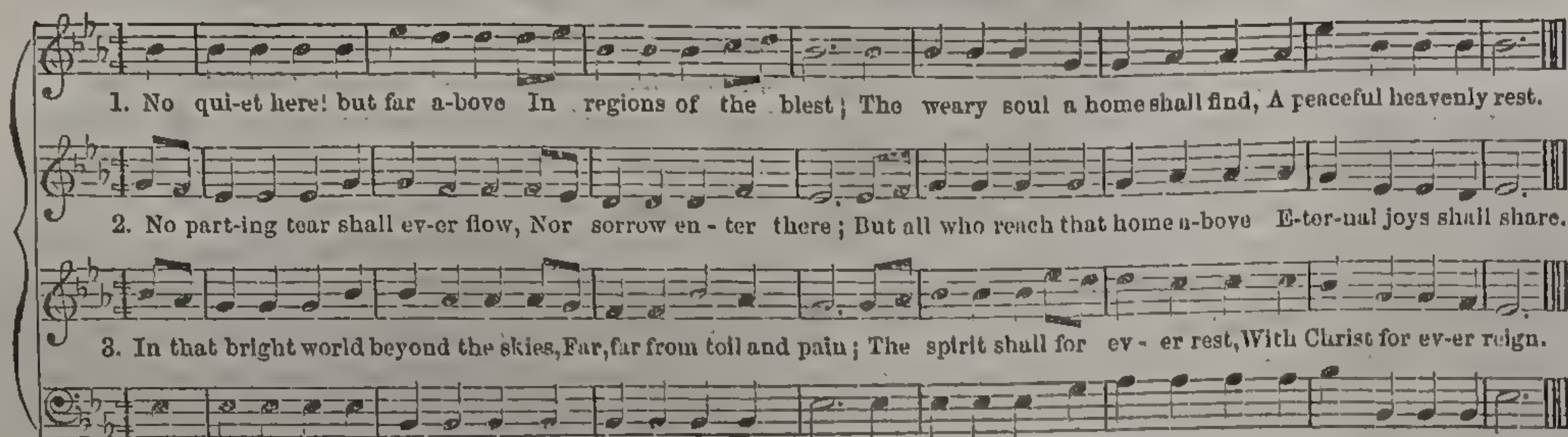
ONLY ONCE AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Little Rosa was only four years old when she went for the first time to the Sabbath school, and recited the verse her mother taught her, commencing, "Suffer little children to come unto me," with perfect correctness. The teacher explained to her that these words were an invitation from the blessed Saviour to all little children to love and trust him, and that if they do this he will take care of them

For the Child at Home.

"NO QUIET HERE."

Words and Music by MR. C. W. TEWKSBURY.



4
Oh, blissful home! Oh, blest abode!
Shall I thy glories see?
For ever strike those harps of gold,
Throughout eternity?

5
Create my heart anew, O Lord,
And never let me roam;
Oh, may I ever faithful prove,
Till thou shalt call me home.

in life, and at length take them to live with him in heaven. Rosa was very attentive during this explanation, and when she went home she repeated it to her mother, but added, "Mother, you take care of me; I suppose my teacher meant that God takes care of little girls who haven't any mother." Her mother told her that even a little child who has a mother needs God's care to keep her alive and in health, and to guard her from many dangers which no eye but his can see. "He takes care of you in the darkness of the night, when your parents are sleeping, and would not know if you were in danger; and he is the only friend who can keep you from doing wrong, and give you a new heart, that you may be fitted to live with him in heaven."

Rosa seemed quite satisfied with this explanation, and said, "I wish God would be my friend, and take me to live with him in heaven."

"You must do as your teacher directed," said her mother; "love and trust him, and ask him every day to be your friend, and he will certainly hear your prayer."

These words made a great impression upon Rosa, and she added to her little prayers the petition, "Please, Jesus Christ, give me a new heart, and be my friend, and take me when I die to live with thee in heaven."

Once during the week she was quite impatient with her little brother; but when her mother reproved her for this, and told her that God would not be her friend if she was unkind to her brother, she was overwhelmed with distress, and could not be consoled until her mother prayed with her and asked God to forgive her. On Thursday of the week which followed her first Sabbath school, Rosa was taken sick, and, notwithstanding all that could be done for her by her weeping friends, she grew rapidly worse until the Sabbath, when, just as the children were on their way to school, the tolling of the bell announced that her spirit had gone away from this world. Her prayer was answered; the Saviour had come, and taken her in his arms, and folded her to his bosom, and carried her to live with him in heaven. She had been only once to the Sabbath school below when she was called to go up to the care of the Great Teacher above. The little class of which she was a member were very sad at her death; and I think some of them thought a great deal more than they had ever done before about dying, and the importance of having Jesus for a friend.

M.

For the Child at Home.

HOW THE MONEY WAS RAISED.

The superintendent of a Sabbath school in Wisconsin sends us the following account of the way in which the money needed for papers in his school was raised. Perhaps some of our young readers will imitate the example of the little girl of whom he

speaks, if they are connected with or know of a destitute school:—

"For our school of fifty or sixty scholars we wanted fifty copies of the 'Child at Home,' and the same number of the 'Young Reaper,' so that we could have a paper semi-monthly; and for this we needed twelve dollars and thirty cents. The question arose, How can it be raised? and, as the church is somewhat involved and short of funds, I concluded to give the scholars one week to try what they could do toward raising it, each one doing his best, and I promised that the church should raise the balance. All agreed to it.

"During that week might have been seen, morning and evening, before and after school, a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of about twelve years, going from house to house, and shop to shop, through the village, with paper and pencil in hand; and now you will not be surprised when I tell you that, the next Sabbath, that same little girl came up to the table during the recitation of the lessons, with that same paper in hand, in which were fifty-six names, and thirteen dollars and forty cents cash, all of which she had received herself of her own accord. That's what I call noble.

"And now, I only wish that every Sunday school had such a little missionary, so that the Child at Home might be put into every family that has a child in the Sunday school." "Superintendent."

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE BOYS AND MONKEYS.



AN you tell me, little boys—for I want to have a short talk with the very youngest of you—can you tell me what makes a boy better than a monkey?

You know that in some things they are much alike. A boy don't wish to be called

a monkey, because if he were called so it would most likely be by somebody who was angry with him, and who did it out of spite, and on purpose to vex him. But still little boys and monkeys are alike in their fondness of play, their disposition to imitate others, and their love of mischief.

Did you ever see a boy who didn't like to play? and did you ever see a monkey that wasn't at any time ready for a frolic?

Did you ever find a boy who was not inclined to imitate many things that he saw men do? I think not; and I'm sure you never found a monkey that wasn't always watching people about him, and taking the first opportunity to do what he had seen them do.

Are not boys almost always inclined to be a little mischievous? and certainly you need not be told that mischief is the life of a monkey.

But can monkeys read, and reason, and talk, and think, and sing, and pray? No. Has a monkey a mind? has he a soul? No. Ah, then, what a difference there is between little boys and monkeys!

But are you *better* than they? That will depend upon how you are living and acting. If a monkey can not talk, nor think, nor reason, can he know what is right and what is wrong? No. Can he be blamed for not acting right? No. But *you* can think. You know what is right and wrong. You know that you have a mind and a soul, and that all your powers should be used for the glory of God who made you, and Christ who redeemed you. Remember, then, when you see and laugh at the frolics and the mischief of a monkey, that it is the right use of the powers God has given you that shall lift you far above the poor brutes that perish at death, while you live on for ever. Monkeys are made to be just what they are, and no more. Little boys have immortal souls.

Uncle Paul.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following versified paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer has been set to music in England, and meets with great acceptance:—

Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
Thy name be hallowed every where:
Thy kingdom come; thy perfect will
In earth, as heaven, let all fulfill:
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive:
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by thy hand:
Now and forever unto thee,
Thy kingdom, power, and glory be.

Amen.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The attention of subscribers is called to the note on POSTAGE, under the head of TERMS for the Child at Home, at the close of this page.

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MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING.

Not long ago I heard a good man address a company of Sabbath-school children. His gray hairs told that for him the busy day of life was far spent. As he looked with a pleased expression of countenance upon the bright faces before him, he said, "I don't know why it is that the children always treat me with so much respect and kindness unless it is because they know that *they will sometime be old themselves.*"

Perhaps this was one reason; but I know that warm-hearted Christian man; I know the smile and affectionate greeting with which he always meets the young; and I never wonder that they both re-

spect and love him. He will never be described by any of the large number of girls and boys who are acquainted with him, as "the man who never looks at children."

Yes, young readers, it is true that children "will sometime be old themselves." You have before you, here, a picture of life's day. With the little one hiding behind her mother and playing "bo-peep" with her grandfather, it is morning; with the happy mother, it is noon; and with the infirm and aged man, who looks upon both daughter and granddaughter, it is evening. There is much in the picture to suggest serious thoughts, but they may be pleasant and profitable as well as serious; for we

should keep in mind that while we all are on a journey which, if we pass through its whole extent, will be ended with life's day, it may for each of us be in a path which shall grow brighter and brighter till its end is reached.

Most of those who will read these lines are in life's morning. You are just beginning the journey of life. If you were about starting on a journey to a distant country, how careful you would be to provide all those things which would help to make you comfortable and happy while on the way! and if you had heard of some one thing which was of the utmost importance to the traveler, without which he would be most uncomfortable, and with which he would be enabled to pass happily through all trials, and either be relieved from or enabled patiently to bear all the discomforts of the journey, how earnestly would you seek that one important thing, and how determined would you be not to start without it!

There is one thing needful, dear children, for each of you. Without it, you can never in this world be truly happy, and the time is coming when, if still without it, you must be most miserable. If sought now, in life's morning, at the outset of the journey to another world which you have all begun, you will surely find it, for so God has promised. Then, should you live to see life's noon, when cares will press upon you and the way perhaps often seem rough and trying, that possession will be to you as the cool "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," as water to the thirsty, as strength to the weak; and it will nerve you for every duty. And when life's evening comes, and the infirmities of age shall bow you down and remind you that the journey of life is nearly

ended, then will this same possession fill your heart with joy and peace. It will make you look cheerfully and lovingly upon the little ones who will then be where you now are,—in life's morning; and at last, when your day and your journey are done, and night comes, it will be dark only to those who grieve at your departure; for the light of *eternity's* day and the glory of the celestial city will be opened to your sight. All this will then be true of you, if you have secured that all-important *one thing*.

Do I need to tell you that the "one thing needful" is the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, which he is ready to give to every child that asks for it with a sincere wish to have that love?



For the Child at Home.

AT EVENING PRAYER.

"Now I lay me," soft and low,
Comes like angel whispers;
By the bedside in a row,
Kneel three infant lipsers.

Carrie, with her eyes of blue
Yet undimmed by sorrow,
Little Fred, and baby Lu,
Two years old to-morrow.

Hands are clasped in reverent love,
Heads all bowed so lowly,
Hearts upraised to things above,
Thoughts subdued and holy.

"Keep us all the long night through,"
Now plead Fred and Carrie;
And "Pease Dod, bess baby Lu,"
Lisps the wee-bit fairy.

"Now, my darlings, kiss good-night,
Lulu's eyes are closing;" —
Smiles mamma with fond delight
O'er her pets reposing.

Twilight deepens; — soon appear
Stars in countless numbers;
Little sleepers know no fear, —
Angels guard their slumbers.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

Early Saturday afternoon, all the little girls in Scrabble Hollow district got together at the old school-house to see how much better they could make it look for Sabbath school. The boys were off in the hay-field at work.

"First of all, it's got to be swept," said Eliza Jane, "and the old broom is done for. Come on, girls, where brooms grow!"

"Why, where is that?" asked Mary Graham, laughing.

"Just you come on and you'll see," shouted back Eliza Jane as she went racing down to the woods. In the edge of the forest grew an old hemlock-tree that was always very willing to help the children in any way he could; so they pulled down some of his lowest branches and cut some nice thick boughs. Eliza Jane, like a business character, had brought a jack-knife and some twine in her pocket, and in a trice the boughs were tied around the broom-stick, and the broom was made.

"Well, there!" said Mary Graham, "I never saw any body make a broom before; I hadn't any idea how they did it."

"Shouldn't think you knew much if you didn't know that!" said Esther Hicks.

"I guess she knows lots more than ever you will, Esther Hicks," said Rosette Smith, rather angrily.

"Now, girls, I tell you what," said Eliza Jane, leaning on her new broom and looking wise. "It's no use our sayin' that village girls don't know nothin' nor their sayin' that we don't. They know some things and we know other things. There's Mary Graham, has al'ays lived in a big village,

and she knows a sight of things about books and folks and all that, that I don't; and she can talk proper and I can't; but I know all the trees in them woods and she don't begin to, and I can do a mess of things that she don't know how to more'n a baby. If she don't twit us, we needn't her; so now!" With that she shouldered her broom and marched into the school-room.

In a little while the girls had the uneven, rough old floor thoroughly swept, and were dusting the hacked and rickety benches. All the larger girls helped except Rosette. She was one of those people called shirks who don't care who does their part of the work, provided they don't have to do it themselves.

"Ain't you glad you have got somebody to do your sweepin' for you?" asked Eliza Jane, tossing back her hair from her glowing cheeks, and looking up at Rosette who sat perched at her ease on one of the desks with her face resting in her hands and her elbows on her knees.

"I hate sweepin'," said Rosette.

"Maybe some of the rest of us don't do it for the fun of it," said Mary Graham, with a laugh.

"Rosette oughter had the same verse I did, in Sunday school, last Sunday," said Esther Hicks.

"What's that?" asked Rosette, rather sharply.

"Folks that won't work, sha'n't eat."

"There ain't no such a verse in the Bible! I'll leave it to Mary Graham if there is," said Rosette.

"There's one that amounts to just about the same thing, Rosy. You had better look out," said Mary.

"But, girls, the poor old school-room doesn't look very well after all, does it? I do wish we could cover these great bare places somehow. Oh, I know, I know, I know!"

With that Mary jumped up and down, whirled around three times, clapped her hands, and dashed off into the woods. Of course all the rest ran after her; and presently they all came back with their arms full of cedar-boughs. Years and years ago the old school-room had been plastered, but great patches of the plaster had fallen off and left the bare gaping clapboards staring out; and Mary's device was to stick the cracks full of little cedar branches, and so cover the bare spots. When it was done, the room looked so bowery and smelled so woody that the children had half a mind to pull off the rest of the plaster. Some large branches they had left they put up at the windows where the old sun was in the habit of staring in until they were nearly stupefied.

"Oh, won't Mr. Holland be pleased!" said Mary, and all the rest of the children wagged their heads and smacked their lips as much as to say, "Won't he though!" Mr. Holland was a kind merchant in the village, who had come out among them and started this little Sabbath school when every body told him it was no use at all. The Scrabble Hollow people were too far from any church to walk, and most of them too poor to keep a horse; so they had spent their Sabbaths just lounging about the house and barn, or over the hills, or even working in the fields, until this little school was started. You would be astonished if you could see what a rough-and-tumble set it was that first came rushing and hooting and hurrahing into the little school-house to meet the young superintendent. But all that was changed now. They had found out that he was their friend, and more than that, that God in heaven was their friend and they had got to loving their Sabbath and their Sabbath school.

"It really begins to look quite pleasant, Eliza Jane, — all but that monstrous old stove," said Mary Graham as she gazed around her. "I do wish we could do something with that. It takes up all the best part of the room. Then the old rusty pipe looks as if it would pitch down on our heads if it wasn't for those great ugly wire-spiders that go sprawling all over the ceiling."

"It does look shocking bad, don't it," said Eliza Jane. "We might wash it, leastways."

So at it she went, and the circle of girls around the huge monster admired to see how black and shining he became under her hands; but alas! they were sadly taken aback to see that just as fast as the water dried, he grew very red in the face. So did poor Eliza Jane; and the more desperate she grew, the more water she put on; and the more water she put on, the rustier got the stove.

"Alas! what perils do environ

The man that meddles with cold iron."

At last she gave it up in despair, declaring she didn't care how it looked, — which really meant that she did care a great deal, but she couldn't help it.

After taking another view of their work, the girls concluded there was nothing more to be done, and they had better go home.

"Now we must be sure and have some first-rate lessons," said Mary Graham, "to match our nice room."

"So we will!" "I shall!" "So shall I!" shouted one and another as they bounded out of the door.



For the Child at Home.

"WHIP-PO-WIL"

Little Willie sat on the doorstep of an old-fashioned farm-house, looking unusually sober and thoughtful. He had come to spend a few weeks with his mother at the old homestead where her happy childhood had passed swiftly away. They had only arrived the day before, and every thing was yet new and strange to our little city friend. He had been very happy all the long forenoon; but toward night, all at once his fine spirits forsook him, and he complained of feeling tired and homesick.

All alone he sat just now, watching the shadows which were growing deeper and deeper, and listening to the sweet twilight music of the country. Suddenly he started up, and strained his eyes in affright at some fancied object of terror.

A solitary whip-po-wil, perched upon a neighboring tree, had commenced its evening song, and Willie, who had never before heard one, was startled beyond measure. The truth is, he had told his mother a naughty falsehood during the afternoon, and as he had felt guilty and miserable ever since, it seemed now to his excited brain that an accusing voice had arisen in condemnation against him.

"Whip-po-wil, whip-po-wil!" burst forth again and again from the tiny throat of the lonely night-bird, and Willie was in despair. He could see no person, and his imagination conjured up some awful hobgoblin coming to punish him for his sin.

Just then his mother appeared in the doorway, looking for her little boy, and an exclamation of astonishment escaped her upon seeing his white face and wild look.

"What ails my darling?" she asked; "are you sick, Willie? Come to me and tell me what has happened to distress you."

Mrs. Gray seated herself upon the doorstep, and drawing Willie into her arms, endeavored to soothe his excitement. After much trembling and sobbing

he confided to her his trouble; and gently chiding him for his fault, the fond mother explained to him about the whip-po-wil and its song, and then talked to him very seriously, while those peculiar bird-notes still burst forth in a continuous strain from amid the leafy boughs of the old elm at the gate.

She told him how the bird resembled conscience in his case. How it had come like a monitor to remind him of his wrong-doing, and to warn him that he deserved punishment. Very gravely, yet lovingly, she talked with him, and Willie never forgot that quiet hour with its lesson of love and wisdom.

Whenever he was tempted to tell an untruth, the clear, shrill notes of that solitary night-bird seemed to ring in his ears, and acted as a restraint upon him.

Ah, little reader, conscience is your whip-po-wil, and its accusing voice will rise against you if you disregard its friendly warning. Take it for your guide, then, or there will be ever a mournful "whip-po-wil" in your soul which will give you no rest until, like Willie, you repent of your misdeeds and look to Jesus for pardon;—and then how quickly will the load of unhappiness be removed!

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

SLEEPY BILLY.

The boys all called him so; the girls did, too, sometimes, though they were a little more afraid of getting Billy provoked than the boys were, and were more careful about it. And grown-up people, from hearing his playmates always speak of him with that title, fell into the same habit, till he was known all about the village where he lived as Sleepy Billy.

How did he get such a title?

Billy was one of those boys who never seem to have much life or activity. You have seen such. He was kind-hearted, clever enough, as people say; but he never took hold of any thing as if he really meant to do it, and do it well. The great trouble was, Billy was *lazy*. That was all, and that was enough; for laziness—or slothfulness, which is the same thing you know—is a sin. And did you ever think that there is reason to believe it is a sin which has kept thousands of souls out of heaven?

He had a good mind and a healthy body; but very often when the boys wanted to have a first-rate play, or when there was work to be done such as boys can always do, Billy perhaps began with the others, but soon got *tired* as he said, and went and sat down in some comfortable place, and if he did not actually fall asleep, at any rate exerted himself no more for that time.

One fine, warm morning in summer, Billy started for school, with his satchel of books, and a nice lunch of sandwiches done up in paper and tucked in at the top. It was not a very long walk; but Billy as usual became tired, and thought he would rest on a seat by the roadside where he had dreamed away many precious minutes before. But the seat was so pleasant in the shade of the trees, the gentle morning breeze was so cool and refreshing, and Billy so *willing* to sleep, that he did fall asleep just then and there. Now Farmer Adams, whose grounds were near this seat, had a dog,—a good-natured, playful fellow, and one that could always appreciate a good dinner. He happened to come along the road, and, seeing Billy, wagged his tail and stopped, all ready for a frolic. But Billy slept on. Very soon Towser discovered, by the savory smell of

Billy's sandwiches, that there was a nice meal for him in the satchel; so, thrusting his nose into it, he laid hold of the paper bundle, dragged it out, and hastened away to a good place behind the wall, where he devoured Billy's lunch with much satisfaction, and then sought company elsewhere, to the great amusement of Mr. Adams's hired man, who had seen and understood the whole affair from a field near by.

At last Billy awoke. He seized his satchel and found to his surprise that his lunch was gone; but he could not now stop to unravel the mystery, and started off with much misgiving for school, where he received a severe and merited reproof for tardiness from his teacher. But Billy kept silent about his loss while he slept, and in fact about his sleeping, too.

As the boys came by that seat at noon, Mr. Adams's man, who thought the story too good to be kept to himself, told them all about Billy's nap and Towser's meal. Billy hurried out of sight and



hearing of the boys, for their shouts and merriment at his expense were altogether too much for him.

That morning's nap gained for him the name of Sleepy Billy. It would seem hard if he had been sick or weak, or really tired. But it was not so. It was simply his sinful yielding to indolence; and the wise man was speaking in the Bible to just such a person as Billy when he said, "Go to the ant, thou *sluggard*; consider her ways and be wise."

Now will you read on a little farther? because some people have said to me that children like to hear or read *stories*, but don't want any thing else; and I am not inclined to believe it true of *you*.

There is a great deal of work for us all to do in this world. Much of it is pleasant; some of it is not so pleasant. When these bodies of ours really become tired and weak and worn, our kind and gracious Master is willing for us to rest. There is a time for sleeping, and perhaps none need it more than boys and girls. But we can never do our work here, and can never please him, if we are *slothful*, like Sleepy Billy. While he slept, Towser stole his lunch. If we are sleepy and careless about our *souls*, one who has been called our "great enemy," the Evil One, will steal away our peace of mind, and, if possible, all our desires ever to be any other than thoughtless and careless about our welfare.

Our hearts need constant watching. "Watch

and pray," says the Lord Jesus, "that ye enter not into temptation." "Let us not sleep, as do others," says the apostle Paul; "but let us watch and be sober." There are dear ones about us whom we can help toward heaven if we are not slothful. Many a saint now in the world of glory, I doubt not, would tell you that he had been aided in getting there by the precious prayers and sweet example of a Christian child. If you know of any work in your power to do which would please Jesus, would you not be glad to do it? Go away alone, then, and ask him to show you how to be an *active, earnest young Christian*. I am afraid Sleepy Billy's slothfulness kept him from doing this. Don't be like him.

Uncle Paul.

"THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH."

A devoted teacher in one of our Metropolitan Ragged Schools had a most unruly boy in her class. He had used his utmost endeavors to undermine her authority and influence. He had resisted all efforts to impress him with the importance of divine truth, and had even treated her with rudeness. What was to be done? His influence and example were most dangerous. Should he be expelled from the school? At this juncture, the teacher determined to make this rude, unpromising youth the subject of *particular, constant, wrestling prayer*. Her cry was, "Lord, remember *Robert*." Her prayer was not in vain. Walking in the neighborhood of the school on a particular day, that teacher met the object of her supplications. With tears in his eyes, he grasped her hand, and, with a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Oh, teacher, I have been very unkind to you. I feel I am a wicked boy, but do be kind to me still, and teach me something about Jesus."

Time rolled on. The youth became a man. But how altered! Now no longer despising instruction, but seeking it. Now no longer rude and repulsive, but gentle and loving. His whole life evidenced a change of heart. In a word, he was a new creature. The *wrestling prayer* had been heard, and another seal had been affixed to the faithfulness of God. Teachers, "Go and do likewise."

S. S. T. Mag.

For the Child at Home.

THE DEFORMED CHILD.

In our village lives a little girl, named May because her birthday comes in that beautiful month of tender flowers and opening buds. On a winter's day, when the streets were very slippery, May stood by the parlor window so sweet and clean from a late washing and brushing that many of the passers-by felt like kissing her red cheek and white brow. Presently, a child poorly clad was seen, leading a strange figure. May started back in horror and surprise. This poor little object was very short, with a hump-back and projecting head, so lame that she walked with extreme difficulty in a slow and painful manner.

May shuddered and ran to her mother, hiding her face in her lap. Never before had she realized that all children were not straight and active like self. "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed May, "the curious person went by,—so little, and old looking am afraid of her; she looks like a dwarf in tale." After this, May saw the deformed child so frequently that she became quite familiar with her appearance. "Mamma," said May, "do one love that *distressing* child?"

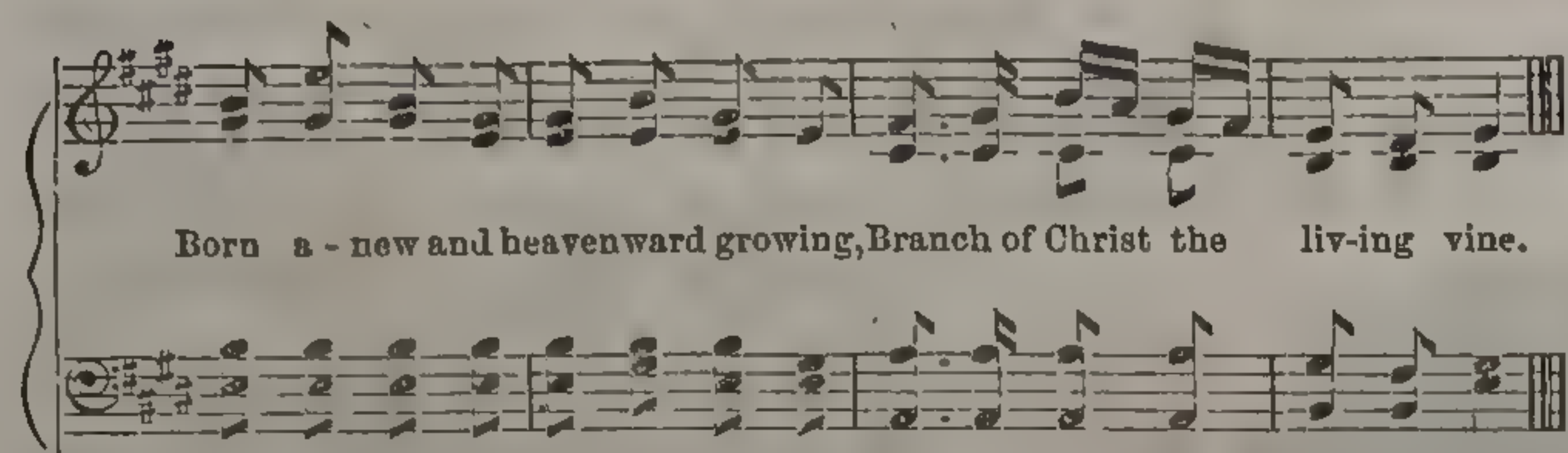
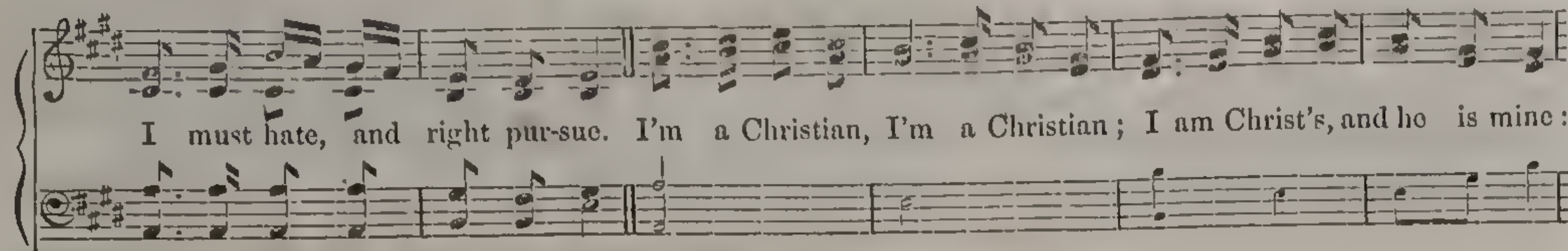
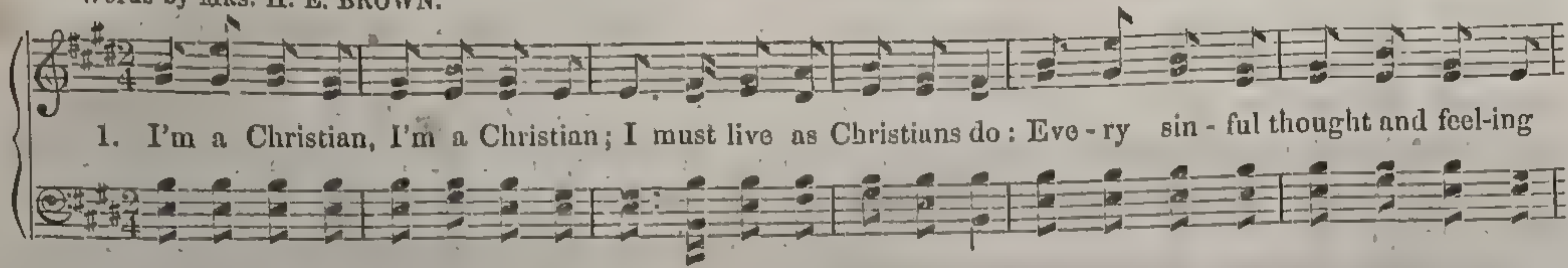
"My darling, would you not think it st

For the Child at Home.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



2
I'm a Christian, I'm a Christian,
I must be a burning light;
Let the love of Christ within me
Outward sparkle, clear and bright.
I'm a Christian, &c.

3
I'm a Christian, I'm a Christian;
I must Christ's dear image bear;
Every line of grace and beauty
In my spirit must appear.
I'm a Christian, &c.

4
I'm a Christian, I'm a Christian,
Living for my blessed Lord;
Self denying, ever waiting,
Ready to each work and word.
I'm a Christian, &c.

5
I'm a Christian, I'm a Christian,
I must never be ashamed
Of that name, by which, all holy,
I, a sinful child, am named.
I'm a Christian, &c.

6
I'm a Christian, I'm a Christian,
I shall live with Christ on high;
Now my mansion he's preparing,
In his home beyond the sky.
I'm a Christian, &c.

be asked if I loved you?" The child glanced at the long mirror which reflected her soft curls and fair face, and answered complacently, "But, mamma, every body loves me, you know."

"We will go, this morning," May's mother said, "and see if any body loves this poor girl." May looked sober at the idea, yet a great curiosity urged her to see this unfortunate being nearer. They stopped in a narrow lane, before a small house. A baby was playing on the kitchen-floor with spools and a doll made of an old shawl. The deformed child was seated on a low, broad lounge, with cushions at her back and side. May was filled with amazement when she saw her delicate hands making a piece of beautiful embroidery. The coarse dress of the child was perfectly clean; over her lap was spread a towel on which the merino rested. May's mother smiled very kindly as she turned toward this young girl, saying, "Here is our little friend. May wishes to know you; we have seen you passing our house so often." A sweet smile spread over the pale, miserable features of this poor invalid. The lady drew her chair nearer to examine and praise the embroidery. "Her teacher taught her how," said the gratified mother; "she took such a fancy to our Mary Jane that she showed her this way of working, and it has been a real comfort."

The little sister hovered around the poor worker, arranging her pillows, showing by every movement her pride in this helpless being. "Mary Jane is very tasty about her work," added her mother, bringing a covered basket containing articles of exquisite finish.

"How much your daughter must help you," said the lady, taking out her purse. "I guess she does," replied Mary Jane's mother. "She is the very heart of the family." It would be impossible to describe the look of love and reverence, with which a poor woman accompanied these words.

Again the little girl ran to soothe the baby, who fallen on the floor, whispering, "Don't cry; Jane's head aches."

"Are you quite comfortable, and happy?" inquired May's mother. "Oh, yes," the young girl answered, timidly. "The sting is now gone. I have found the way to be happy; you must let me live with you, that's all." May saw tears in her mother's eyes; she saw the other mother put up her hand to her face. On the way home, May

looked thoughtful; as they entered the house, she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, they do love that child, and God loves her, too!"

May's mother saw the lesson was sufficiently impressed on her child's heart that God is no respecter of persons, that we love those given to us, however unlovely they may be in the sight of others.

In the twilight, May was sober; thinking of that poor, deformed child in her poverty, she remembered that God in his great love and mercy might look on her, with deepest pity, for the sake of his well-beloved Son. It was necessary for her also to seek this same Jesus, who takes away the sting from every grief and cross; for she, a petted, idolized child, would be for ever wretched, without this living, dying Christ.

The sight of her pretty figure in the glass did not satisfy her now. May, the light-hearted, joyous child was conscious that something would be wanted at last, "to change these vile bodies into his own glorious body,"—even the faith of Mary Jane.

Agatha.

For the Child at Home.

WILLY FENTON AND THE FRIENDLY FROG.



WILLY FENTON. Willy was five or six years old, and was generally a good, obedient boy. Of course he played out of doors a great deal, when the warm days of April and May came on, and enjoyed it greatly, as all children do.

He had a brother Frank, and some little playfellows who lived near by; with whom his mother was glad to have him roll his hoop, or toss his ball. But there was one boy older than he, whose ways Mrs. Fenton did not like at all. She was afraid that Willy would learn some of Henry Smith's bad words and wicked thoughts if they played together. So she forbade Willy's going to Mr. Smith's house at all.

It was a quarter of a mile away, but Willy could see it as he stood at his father's garden-gate, and looked down the long, grassy, country road. It looked very pleasant in the sunshine, and very tempting; but Willy was trained to obey, as I said, so he contented himself with looking.

But one day he grew tired of playing, and could not think of any thing more to do. He hung about the garden-gate, and began to think how much he should like to go down to Henry Smith's. He thought of the doves that used to sit on the roof of Mr. Smith's barn, and of the big dog Rollo in the yard, and how Henry had promised to lend him his new wheelbarrow.

He began to move slowly down the street, saying to himself, I dare say, "I want to go so much I mother need not have told me I mustn't; she won't know if I do." So he kept on.

His sister Mary, who sat at the window up-stairs, watched him, and saw that, when he had gone about half-way, he stopped short at a little frog-pond, by the roadside. Here he stood a few minutes, and then turned right about and came steadily home.

When he reached the gate, Mary came down and said, "Why, Willy! were you going to Henry Smith's?" "Y—yes," said he. "Well, why didn't you go all the way?"

"Oh, when I got to the frog-pond, there was a frog said, 'I wouldn't! I wouldn't! I wouldn't!'"

The next time you hear one of those great frogs croaking, just listen, and you will see it is not strange that Willy thought so. No doubt conscience was speaking too, and saying, "I wouldn't, I wouldn't. I wouldn't disobey my mother; I wouldn't do wrong." But I fear he might not have minded conscience if Mr. Frog had not spoken, too, and seemed to say the same.

Indeed, I do not suppose Willy would have understood the frog-language at all, if he had not felt guilty. But, dear little "Child at Home," I hope you will not wait for a frog to teach you, but obey your mother and your conscience without delay. It will make you happy; and it will please every body that loves you, even God.

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OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

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"ME AND MY DOLL."

"Who's this?" I seem to hear young voices asking. And if the picture could give a reply, it would be what many a little girl has answered in the same circumstances:—

"It's only me and my doll."

"And who are me and my doll?"

Well; can't you answer that yourself, little girl? You, I mean, who are now looking right into this happy face,—can't you tell who "me" is?

Have you not a doll of your own, and didn't you ever sit down with it, just so, feeling as merry as could be, with puss and her babies playing before you?

Or perhaps you are older now, and don't play so much with dolls. Then haven't you some little sister or friend whom you see almost every day and perhaps many times a day, looking so like this picture that it wouldn't have to be changed much to be a good likeness?

Ah, yes; many whose eyes will look upon this child,—and not all of them of the youngest, it may be,—will find pleasant memories of their early years awakened by the bright, joyous face and its surroundings, and by the words, "me and my doll."

Did you ever see a doll that could walk? Perhaps not; but there are such. I was passing through a street in Boston a while since, and noticing a

crowd in front of a store, I stopped a moment. Directly a man inside the store placed a beautiful doll on the window-seat or shelf where goods are shown, and that doll immediately began to walk! When it reached the opposite side, the man turned it about, and it walked back again. This was what had drawn together the group of spectators. It was an amusing sight, and I doubt not, thousands of my little girl-readers would be glad to have such a doll added to their treasures.

As I turned away, I thought,—How very like any one of these many happy little girls that I meet in the street that doll is, in some respects! How much it is like any one of you! It has bright eyes; you have eyes as bright. It has ears; you have ears. It has a nose and mouth; so have you. It has hands, and of course it has feet, for it walks; you, too, have hands and feet.

But in many very important particulars the doll differs from you. It has eyes, but it can see nothing; ears, but it never heard a sound; a nose and mouth, but you might put the sweetest flower to that beautifully painted little face and it would know nothing of the fragrance of the flower, and the mouth would not utter a word. It has arms and hands, but they stick down stiffly from the shoulders like bits of wood, and, in fact, they are nothing but carved wood. It has feet which move, and therefore it is said to walk; but they are moved by machinery which must be wound up like a watch, and when it runs down, they will stop. In all these things it differs from you. But still more,—it has no life, and of course it has no soul. Ah, what a difference between a walking-doll and a living child!

You have life; you have a never-dying soul. And long after this doll has become a defaced, broken, useless toy,—yes, long after the last remnant of it shall have crumbled into dust, you will be full of life and activity, and will live on, and on, and on, forever.

Think of that! And the blessed Bible tells what you should do, and how you should live so as to be happy in this world, and happy beyond what any words of ours can describe, in that world to which we all are hastening.

SOMETHING ABOUT AFRICA.

Many of you saw and heard the Rev. Mr. Lindley, missionary to Africa, when he was here. He returned to his field of labor with a part of his family, and they are again at work among those poor people, who so much need just such instruction as Christian teachers can give. We are permitted to make some extracts from a letter of one of Mr. Lindley's daughters to a lady of Boston, which we are sure will interest you. Miss Lindley writes:—

"I am thankful we are not Caffirs; for, though they have a dim idea of an over-ruling Providence, they believe each family has a separate guardian

shadow or spirit; and each family praises and sacrifices to their own 'Illozi.' They do it when they wish to thank their guardian spirit for good bestowed, or to get him to remove disease and distress. So when we arrived here, the *Christians* said they ought to kill and cook to their Great Spirit a thank-offering, because he had heard their prayers and returned us to them.

"The thanksgiving-day was set; it was bright and pleasant, and all were busy in the morning preparing the dinner. They killed a cow and many chickens. The dinner was ready at three o'clock, and the people, big and little (about two hundred in number), all assembled. We all went over to see them, but did not remain long. After the dinner, they ended the day with a prayer-meeting to return thanks, and we were told it was the most interesting meeting they had held for years."

And here is something which we think will make you feel very grateful that *you* were not born a *Cafir* :—

"Claas, one of the *Christians*, spoke during the meeting, and said he wanted them to pray for him; that he was tempted to sell his sister for cattle; but the first sermon papa preached on his return, from the text 'The fashion of this world passeth away,' had sunk into his heart, and had made him think on his ways and try to overcome the temptation to sell his sister; for said he, 'He told me all would pass away, and why do I wish to become rich?' They then prayed for the presence of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of all *Christians*. The heathen attend more than they have done for some time, and last Sabbath the chief *Fakir* and six of his followers came to attend church."

Do you not hope that all these heathen may have their hearts enlightened by the glorious gospel? and are you praying for this, and doing what you can to bring it about?

For the Child at Home.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

LITTLE feet may find the pathway
Leading upward unto God,
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad;
Youthful hearts may be the temple
For the Spirit's dwelling-place,
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace.

Little ones, though frail and earth-born,
Heirs of blessedness may be,
For the Saviour whispereth gently,
"Suffer such to come to me;"
And in that eternal kingdom,
'Mid the grand, triumphant throng,
Childish voices sweetly mingle
In the glorious choral-song!

M. P. R.

For the Child at Home.

"KEEP YOUR EYE OUT."

"When I was young, I used to work in a ship-yard," said an old man to me, "and I noticed that some of the men seemed to take it rather easy except when the 'boss' was in sight. Whenever I saw them very busy, I felt sure he had come into the yard. I asked one of the men about it. 'Keep your eye out under the timber' said he, 'and when you see the boss coming, go at it with all your might, and he'll think first-rate of you.'"

How many boys and girls, as well as men, there are, who do a great deal of this same sly work, — *keeping the eye out!* At home, at school, and even at church, how often are those watched who might reprove for wrong-doing, or idleness, or inattention. Did you ever do it? Did you ever do any thing at home which you would have left undone, or neglect any thing which you would have faithfully done, had you known father or mother was looking on? Have you ever been guilty of an act at school during the

performance of which you "kept your eye out" for the teacher? and have you ever stealthily done that in the House of God which you knew to be wrong, there and then, forgetting the All-seeing Eye?

Let me give you a verse to learn and remember which shows how we all ought to perform each day's duties: "*Not with eye-service as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.*"

Uncle Paul.



For the Child at Home.

THE TWIN BABES THAT WERE GIVEN AWAY.

Do you think it strange that a mother should give her babes away? Does any one of you say, children, — so many of whom I am sure will be pleased with this picture of the twins, — do you say, "I shouldn't think a mother would ever do that?"

If you could have listened a moment to the conversation of those two mothers, perhaps you would know better whether she who has given these children to another has done right or wrong.

The visitor, who is a mother, and her friend, the mother of the twin babes, held a long and pleasant conversation, much of which was about their children, and at parting, they seemed almost unwilling to turn from the interesting subject.

"Dear little ones! I can understand your love for them," said the visitor. "It seems but a very short time since my Mary and Frankie, too, were babes in the cradle, and yours will soon be running about on their own little feet."

"Yes; I know they will soon begin to walk and to lisp their first words; and I trust that among those words shall be an infant's prayer to the dear Friend to whom I have already given them; for *I have given away my twin babes to God.*"

"And may He guide their tender feet into the paths of wisdom," replied the visitor, "and keep their lips from speaking guile, and may he early fill their young hearts with his love. I, too, have given him my children, and it is my daily prayer that, as soon as they can know who the Lord Jesus Christ is, they may themselves commit their all to his keeping and walk in the blessed way of life."

Do you ever think, dear boys and girls, that many of you, if your parents are truly the friends of God, have been given away by them to him? They have done this so far as it is possible for parents to do it. They have promised many a time, kneeling beside you as you slept in your cradle-bed, to do all *they* could to lead you to the Saviour; to help you to see how lovely he is, and how much he has done for you so that you may love him yourselves. If they see that you do really love him, it fills their hearts with joy. If they feel that you are neglecting that dear-

est and best Friend, it is to them a source of grief and pain, and their constant petition is, that you may turn to him and find that peace and joy which can only be felt by pardoned sinners.

And whether you have been given to God by parents or not, you are not too young to hear and accept the gracious invitation, which Christ gives us in his own words: "Come unto me and I will give you rest." When you have done this, you will truly belong to the Lord; and then you will be among those of whom we read, — "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Monitor.

For the Child at Home.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S SURPRISE.

"There, papa, I guess your headache will get well pretty quick; I guess we're fixed 'bout right now, ain't we?"

Mr. Holland thought he *was* "fixed 'bout right;" and you would have thought so too, if you could have seen him lying back in his comfortable easy-chair with his wife leaning over the back of it, and talking pleasantly while she played with his hair; and his little Amy, who had been climbing over him in a general way, nestled down in his arms at last with her head on his breast, perfectly happy. Their cool, cosy sitting-room was a delightful retreat that sultry, summer afternoon.

"Yes, Puss, this is nice *enough*; but it is time for papa to get out Lightfoot, and start for mission school."

"No, no, papa; don't go away," cried Amy, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Really, I don't think, Robert, you ought to go, tired as you are, and ride five miles in this scorching sun with your headache," said Mrs. Holland. "After two services, leading the singing, and the Sabbath school at noon, it is too much. They will get along some way."

"Now, Mary, don't you try to coax me away from my duty. If it was a business engagement, I shouldn't think of staying at home, and it won't hurt me any more to go on the Lord's business," replied her husband.

"Wouldn't the Lord let you stay at home with mamma and Amy, just this once?" asked the little girl, still clinging to her father's neck.

"What would all his little boys and girls out there do for a teacher?" said he. "Would my Amy like to have them come trudging over the hills in the hot sun to hear something about the Saviour, and then have no body to tell them?"

Amy did not say any thing; but she loosened her arms from her father's neck, and slipped down from his lap, so he might go. She even ran to the closet and got out his boots. She looked so short and the boots looked so tall, as she came tugging them along that her father laughed; but when she set them down beside him, he kissed her, and said, —

"That's right, my little helper. When you get big enough you shall go with your papa, and tell the poor children about the dear Saviour, too."

As Mr. Holland rode along the hilly, dusty road, that warm Sabbath afternoon, he thought to himself, —

"Does it pay? I wonder if it makes any great difference to these people, after all, whether I take the trouble to come out 'to this dismal old school-house' or not."

Just at that moment, he noticed an old horse and wagon coming down from a little brown house up on the hill-side. In it were a man and two little boys, and behind the seat a large box. As soon as he saw this, he smiled and said to himself, "I reckon it is worth while."

You see Mr. Huse, the man in the wagon, had been a very bad man, who never pretended to keep the Sabbath at all, and when Mr. Holland began the Sabbath school at Scrabble Hollow, he swore his

boys never should go near it. After a while, however, they begged so hard that he told them to "Go along and be done teasing."

Finally he stopped to hear the singing one Sabbath afternoon as he went through the woods hunting. After that he used to come nearly every Sunday and sit on the doorstep just to hear the children sing. When the new library came, Mr. Holland asked him to keep it at his house, and bring it every Sabbath, as he had a horse and wagon. He was quite pleased with the trust. Taking care of the Sabbath-school books, he could not well help reading them, and reading them, he could not well help being influenced by them. Every one could see that he was changed for the better.

As Mr. Holland drove up to the school-house, he wondered what made every body look so uncommonly smiling; but the moment he entered the door, it was explained. What fairy had transformed the "dismal old school-house"?

In place of dust and glaring sunshine, and apple-cores, and torn school-books, and shattered plaster, was perfect cleanness and the pleasant shade of cedar-boughs. Even the bare laths seemed to have sprouted with fragrant green. The tin dipper that hung over the water-pail in the corner shone like silver, and on the teacher's desk was a gay bunch of hollyhocks, tiger lilies, and asparagus, in a broken-nosed pitcher.

Mr. Holland looked around the room and then down into the pleased faces of the little girls that were watching to see how he liked it and—tall stout man as he was—tears sprang to his eyes. He had found that it *did* make a difference to them whether he came or not.

Jenny Bradford.

For the Child at Home.

A WORD TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA.

Dear children, I sometimes fear that you, who have been so richly blest in Christian homes and friends, in teaching and means of improvement, do not appreciate your privileges. Think of your day-schools and Sunday schools, your books and pictures, your ministers and teachers, your hymns and papers. Count up, if you can, the pretty books which are written expressly for you. When your parents were young, or your grandparents, they *could count* their books; but yours,—they are like the leaves of the tree waving above your head, innumerable. How many pious gentlemen and ministers go about to hold meetings and preach sermons just for you! Think of all the hymns and pretty tunes made for you. Oh, when I hear the little ragged, dirty children in the streets, gathered on a bank by the way-side, singing, "I want to be an angel," and, "Jesus loves me," it makes the tears come into my eyes; and I bless God that he put it into somebody's heart to write those sweet songs, which all the little ones, rich and poor, well-clad or miserable, enjoy so much.

And just look at the beautiful papers you have every month,—how many there are, and how pretty! What pictures and stories, what sweet verses and kind, instructive words they contain! Do you ever thank God for all these favors? and do you ever think of the children who have none of these things?

Of course, the heathen haven't such blessings, you say. No, they have not; but there are others besides the heathen who are destitute of them, also. Do you know that you, the children of the United States of America, are the most favored in all the world? Even the children of happy England, I believe, have not as many blessings as you have;

and if you go into the other countries of Europe, into enlightened France, healthful Switzerland, and bright, sunny Italy,—you will find that, in comparison with you, the little folks are almost entirely neglected. Walk up and down through the streets of Paris and Geneva, of Florence, Naples, or Milan. You do not find the children every Sunday morning hurrying to the Sabbath school in their nice, clean dresses, with their hands full of books. You don't see every few doors, as you do in Boston or New York or Philadelphia, such signs as these:—Tract House, Sabbath-School Depository, Children's Books for Sale. No indeed; nothing of the kind. The children there are not expected to want books, so very few are made for them. And these are not done up on smooth paper, in fair type, with pretty blue and green and crimson covers like yours. Why, any bookseller to be found in Boston would be ashamed to sell such miserable little books as the Italian children have,—printed on coarse, yellow paper, with poor type and thin paper-covers. And such a paper as the Child at Home! why, they never dreamed of any thing so nice.

But I want to tell you something very pleasant. A Christian gentleman from our country, whose whole heart and soul are given to children and Sabbath schools, is now traveling in Europe with his family. He couldn't leave behind him his chief joys, so he has gone right to work, on the other side of the water, to make the little folks good and happy. He has already established seven or eight Sunday schools in different cities which he has visit-

will have pieces written on purpose for them. So the dark-eyed boys and girls of that beautiful, but benighted country, are beginning to enjoy some of the blessings which you have in such abundance. Is it not pleasant to think of?

And, dear children, will you not pray for these far-off little ones? Pray that they may learn to love the dear Saviour who died for all, and that you may at last meet them in his happy home.

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

IRISH JIM.

I went out to the "ledge" beyond the orchard, one sunny May morning. The graceful columbine was nodding its red and yellow petals wherever soil had filled in the cracks and seams of the rocks; and the ground near by was fairly carpeted with great blue violets. I looked about, till on the west side I found a little hollow in the rock, nearly as large as the seat of a chair. I seated myself, and fell to thinking about these same blue violets, and the fragrant white ones too, that grew in the bog beyond.

It seemed a pity that they could not be gathered and carried to the city and given to some of the little children there, whose eyes grow bright over a single bud carelessly dropped by a passer-by. Then I thought God knows just what all those little children need, and he might easily arrange it so that the violets should be put into their hands. But he does not think it best, for here are the violets, blossoming and fading away, with no human eye to watch and enjoy their beauty. They must be made for some purpose. Perhaps God loves to look at them. Perhaps he enjoys the beauty that his own hand has created. I think he does.

Now what if these violets should think to themselves, "We ought to be picked, we are pretty enough to grace any parlor in the land. It's a waste and a shame for us to grow here unnoticed!" Then suppose they shut their blue eyes disconsolately, and refused to eat and drink (for violets *do* eat and drink), and so gradually shriveled

away and died. Wouldn't it be very foolish in the violets? Look out, little readers, that *you* never take this foolish course. Because God doesn't let you do and become just what you would like, don't refuse to do the very best you can in the place where you are.

"Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified."

God may be taking pleasure in you, as he is in the violets, and that, after all, is the very best thing in the world, to *give God pleasure*.

But my thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of voices. At the foot of the ledge, on the east side, was growing a little savin-tree with a thick, irregular top. The voices came from the direction of this tree,

"Here, you—take a look!"

"I say, ain't them fine, now! Hold on!"

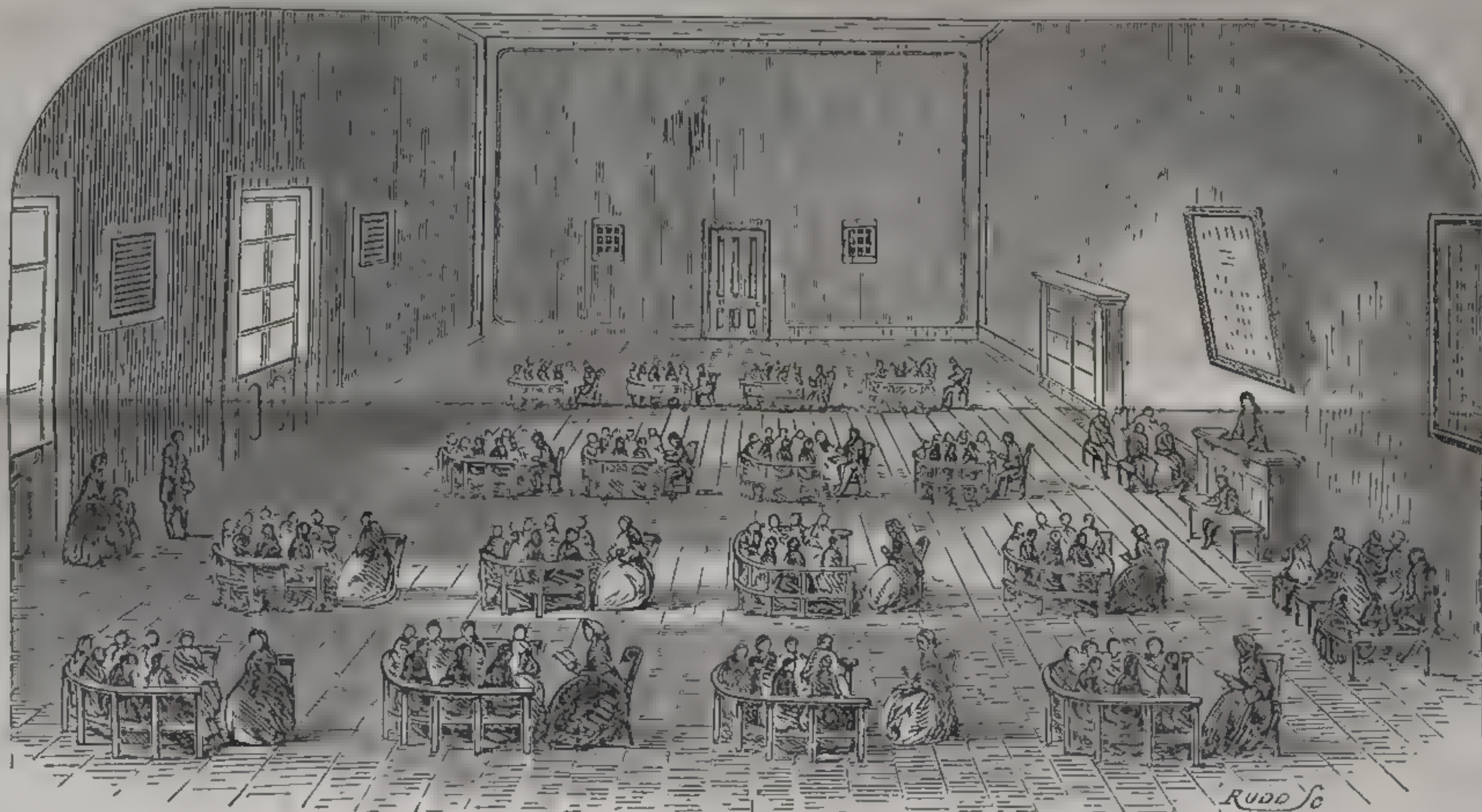
I made out that it was a troop of Irish boys, out for a holiday ramble. They had discovered a robin's nest in the savin.

"Come on,—let's have some eggs;" said one voice.

"Pooh! we don't want 'em!"

"But *we* do. One for Jim, and one for Mike, and one for me, and one in the nest."

"Now don't be taking 'em; we don't want 'em; what's the use?" I knew Jim's voice—the best speller in the grammar school.



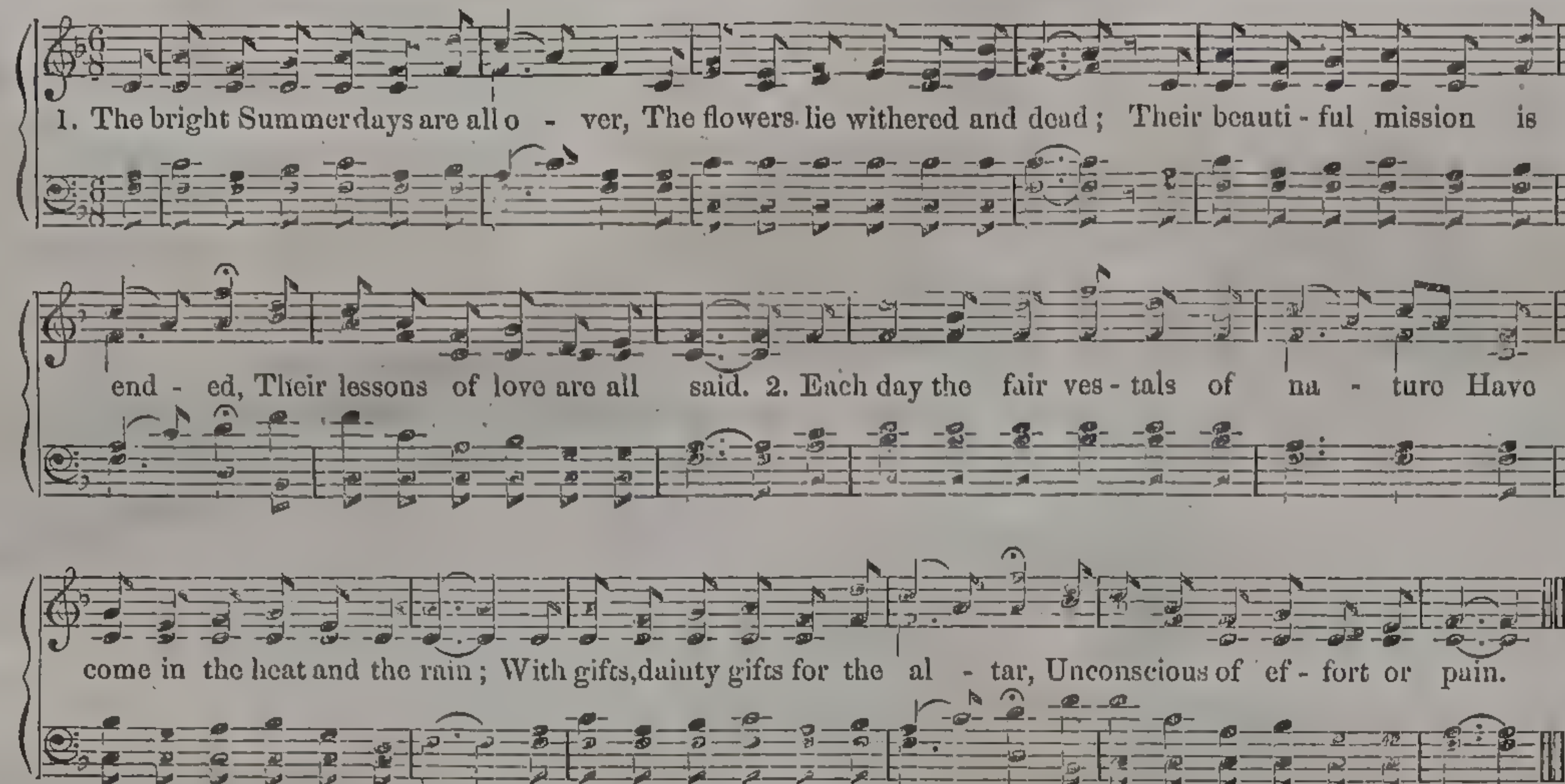
ed. He is now residing in Florence, and what do you think he is busying himself about there? Why, after he had put a school into successful operation, he went to work to get up a little paper for them. One of the numbers is lying before me now. It is only about half as large as the one you are reading, and the paper and pictures are not nearly as nice. But, notwithstanding, the Italian children must be delighted with it, I am sure. The first picture is like the one now before you which was copied from it. It is a view of the Sabbath-school room. Doesn't it look pleasant, with its circular seats, and groups of boys and girls? Do you see the cards hanging on the wall? Those, no doubt, contain Bible verses, quite familiar to you, but all new to them. For you know Italy is a Catholic country, and the people have always been forbidden to read the Bible. Only a little while ago a family who read and believed the Bible, and began to love and serve the dear Saviour, were most cruelly treated for it. But now things are different. God in his providence has opened the way for the diffusion of religious truth. The poor, sad people are glad to hear the Bible, and to have their children instructed. Are you not glad? And are you not glad that God has put it into the heart of this kind, Christian gentleman to take so much pains to do them good? He selects pretty stories and hymns from your own little papers, and a translator writes them over into their language. By and by, they

For the Child at Home.

THE DEAD FLOWERS.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



3
All bathed in the dew of the morning,
At noon-tide so patient and still;
At evening perfumed with the fragrance
Their own lustrous garments distil.

4
Oh, how many eyes have they gladdened,
And hearts with their symbols of love!
Contented at last to lie buried,
In seed for the next year to prove.

5
And so they have finished their worship,
Their speechless but eloquent praise!
Each lesson and duty completed,
The flowers have passed from our gaze.

6
Have I been as true as the flowers?
As ready in duty and love?
As gentle, as patient, as useful?
As ripe for the planting above?

"Be a granny, will you?"

"It's mean!"

"I'll have mine, any way."

"Don't, now! It's real mean."

"Who cares?" In a few minutes the boys passed around the rock, on their way across the field. I was too curious to see the result, to discover myself.

"It's awful mean! You're too bad," expostulated Jim.

"It's no harm, neither."

"Come, it ain't decent! Put 'em both back, do!" The others began to side with him. Right will prevail in time. The boys possessed of the eggs paused.

"They'll be cold afore she gets on," suggested the tempter.

"No, they won't," said Jim eagerly,—"only be quick."

"We-e-ell," said one, "if Mike will."

"You will, Mike, won't you?"

"If he will." And so the eggs were carried back.

That Jim will make a man yet, worth something to the world, if he always stands up for the right as manfully as now.

God help him to do it!

A. A.

For the Child at Home.

FOR PUSSY'S SAKE.



'OT far away there lives a dear, funny little boy of four summers. He has bright black eyes, and curls of brown hair which fall over his plump, white shoulders. Strangers call him "a beauty," and home

folks say "he is a darling;" and, as he is the baby of the family, and has tall brothers, and a grown-up sister, you may be sure that he is loved quite enough and kissed too much for his own good.

How I wish I could tell you that he always behaves just right! but I can not. Sometimes he pouts at sight of his night-gown, and screams a little when his mother says it is too damp or too hot to play out-

of-doors. Still, he is a pretty good boy on the whole, and has a kind, loving heart toward every living thing. He calls the birds, "Tommie's birds," and shares his cake with them by crumbling it out of the nursery window. He knows every dog in town, and fears none of them. He hugs old Towzer, and rides astride of shaggy Tray; and is known among the whole tribe as such a generous friend that, when he walks out with his mother, he sometimes has three or four running after him hoping for some favor.

One morning he wandered into the kitchen alone and found a fine steak ready to be cooked for breakfast. Nora was in the pantry cutting bread; so Tommie wrapped up the meat in his clean, white apron and carried it out to old Hunter, who was prowling about the door. He swallowed the family's breakfast almost as if it were nothing.

Nora soon called out in alarm, seeing the empty platter, "Where is that steak gone?"

"Kind old Hunter eated it all up, and now he wants some more," replied the young gentleman, very calmly.

"Och, ye bad boy," cried Nora; "ye's always feeding the beasts ye brings about the house!"

"I'm not a bad boy," replied Tommie. "My mamma says I must share with every body and not be selfish. She said I might give all the bones to the dogs, and there was lots of bones in that meat!"

The family made their breakfast on toast and coffee, and Tommie was forbidden to give away any more meat on his own responsibility; but he was neither whipped nor scolded for his kindness to the dog.

The time came when a removal was talked of; and this baby-boy, like all other little folks, was delighted with the idea of confusion and change. He jumped about, and clapped his fat little hands, calling for a packing-box to put his things in. To please him, his brother brought in a starch-box; but he looked at its size scornfully.

"Why, mamma," he cried, "see what a mean little box Sam brought for your big boy! I must pack Noah's ark and the rocking-horse, and my tin cart, and my wheelbarrow, and my soldiers, and—oh, here's my sweet pussy," he added, lifting her in his arms; "can she go in a packing-box?"

"No, my love," said his mother. "Pussy will have to stay here. Our new home is too far away; we can not take her."

Poor loving Tommie dropped his head, and said sadly, "I don't want to move, mamma." "Why," said the lady, "I thought you wanted to go in the cars and boat, and to sail in the pond at the foot of our new garden!"

"Oh, yes, mamma; but I'd rather stay in the old house for pussy's sake! It would break her heart to be leaved here alone!" said the affectionate little fellow, as he began carrying back his treasures to the closet where he kept them.

"I'll get you a new cat, love, when we get there," said his mother, as the tears fell from his eyes.

"But she won't be my dear old pussy that loves me so," sobbed Tommie. "Let some body else have the new house, mamma, we'll stay here for pussy's sake!"

Now, don't you think that one who is so faithful to his dumb friends in his babyhood will be true to his wiser ones when he is a man? Some people are always ready to forsake old friends who have loved them, for the sake of new and untried ones; but this is neither noble nor kind. Little Tommie will never do so.

Remember, children, who made your poor dumb friends, and for His sake be kind to them.

J. D. C.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

With the next month's issue, our little paper will finish its fourth volume. The Child at Home will then be four years old. We look back upon the past with gratitude to God for the success with which he has crowned these efforts for the welfare of the young; for the multiplied assurances he has permitted us to receive from children that they love the Child at Home; and for the reason we have to hope and to believe that some dear ones who are now in the higher and better home have been helped on the way thither by what they have read in this paper.

The time is at hand for the renewal of subscriptions; and we ask all our friends to do what they can to increase the number of those who shall receive this little monthly visitor during the coming year.

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LAST THINGS.

"WELL, Edgar, you and Mary have seen the last tree of this wood-lot fall. I heard your Uncle James giving the last strokes when I was far down the lane on my way here, and then I heard the crash as the noble old tree came down. It set me to thinking of my childhood, little grandchildren."

"Why! was this tree here then, grandpa? Tell us about it."

"Yes; the whole hill was covered with just such, sixty years ago, only they were of course younger and smaller. But this was large enough then to make a fine shade for us boys and girls, and many a frolic we have had under it. And when I grew up

to be a man, and the old house yonder became our home—mine and your dear grandmother's, you know.—and when our own little ones began to run about, they all soon learned to love this same tree."

"Was mother here, too, grandpa?"

"Yes, Mary. Many a time in the summer when your mother was a child like you, I have come out and sat on the grass right where I stand, and leaned against the trunk of this tree while I watched her and Uncle James here, and another child who is gone. And those who played with me, many years before, when I was young, are all gone; yes, all gone—every one," says the old man, thoughtfully; "and I am the last, and like this tree, I too, shall

soon fall." But as he sees a sad look coming into the faces of the dear boy and girl before him, he adds cheerfully, "But I shall not go till I am called by One who loves me, and knows what is the best time for me, and then it will be going to a happy home, where *he* is; for you know, dear grandchildren, I am an aged pilgrim, and the thought of that blessed rest is very sweet to me."

"Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying;
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

Many a good old man has seen the last tree of a wood-lot fall—the wood-lot in which he played in happy childhood—who would say very like what we have made this aged man say. "Last things" almost always set us thinking. The last leaf on a tree in autumn; the last rose on a bush; the last of our days at school, or the last days, if we know or feel them to be such, of our own life or that of another who is dear; the last hours spent with a friend, and his last words at parting, whether for a journey to distant places, or for that longer journey from which none return; any of these last things may awaken thoughts which should do us good.

We have reached the last month of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three, and soon it will be numbered with the years that are past. Of what ought this to make us think, you and I, young reader?

We want to begin the new year happily. Let us then, in these closing days of the old year, think of the past, not to be discouraged by our failures, but to acknowledge penitently all that was wrong in us and to seek pardon from Him who is always ready to listen to the prayer of the contrite heart. Let us ask our Saviour to make us truly penitent, truly sorry for all that has grieved him. Let us ask him to give us such sweet peace, such confidence in his forgiving love, that these *last days* may prove to us the *best days* of the whole year.

For the Child at Home.

THEY MAY KILL THE BODY, BUT NOT THE SOUL.

During the great riot in New York last summer, as we learn from the *Anglo-African*, a sick young man, who had been an invalid for nearly two years, was dragged from his bed by the savage mob, and beaten to death by them in sight of his agonized mother. The hatred felt by those bloodthirsty wretches, who thus took the life of a poor widow's

son, arose from the simple fact that this mother and son *were colored people!* As he was dragged away into the street he said, "Mother! they may kill the body, but they can not touch the soul!"

Such wickedness as these murderers were guilty of can not go unmarked by Him who notices the fall even of a sparrow. He hears the ravens' cry, and will he not hear the cry of those who love him, however lowly or despised they may be? Yes; it is possible for wicked men to kill the body, but "*they can not touch the soul.*" And the soul of that young man, if he loved the Lord Jesus, is safe now in that world of glory whose light and joy is the face of the blessed Redeemer.

How much and how humbly we ought to pray that God will forgive our people for all the wrongs inflicted upon the colored race! How earnestly we ought to beseech him to remove all wicked prejudices which exist against them, and to give to us all that spirit toward the lowly and the oppressed which the Saviour felt and showed when here on earth.

Monitor.

MATTY'S TALK WITH CONSCIENCE.

Matty Bryan had begged from a good man a "missionary-box," beautifully painted, and with a verse of Scripture printed on the top. It was designed to receive pennies contributed to help send the gospel to the heathen. But Matty's parents, though not poor, were neither rich nor pious. His father worked hard, and all he cared for was to "lay up" all he could for his family, and when he learned what the box was for, he told Matty he could not keep it. Then Matty had this talk with Conscience, from which you will see that his own heart was not quite right about his box. We give the talk to you as it is told in a little book called "Matty's Missionary-Box," now being reprinted by this Society from the English edition.

"I'm so sorry about it," began Matty with a sigh; "I wanted so to have kept the box, and got it quite full to give back to Mr. Graham."

"Yes," said Matty's conscience; "but was it *only* that you might send the Bible to the poor heathen that you asked for the box, Matty?"

"Well, I *did* care for the heathen, I'm sure," replied Matty; "I felt very sorry when I heard of the slaves being beaten, and the mothers giving their babies to crocodiles."

"Yes, you did, when Mr. Graham told you the stories about it; and you felt just then as if you'd have done any thing for them; but afterward, what made you so anxious about your box?" asked Matty's conscience.

"I don't mean to say," continued Matty, rather vexed with the faithfulness of his inward monitor, — "I don't mean to say that I didn't think it would be very nice to fill my box before any of the other boys, especially James Smith, who calls me 'little shrimp,' and makes fun of me all play-time; but still I'm sure, all the same, it's mostly for the heathen I cared for it."

But here Matty's conscience became quite bold. "You know quite well, Matty," it began, "that you thought very little about the heathen at all; that you wanted to make Mr. Graham see that you would fill your box first, and that it looked so bright and new that you thought you would like to have it for your own, as a kind of toy; and you know that the chief reason why you've been so unhappy at your parents' not letting you keep it is because you think you'll get laughed at for being in such a hurry to have a box, and then bringing it back directly. But the box shall speak to you itself."

And here Matty's conscience opened the door of his hearing, as he bent down over his new treasure, and for the first time, the voice of the missionary-box came to his ears. He had never thought about its having a voice for *him*; though when Mr. Gra-

ham said it had, in what Matty had repeated to his parents, he had thought it a very good part of the riddle, and had put it away in his memory. He had been so delighted and interested with the picture on the front, of the native church, with its black congregation and black preacher, that it had not occurred to him that the words printed on the top might be the expression (as indeed they were) of what the missionary-box had to say; and as his eye fell on them, — and because it was getting dark, and he had to bend toward the fire, and read with difficulty, he did so with much more interest and attention than if it had been broad daylight, — they brought a message to Matty's heart to which he had



never before given heed, and which, though he was a little boy only, his faithful friend Conscience took up earnestly, and made the subject of a fresh application: "*Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich.*"

"I wonder why that's written on the missionary-box," began Matty to himself. "Let me think: Jesus Christ became poor — that is, he gave up heaven, and came in the form of a little child — for our sakes, that he might die for us; and so, when we get to heaven, that we might have the riches in glory that Mr. Graham spoke about. But why do they put this on the missionary-box? I suppose to remind us that whatever we give to Jesus, it's all nothing compared with what he did for us; and that we ought to be glad to be able to help to get the news to other folks who don't know of him."

"Yes," said Conscience, "that's exactly why it's put there, Matty; so now, remember that pennies put in to try and make more show than other boys, or for any other reason except for Christ's sake, won't be the kind of pennies that the missionary-box asks for." And Conscience would have said a little more upon the subject, had not Mrs. Bryan opened the door of the kitchen, then and there, and called Matty in to nurse the baby while she "cleaned up a bit."

NEARLY HOME.

"Almost well, and *nearly at home*," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend. A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered, "Never better; for now I know that I am almost home." Then looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burnt, he said, "Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house." "Dying," said the Rev. S.

Medley, "is sweet work, sweet work; home, home!" Another on his death-bed said, "I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that I have got a good home to go to."

"Beyond the gathering and the strewing,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!"

For the Child at Home.

"DOES MOTHER EVER PRAY?"

One evening, at the house of a neighbor, I heard her little girl, six years old, coaxing her mother to put her to bed. Mrs. K — was engaged, and I offered to go with Nelly.

She had a nice bedroom and pretty bed; and in her little bureau were many very beautiful clothes that her mother had made for her. But alas! while the mother had cared for the outside, which is but the casket, I found she had neglected the precious jewel, — the soul; for I was surprised to see her lie down without prayer.

I said, "Ellen, do you not pray?" "I don't know what that is," she answered, innocently. "Do you know any thing about God?" "Yes," said Ellen, "I know he is somebody that made the world; but he lives a great way from here, don't he?"

I sat down by her bedside, and told her of her God and her Saviour. She was not allowed to go to Sunday school, and the things that most little children know so well were all news to her, and "good news," too. I wish my little friends could have seen her eyes sparkle with delight when I told her of Jesus. "Oh, how good he is!" she exclaimed; "don't you love him *dearly*?" I told her about prayer. "Will God hear *little folks'* prayer?" she asked. I took my little Bible and read to her of Jesus' kindness to little children; and when she understood that he would hear, she knelt by my side while I taught her a simple prayer.

After she returned to her bed, she lay looking very thoughtful; at length she turned to me and said, "Why did not mother tell me about this? Does she know it? Tell me, does she ever pray?" "You had better ask her yourself, Nelly," I answered, for I hardly knew how to reply to her question.

I left her with the prayer in my heart that God would be her teacher, and that he would show her worldly mother the sin of neglecting the soul of her precious child.

I have met the little girl but once since, and then she came running eagerly to me and saying, "Please, Miss Martha, will you tell me more about Jesus? I told father and mother and Uncle James all you told me before."

Little girls who read this, will you not be thankful to God if he has given you praying mothers, who do not leave to others and strangers the duty of teaching you of Jesus?

M. H.

For the Child at Home.

ELIZA JANE.

"Wa'n't Mr. Holland pleased?" said Eliza Jane to Mary, as they walked home from school together Monday night. "Didn't you see how he looked at the cedar and the clean floor and the flowers and all?"

"Yes, indeed; and how beautifully he talked to us," said Mary Graham. "I think he is the best superintendent in all the world."

"That's so!" and, for a wonder, Eliza Jane walked on several steps in silence; then she burst out, —

"I tell you what, Mary; I wish I was good. I alwus thought religion was jest for old folks, before

our Sunday-school begun; but when I hear Mr. Holland talk, or Miss Cooke, I feel as if I'd give every thing I've got in the world if I was only a Christian."

"Well, why don't you be one, 'Liza?"

"Why, you see, I've tried forty times. I go home from Sunday-school chuck-full of good resolutions, and the rest part of the day I'll be as good as you please. Monday I begin to forget about it a little, and along by the middle of the week, I am the same old sixpence. I wish I could stay converted."

"That's just the way it used to be with me," said Mary; "and mother used to say, if I was a real Christian, Christ would just live in my heart right straight along."

"Was you ever like that, Mary? I thought it wa'n't no trouble for you to be good," said Eliza Jane.

"Trouble! I should rather think it was," said Mary; "but then, as father says, it pays."

"Well, Mary, what did you do? How did you ever get to be any different?"

"Oh, I don't know as I could tell," replied Mary, slowly tearing up the little, shining birch-leaves she picked as she went along.

"Now, I don't see why you can't," said Eliza. "I'm sure if I had been any where, I could tell you the road to get there. If it was only goin' on a pilgrimage on my hands and knees, or any thing like that, I wouldn't mind it; I'd start this minute, and be glad to; but how I am to 'come to Christ' when I can't see him, or how I can get a new heart into me, I can't understand nothin' 'bout it." Eliza's eyes glistened with tears; but her flushed cheeks and pouting lips seemed to say, she thought it no fault of hers that she was not a Christian.

"Well," said Mary, "as I told you, I used to start out to be good at New Year's or my birthday or some such time, but it wouldn't last, and so I got kind of discouraged, till one day last summer, I was swinging in our back-yard. That was when mother was alive, and I lived at home. Oh, you ought to have seen what a splendid swing that was! but the rope broke and let me down, bang! on to the ground. I didn't know any more till I found myself lying on the bed in mother's bedroom, and all the family standing around looking frightened half to death. I heard the doctor say, 'If the rope had broken when she was at the highest, she never would have opened her eyes again.'"

"Lucky, wasn't it?" said Eliza Jane.

"Providential, mother said I ought to call it. 'Most all that night, when they thought I was asleep, I lay thinking what would have become of me if I had been killed; and I came to the conclusion that I *must* be a Christian, anyhow. I didn't know just what to do; but I thought, if Jesus died to save us, he would be willing to help me all I needed. So I just told him all about it, — how I had tried to be good, and couldn't make it out, and there wasn't any good to me, and I asked him if he wouldn't take me just as I was, and make me good himself, and I would try to do as he wanted me to, and *never give it up as long as I lived*. Then I asked God to forgive me all my sins for Jesus Christ's sake, and I was sure he would, because he promised to."

"Well, now, I don't see as I am such an awful sinner as folks tell about," said Eliza.

"I didn't, either, 'Liza; but I don't think you need to wait for that. It seems a great deal worse to me now to be naughty, and grieve the Saviour than it did at first."

"Then you begun to be very happy and very good right off, and have kept so ever since, hain't you?"

"Oh, no; I am a great deal happier than I was when I thought God was angry with me, and I was afraid to die; but it didn't come all at once. Then I am always doing wrong, but I *try* not to, and I am so sorry for it, and I think God forgives me, and Jesus helps me. I do wish you would try, 'Liza.'"

When Eliza got home, she did not go right into the house, for she knew there was no place to be alone there. She went into the barn, and crept up on the hay-loft, where she knew no one could see her but her heavenly Father. There she kneeled down, and told him all her heart, and gave herself to him to be his child. She did not know whether he took her or not, except as she believed his promise, — "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" but the angels in heaven knew, and they were very glad and joyous when they saw the little girl praying on the hay-loft down on the earth, and saw her name written in the Lamb's Book of Life above.

Jenny Bradford.



For the Child at Home.

"LUFF!"

"Luff!" says the old fisherman to his son, — the bright-eyed little fellow who sits in the stern just behind him, and who is proud of his ability to hold the tiller and thus guide the fishing-boat that contains the "fare" which his father and brother with him have secured, — "Luff! my boy, luff! we must go about."

And the young sailor puts the tiller "hard-a-lee," while his father takes in "the sheet;" their boat comes up into the wind, the sails shiver a moment and then fill again, and the boat goes off on the other "tack."

Most of the boys do not need to have these sea-terms made plain to them. You were down on the shore last summer, and many a grand sail you had "outside," with some old ship-master, perhaps, for "skipper;" and if you were not sea-sick, I have no doubt you enjoyed it much. But for the benefit of those who spend their vacations in the country, or who live there and are most of the time among the hills and mountains, in the meadows, fields, and woods, and therefore have had but little if any experience of life upon the sea, I will explain a little.

You know at least, that a ship is guided by the rudder, and the rudder is moved by the tiller fixed in the head of it. When the order is given on board a vessel to luff, or to luff-a-lee, it means to put the tiller hard down on the side opposite to that on which the wind blows, and thus bring the head of the vessel into the wind, or, as we say, "into the wind's eye;" and, at the same time, the sails are so managed that the vessel's head continues to move around until the wind fills the sails on the side opposite to that from which they received the wind before.

You can see that, after such a movement, a vessel

would sail in a course quite different from that in which she was before. It has to be made frequently at sea, in *beating* as it is called; in changing a ship's course for any reason; and especially in getting away from rocks or shoals, or a dangerous shore which may have been discovered "ahead."

But what has all this to do with me? you ask. I'll tell you, boys. I have heard this order, or rather I have heard advice given in these or similar words by good old sailors more than once, when it was meant to apply, not to any ship like those which sail over the sea, but to just such as you, — to boys and to young men, — bargues on the *ocean of time*, freighted with immortal souls, bound to *eternity*, and in danger of being wrecked for ever.

And it has this to do with you: If you are indulging habitually in any sin, of thought, word, or deed, — if you are doing any thing which your conscience, enlightened by the Word of God, tells you is wicked in his holy sight, — you need to *LUFF*, at once, with not a moment's delay.

You need to turn about and take a new and a safe course. Rocks are before you. They may be sunken, out of sight as yet, but they are there; and unless your course is changed, on them you will suffer a shipwreck all the more sad and deplorable than any wreck of noble ship could be, because it will be the loss of a soul! Many a noble young voyager like yourself has discovered his danger, and crying from the heart, "Lord help me!" has been enabled so to change his course that he is now bound to the port of heaven.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

A SUNBEAM IN THE HOSPITAL

I think the angels must look down with pleasure upon some of

the scenes that transpire here below. It is not all darkness among our fallen humanity, but now and then a ray shines out from the surrounding gloom, — a ray that we can trace up to the very source of all illumination.

One came to the hospital the other day, where the sick and wounded lie upon their painful beds watching yearningly for just such beautiful light. It was in the form of a little girl about ten years old, with a rosy, happy face, and sparkling eyes, and a heart that makes glad music, wherever the child goes.

She wore a neat frock of print, with a sack of the same, and a clean white apron tied around, and her hair was tucked up smoothly under one of those black nets that the girls wear nowadays. She opened the door of one of the hospital wards very softly, and glided up to a cot where a little boy with a broken limb lay, and with a careful spring, lest she should jar or hurt him, she perched herself up beside him on the bed, drawing from a basket in her hand a peach and a bunch of grapes.

Then she sat and watched the little fellow as he feasted, eating with him, and chatting and laughing in such a merry way. It was a pretty sight, — the two children, nurse and patient, enjoying their brief moment of communion, despite the suffering around them. Presently, when the repast was finished, she jumped down, put the basket at the head of the bed and ran out of the room, returning in a minute with a basin of water and a napkin.

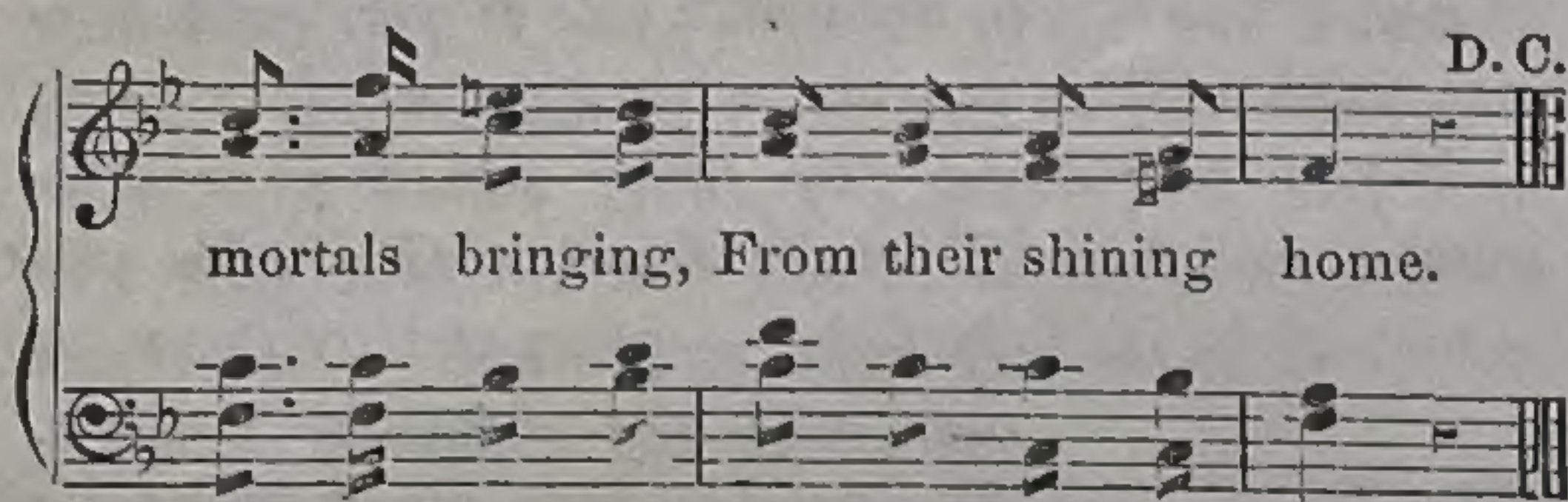
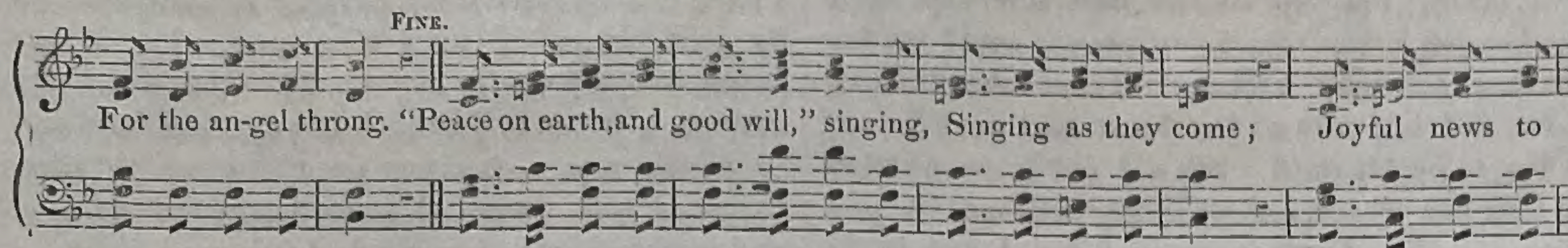
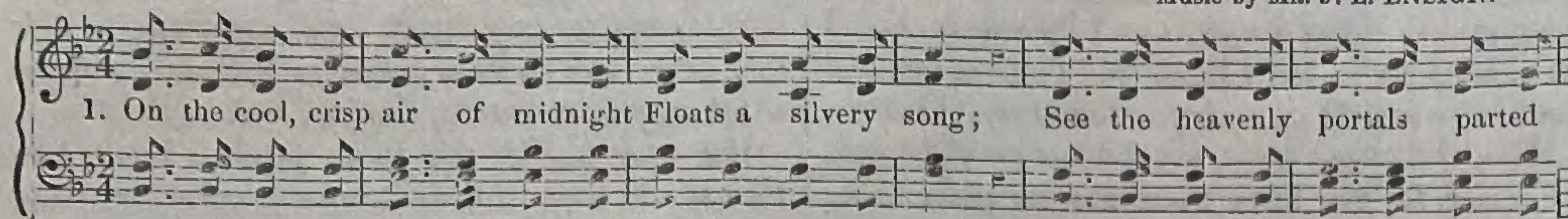
Woman-like she washed the little boy's face and hands, wiping them softly on the towel, and, drawing from her pocket a brush, she smoothed his hair, till it was wonderfully lustrous, and kissing him good-by, prepared to leave. "It is very good of your little sister to take such care of you," said a lady to

For the Child at Home.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.



3
Peace—and earth in conflict tossing,
Finds her long sought rest;
Peace—and sinners cease their sinning,
In the Christ-love blest.

4
Sing, O Bethlehem's startled shepherds,
Join the angel lay!
Sing, O wandering, wandering Magi,
On your starlit way!
5
Sing, O earth, from sorrow waking,
In your new life, sing!
Sing, O children, little children,
Gifts of gladness bring!
6
Sing, O long despised and hated,
Of a downcast race!
Christ has come, the Great Deliverer,
You shall share his grace!

the child, as the young nurse turned from her charge.

"That isn't my sister," replied the boy. "Ah! what is her name?" asked the lady.

"Sissy," was the indefinite response. "Well Sissy, you are very kind to come and take care of this poor little boy," said the lady.

"My name is Margaret," replied the child, "and I come every day to wash father's face and take care of him, and so bring something to the little boy, too;" and with a merry smile and a nod toward the bed, she went tripping away, the boy gazing after her until the last folds of her frock fluttered through the door-way.

It was a very simple incident, but full of pathos to one who looks often in vain for the mind of Jesus in the minds of the dear little children, and I send it to the young readers of the Child at Home, as a sweet and worthy example for their imitation.

Sister Winnie.

For the Child at Home.

NELLIE'S LESSON FROM THE SNOW.



LITTLE Nellie was delighted at the first fall of snow. The sky had been dark all the morning with cold, gray clouds, and soon after dinner the beautiful snow-flakes began to come down gently through the air. Nellie stood at the window awhile and watched them. Then she opened the door, and at length stepped out into the path leading

through the front yard and looked up.

The air was full of the feathery flakes; Nellie opened her mouth, and one or two of them fell softly into it, and melted as they touched her warm tongue; but soon her mother called, and she went in and watched the snow again from the window. It fell faster and faster; the ground began to look as if sprinkled with white; and it was not long before the whole earth, as far as she could see,—fields and hills and fences,—every thing was covered with a white robe, and still the snow kept falling.

"Only look, mamma," said Nellie. "How clean and nice it makes every thing."

"Yes, my dear, it is beautiful; nothing in this world is more pure and white, and this I suppose is

what made David offer up that prayer which you have read in the Psalms, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.' All our hearts are stained with sin, Nellie. But the gracious God has said to those who are truly sorry and repent, 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow.' As you see the snow falling and covering the earth with such a fair, white robe, remember, dear Nellie, that Jesus has promised to cleanse our hearts from every stain of sin, and make them as pure in *his* sight as this snow is in *yours*. And at the last, all who have loved him will be clothed in a robe even more beautiful than this which now covers the earth."

This was little Nellie's lesson from the snow.

Monitor.

For the Child at Home.

GATHERING APPLES.

In the orchard gathering apples,
All the golden autumn day,
They are joyous as the sunshine,
Arthur, Maggie, Frank, and May.
Softest zephyrs fan their foreheads,
Kiss each youthful cheek so fair,
While the sweetest of bird-music
Leaves no space for chilling care.

No harsh words to mar their pleasure,
No dark looks to cloud their joy,
Smiles bestowing without measure,
Naught their comfort to destroy.
Happy children, gathering apples;
Hearts all rippling o'er with love,
Golden sunshine all around them,
Brooding o'er them like a dove.

Filled are all their spacious baskets;
They have worked like busy bees;
See them now in harmless frolic,
Sporting 'neath the orchard trees.
Frank and May play loyal subjects
To Queen Maggie crowned with leaves,
While King Arthur, proud and lofty,
Homage due his rank receives.

Now the harvest moon is rising,
O'er the hill-tops far away,
In the homestead porch are gathered,
Arthur, Maggie, Frank, and May.
Happy children, in the moonlight,
Musing o'er their well-spent day,
Slumber sweet shall close their eyelids
Till the morn's first rosy ray.

Pleasant words are golden apples,
Grateful to the fainting heart;
Who can measure all the gladness
Childhood's joyous tones impart?
Oh, speak kindly then, dear children,
Scatter love-words all abroad,
And a golden harvest surely
Will your gentle care reward.

Dewdrop.

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV. 1863.

A good man at prayer . . .	11	mother	30
Annie's disobedience . . .	2	Old school-house	38
A pleasant letter	1	One of Grace Palmer's days	3
A word in season	19	Only once at Sabbath school	35
Battle of Bunker Hill . . .	25	Our music	4
Bell Gray's chicken	23	Planning Freddy	10
Be patient with the big folks	22	Rev. J. W. Alvord's work in the army	9
Big brothers and little sisters	15	Sitting under the fence	16
Big sisters and little brothers	31	Sleepy Billy	39
Bravery	17	Something about Africa	41
Bread for one day	24	Spoiled, all spoiled	18
Can a dog be better than a boy	8	Sunbeam in the hospital	47
Caught at last	8	Superintendent's surprise	42
Children with Jesus	22	The Alpine pass	6
City scenes and cries	33	The body, not the soul	45
Coasting	1	The Child at Home	44
Corn on Bessie's father's farm	17	The Lord's prayer	36
Deformed child	39	The new Testament	30
Diamond days	26	The new piano	34
Digging for gold	35	The Plan	34
Doing God's will	27	The shining shell	27
Does mother ever pray? . . .	46	The short verse	35
Dreaming of the absent soldier	29	The true hero	14
Eliza Jane	46	The two books	20
Faithful Yanko	19	The wind bloweth where it listeth	39
Feeding the pigeons	7	Tiddle Day	15
For Pussy's sake	44	Tidy learning to read	22
Freddy and the cunner	2	Twin babes given away	42
Going into a mine	34	"U. S. A."	28
Grandpa's watch	5	Waiting for fruit	6
Great river from little rill . .	30	What Charlie said	10
How the money was raised	36	What God thinks of kittens	20
How to be happy	23	What would you have done?	22
Hybrid tree	18	Which is worse?	26
I am not afraid to die	16	What Emily saw on the Fourth	27
If two of you shall agree . . .	11	What will you be when a man?	30
I have been naughty to-day	26	Which?	31
I'll pray still	24	Whip-po-wil	38
In the garden	21	Willy Fenton and the friendly frog	40
Irish Jim	43	Word to boys and girls of America	43
"Jesus will say, 'Come forth!'"	13		
Keep a list	32	POETRY.	
Keep your eye out	42	At evening prayer	38
Last Things	45	Baby's photograph	24
Little Effie	11	Childhood's offering	24
Little E's spending money . .	18	Come unto me	12
Little Gertrude	4	Cross and crown	30
Little boys and monkeys . .	36	Falling into line	16
Little things	19	Follow me	18
Lizzie's disappointment . . .	7	Gathering Apples	48
Look out for Number One . .	7	Hymn for Christmas	48
Lost in the fog	15	Little pilgrims	8
Lost lead pencil	2	Nellie's request	34
"Luff!"	47	New year's Hymn	4
Maggie's wish	12	No quiet here	36
Making sugar	13	Of such is the kingdom of heaven	42
Mark's temptation	14	Our blue-eyed baby	26
Matty's talk with Conscience	46	Our Harry	6
Mean not to trust Him	32	Spring's reviving	20
"Me and my doll"	41	Storm thoughts for a child	10
Morning, noon, and evening	37	The child's morning song	28
"My last work"	10	The child's evening hymn	32
Nellie's Lesson	48	The dead flowers	44
Not my will	12	The little Christian	40
Not ashamed to tell his		The snow-bird	2
		The soldier's child	14

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